MEWHERE... DRAMATIC INCIDENT...
E GREAT WA... ...RS ON PAGE 3 OF THIS ISSUE

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI., NO. 8. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1918. 5 CENTS A COPY.

BEHIND the MASKS

BY JAMES EDMOND CASEY

A POWERFUL STORY OF INTRIGUE AND MYSTERY.

"OVER THERE"
PHONOGRAPH RECORD
FREE
GEORGE M. COHAN'S famous national anthem, words and music, is the big feature on these new records. Get "Over There" at once.
On the other side is the other big hit of the day, "Good Bye Dixie To You."
Dealers: Rapids play on any phonograph. They're all the hits of the day regardless of make. Perfect sound reproduction. Sold by dealers everywhere at 10c and 15c each. Or we will send three records for 30c, or 6 for 50c, postpaid to your door.
HERE IT IS the Free Record No. 7229 "Over There" and "Under Double Eagle." George M. Cohan's two famous patriotic hits. Sure fire with following as an encore. Send money order or stamps.
TYPE | RAPIDOLA MAKE(S)
7229 | Edison Amberol Records
11 | Victor Records
12 | Columbia Records
New York Record Sales Co., Dept. 9, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York

$1.95 Made to Your Order
Special Introductory Offer — Agents Wanted
Made for Dealers, Clothiers, Tailors, Canvassers, Clubs, Lodges, Societies, Fraternities, Stores, Individuals, Everybody. Made to your measure, guaranteed for 18 months and sold direct to wearer at ONE PRICE. Write for our special offer and sample line. Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal will do. We will send you a complete outfit by return mail, postpaid.
$1.95 PANTS
Uniform Charges
Chicago Tailoring Association
Dept. 2078, 215 S. Franklin St., Chicago
Send No Money

Elegant 21 Jewel Gold Filled Watch
The greatest 10 size for men or 12 size for lady, open face or hunting, 21 jewel, adjusted to heat, cold, isochronism and positions, fitted with ex-shaped 25 year guaranteed, stem wind and pendant set, Montgomery dial, handsomely engraved, polished and finished.
$6.95
C. O. D.
21 Jewels
Also better, for a gentleman size Hunting Style, Watch, Montgomery Railroad dial, adjusted to heat, cold, isochronism and positions and we will send the watch by parcel post. When you receive the watch examine it carefully at your postoffice and if you find it perfect in every way and equal to any watch you have seen elsewhere at $25.00 pay the postman our special price $6.95 and the watch is yours. Address
H. BYRNE & CO., Dept. 311, Chicago, Ill.

TS BIG SELLER
or Women. Almost anyone will fill them. Every
$10.00 a week. Write for

Genuine Diamonds
Gold filled rings that look like the costliest, highest priced solid gold rings you have ever handled. Don't delay. Send for our beautiful new and complete catalogue.
THOMAS MFG. CO.,
7517 Gay St., Dayton, Ohio

OVERLAND
GIVEN
READ MY OFFER
Model 85
Five Passenger
Touring Car
Value $1000
Write Today Always 40% OVERLAND or more for your services, if you are acquainted in your community. My guarantee of 40% is backed by responsible men. Here is the chance of your life to get a car without paying for it. Don't delay. Write me today. Don't put off. Don't wait. Don't say you will write me some other time. Write me now. Write me today. Write me this minute. Write me this instant.
P. O. BRATTON, Mgr. OFF C. OMAHA, NEB.

1,000 Shot Steel Air Rifle!
BOYS!
Hamilton 22 Cal. Hunting RIFLE Without Cost
GIVEN
You have choice of Six Guns (as four illustrated) Rifle, Pistol, Revolver, Repeater, Magazine, Target, Hunting Rifle, Air Rifle, Tomahawk Pistol, Air Pistol, Tomahawk Rifle. Other air rifles today—$5.00 to $10.00. Our price to you $1.50. Let us know their likes and dislikes. We will give freely up to 10 inches. Given for selling 20 Gold Initial Rings at 25 cents each. Send Postal Card for 20 cents and we will send you 20 Rings postpaid. When sold send us $4.00 and we will send you Rifle postpaid. Write today.
WAYNE MFG. CO., Box 304, Minneapolis, Minn.

PHONOGRAPH and RECORD FREE
Wonderful Spring Motor Talking Machine, mahogany finish, and premier record in each. Write for our free catalog of 10 inches. Given for selling 20 Gold Initial Rings at 25 cents each. Send Postal Card for 20 cents and we will send you 20 Rings postpaid. When sold send us $4.00 and we will send you Phonograph postpaid. Write today.
GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 745 CHICAGO

RAISE GUINEA PIGS
Large profits. Easily kept. Pay for themselves in a few months. Always ready market. Send for our handsome illustrated booklet telling all about them. Mailed free.
LANGSDORF SUPPLY CO.
Dept. 2, 2045 Ridge Ave., Chicago

36 POUND NEW FEATHER BED $9.50 AND PAIR 6LB PILLOWS
All New, Live, Clean, Sanitary Feathers. Best grade feather proof ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for catalog.
CAROLINA BEDDING CO., Dept. 102 Greensboro, N. C.

The Person With a

W... ALL know the person who comes staff... dark cloud on his brow; who glares a... to smile at a baby or a frolicsome dog, and ... speak to him, instantly begins unfolding the ... the hands of a cruel world. We used to call such a one ... with a grievance. Now we are apt to say "the person with a gr... self-made martyr and go off and forget all about it. We have no right to call anybody a person with a grouch when we have seen him in a passing fit of gloom. Next time we meet him he may be as gay as a lark, thereby proving that we were all wrong about him. It is only when we find an unhappy individual who makes a grievance of everything that we are justified in turning down a side street to get rid of him. He is a genuine example of the person with a grouch and belongs in the same class with east winds, mosquitoes, dog-days, the grippe and other similar evils. With regard to him our only problem is one of avoidance.

Whichever word we use, we all know the kind of creature meant.

Perhaps the person with a grouch is a more or less fictitious character, or rather there aren't really so many of him as we have been led to believe; since some of those we mistake for him do not deserve the title at all. We have seasons of thinking ourselves ill-used, and then after a while we get tired of posing as a martyr and go off and forget all about it. We have no right to call anybody a person with a grouch when we have seen him in a passing fit of gloom. Next time we meet him he may be as gay as a lark, thereby proving that we were all wrong about him. It is only when we find an unhappy individual who makes a grievance of everything that we are justified in turning down a side street to get rid of him. He is a genuine example of the person with a grouch and belongs in the same class with east winds, mosquitoes, dog-days, the grippe and other similar evils. With regard to him our only problem is one of avoidance.

The question we should concern ourselves with is whether or not we, too, are in danger of slipping into that pestiferous class. Are we on our way to becoming persons with a grouch? If so, it is time to stop and consider what this continual burning sense of ill-usage is going to do to our character and lives.

Of course, grievances are not always imaginary. On our way thru life we must often be misjudged, sometimes in ways which we cannot but know are really cruel. And of all the troubles we have to bear in the whole course of our earthly pilgrimage about the sorest one is a sense of wrong. We know that we are being blamed unjustly, perhaps even oppressed and ill-treated in ways that hurt and humiliate—this is the kind of trouble that wrecks the mind and soul of the sufferer unless he is both strong and wise. Brooding over injuries is natural to the undisciplined mind, but it is spiritual death to indulge in it. That sense of ill-usage is a stubborn thing to struggle with and the sensitive soul is apt to cry out that it cannot thrust the evil thing away and forget it. Yet it has been done and can be done again, tho the sufferer will need all his powers of mind to accomplish it.

When you understand that ...ful sense of wrong is eating away all the good in you, as ... eats up the life of the plant, you will have strength to cast ... Whatever your oppressor does you can't afford to d... age over it. It is madness to poison yourself by ... night and day. You must get rid of it, resolving will let the sun in on the ... find some useful and abo... have driven all the weeds ... grow bright again, the ... ...sorrows and be happy, too, ... begins to forget his injuries. If he has the proper spirit, the wrong done him may become like the irritating speck inside the oyster's shell—it may cause a pearl to grow.

Grouchers are like wet sheries: they look quite different out of doors in the sun. Who would have supposed that great wrong you have been brooding over would show so small and spindling and sickly under the wholesome light of day? Let it lie there a while in the strong sunshine and you may find it will curl up and return to dust like an insignificant weed thrown out on the garden walk.

We must remember that the soil of the human mind is none too deep and the garden space more limited than we could wish. So why give room to nettles when we could root them out and plant potatoes? In that corner where we tried to kill out a stinging and useless intruder, a stalk of corn may be induced to set up in business.

If we could keep a grouch with any comfort to ourselves we should hate to see our friends and acquaintances all scooting down a side street to avoid meeting the recital of our wrongs. The Ancient Mariner who held his victims with a glittering eye and made them listen to him was not a popular character, you remember, in the neighborhood where he tarried. And he was only confessing his own sins, not complaining of what others had done to him. The fact is that human nature shrinks from recitals of other folks' troubles. The man who can cover his own hurts with a smile is the one who is welcome everywhere. He is not only promoting the happiness of others, but he is working for his own, and presently when he examines his burden of wrongs he will be surprised to find it much lightened or perhaps slipped away altogether into some pleasant realm of forgetfulness.—Mabel S. Merrill in Lewiston Journal.

A Word From the Editor.

WE HAVE received quite a large number of letters recently from subscribers who took the time to sit down and tell us what they do and do not like about the Ledger. It was quite interesting to find that the bouquets far outnumbered the bricks. It's a pretty hard job to sit down and try and figure out each week just what stories will please a majority of our readers, and quite often a story which we liked hasn't been such a hit with those who took the trouble to let us know their likes and dislikes. However, we seem to have been hitting the mark oftener than we have missed it. Perhaps we can do it oftener if you will whisper in our ear what kind of stories you prefer. It will cost you only 2 cents to mail a postal card to us, saying that you like such and such a story or would rather have a different kind. Tell us as briefly as you can the class of fiction you prefer, whether it be a mystery story, a detective yarn, a love story, an adventure tale or what not. If you like any of our departments, say so. If you would like to have others, tell us that, too. After we have gone over and analyzed your postcards we will be in a position to tell better just what to put in the Ledger to please the greatest number of readers and, perhaps, we will be able to please all of you in some particular every week.

Address your cards to Editor, the Chicago Ledger, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 North Dearborn St., Chicago.

Play Piano In One Hour for Two Cents!
Would you give two pennies to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening? Certainly not. Not at all. Hundreds of thousands of others who never played before have played their first piece in just a few minutes. THEN WHY CAN'T YOU?
John H. Fryer, Jackson, Mich., Can... says: "I was not a Hole amazed when I found I could play in a few minutes." C. Pittman, Mason City, Ill., says: "Have two children, one is 12 and the other 10, who in a very few minutes could play it well, and they did not know one note from another in the old system." V. B. Perkins, Rosmar, Ind., says: "I studied Easy Form's music fifteen minutes and then started to play." Thousands of similar reports are in our files. Doesn't this convince you that you can play by this wonderful new method?
LEARN The NEW WAY Lessons Free
This wonderful new EASY FORM Music is written without notes. Any child can read it and play it. You do not need to know anything about ordinary note music to be able to play in one hour or less. No teacher. No correspondence lessons by mail.
Try not one cent for five days' instruction free. Simply send us two cent postal, stating: (a) do not read music, (b) might send me information on the new EASY FORM way to be able to play. Also be sure to tell us the number of white keys on your piano or organ.
If you find you can play AT ONCE and wish to keep the Two Wonderful Note-saving and instrumental pieces—you can pay for them at our Special Half Price, only $1.00, and the small monthly payments so small that you will scarcely miss them. Otherwise, you can return them and owe us absolutely nothing for your instruction for five days. Send a postal today—remember this remarkable offer is withdrawn. Address: Home Method Music Co., 141 Clarkson Building, Chicago.

TRY BEFORE YOU BUY
Select the bicycle you prefer and we will ship it to you for 6d days' free trial. Write today for the famous "Ranger" line. We send it on approval and allow 30 days' FREE TRIAL, freight paid to your town. Return it if not entirely satisfied and no trial costs you nothing.
Write at once for our large illustrated catalog showing complete line of bicycles, tires and sundries and particulars of many marvelous offers we have made in every town. A postal will be sufficient, so our low prices and free trial offer.
RIDER AGENTS Wanted in each town to ride and exhibit sample bicycle furnished by us. Write at once for our special proposition. Do not buy until you get our catalog and learn what we have to offer.
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. P-13, CHICAGO, ILL.
Sent on Free Trial

10 WAR SONGS FOR 10c
Our Boys on the Fields of Battle are singing them. Our Sailors on the Sea Fleet are singing them. In Training Camps; everyone is wild over them. Here are THE LATEST WAR HITS—such as Over There; Where Do We Go From Here; Don't Say Be Gone For a Long, Long Time; Answer of Wilson's Call; Good-bye Broadway Hello France; Good-bye Alexander Berlin; Somewhere in France; Keep the Home Fires Burning; and Say Au Revoir But Not Good-bye. With a Smile When the Boys Come Home; and 100 others. All for 10 cts. and 4 cts. postage.
PIKE PUB. CO., Dept. 9. So. Norwalk, Conn.

Genuine PREMO Camera
FREE
Eastman
Premo Cameras, made for the discriminating photographer, are the finest cameras in the world. Their superiority is universally acknowledged. Their perfection of construction and finish is unsurpassed. Their lenses are unexcelled. Premo Cameras are sold by dealers everywhere. Catalog free at your dealer's or by mail.
EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.

GENUINE DIAMOND 4 RINGS FREE YOUR BIRTHSTONE
WIDE WEDDING
SHORT-YOUR INITIAL
BINGO COMPANY DEPT. 105 BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

$3 Down and $3 a Month brings you a genuine Underwood Typewriter, the machine of the standard five-figure model. Has two-color ribbon, back spacer, tabulator, and all other modern conveniences. Write today.
You Save $21.50 But you must send it today. Limited number at this price.
Ace Typewriter Company, Dept. 9012 Lefleur Bldg., Chicago

Does The Socket Chafe Your Stump?
BUCKSTEEN'S VULCANIZED FIBER LIMB
which is soothing to your stump. Light, strong, durable, cuts out much friction and makes it more comfortable. Write today for free catalog. Guaranteed 5 Years!
BUCKSTEEN BROS., Inc., 1 Buckstein Block, Boston, Mass.

MEN WANTED
We want Civil Service men at once to fill 6,000 vacancies at $1,000 to $2,000 a year. Write for free list of positions open to you. Also for free sample questions and booklet telling how to get a position. Write today.
PRACTICAL AUTO SCHOOL, 702 Bremer St., New York

FOUNDED
Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Three.
Forty-sixth year and never missed an issue.
SUBSCRIPTION RATE:
$1.50 a year. Single copies 5c.

CHICAGO LEDGER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
326-340 NORTH DEARBORN STREET

POPULAR
Serials, Short Stories, Wit and Humor.
Always the best.
OUR MOTTO:
"Make Life Brighter."

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUARY 23, 1918. No. 8.

Somewhere in Belgium

By Augustin W. Breeden

We have all read of some of the things which have happened in Belgium. Here is a little incident of the big war snatched out of the many by a man "over there."

THE forty-eight hours which the Boche had promised the cathedral town of Linne before beginning the bombardment were nearly run. In the south transept of the cathedral Bishop Almeyer, affectionately called "the Little Cardinal" by his parishioners, was praying before the shrine of Thomas a Becket. The Little Cardinal was a man whom Frans Hal and Rembrandt would have delighted equally to paint—a face so jolly when it was wreathed in smiles as to evoke a smile from the hardest cynic, and as soft and beautiful in repose as the face of a young girl. Also, the Bishop was small of stature and very frail, like an anaemic scholastic of the Middle Ages.

At the request of the British minister Bishop Almeyer had made a preliminary report on the German atrocities at Louvain; and now he knew, limited as was his military knowledge, that this was the chief reason why the Boche was attacking his beloved city of Linne. The town was not in the direct line of march into northwestern France and its fortifications were inconsiderable. So now the Little Cardinal was praying that this curse might pass over the city of his charge, even as the angel of death in Holy Writ had passed over the blood-

the Jolly little white-haired [illegible] that whatever indignities Linne might suffer would be because of him and his utterances. He had scarcely ceased praying during the forty-eight hours of warning.

On his left and right, as he prayed, knelt two pretty little altar boys who had attended him for more than a year, and who now refused to leave his side. One was little Michele Gorzio, a black-eyed, raven-haired child of Italy, and the other, little Edwin Lafeyre, a delicate Flemish blond, who looked in his pensive moments like one of Murillo's baby angels. They also were praying, partly for the safety of Linne—mostly for the safety of their beloved master, the Bishop.

The brilliant September sunshine fell thru the western windows and cast patterns in subdued colors upon the stone flagging of the transept. The vast cathedral was as still as a death-vault. Outside, in the quiet afternoon, there was no hint that war and hatred and destruction were imminent. But presently the flooding light began to give back the multitudinous echoes of murmuring voices and approaching footsteps. A deputation of the city's burghers, led by the burgemeister in person, approached the altar and stood waiting for the Little Cardinal to make an end of his prayer and ask them audience.

"We have come to beg once more that your highness flee from this city," said the burgemeister. "It is certain that the cathedral will be the first object fired upon, and that our only hope for you to remain here and be killed."

The Little Cardinal's voice was very low and sad, but very firm as he replied:

"Mine is the fault of bringing this holocaust upon the city of Linne. Let me remain and bear my share of the burden; or better still—as I have so often prayed you before—let me proceed to the German lines and offer myself as a hostage to them if they will but spare the city."

"That can never be, Monseigneur," replied the spokesman. "Even should we be so careless of your interest as to permit it, your parishioners in the streets would rise up to prevent your going forth."

"Then let me remain at my prayers," replied the Bishop. "Perhaps if I intercede with all my soul and with faith, God will kindly let me pay, so that the city may be spared."

And with that the audience was ended and the mayor and council turned sadly away and left the Little Cardinal at his prayers; and the two little altar boys drew nearer to his side as the imminent approaches for the fire shall be fired.

Outside in the cathedral portal a small platoon of Swiss guards stood expectantly, resting on their rifles and watching—constantly watching the clear afternoon sky to the northeast. These soldiers had never been intended as fighting men, but rather as ornamental ushers for state occasion—still the Suisse guard has its traditions as a fighting organization. All the soldiers were silent except one—that was Major "Toots," the Captain of the poor little unit. Toots was cursing the Boches in a veritable riveter of polyglot oaths. He cursed the Huns in Flemish, in French, in Russian, and in good old United States—for Toots had once been a jockey and had learned the New Orleans methods of riding and swearing.

He drew a watch from his pocket and held up two fingers to indicate the number of minutes the truce had yet to run: "Now, listen for the shriekable hellhounds!" he shouted. "It'll be the cathedral first: it always is. They hate churches, and they hate prayers, and they hate God, the blank-blank bandsheet!"

"Whee-ee-ee! Boom!"

A "Jack Johnson," poorly timed and badly aimed, burst three squares back of the ancient guild hall, which was just across a small fountain court north of the cathedral.

"Dammum! Listen to the filthy skunks!" cried Major Toots.

Several of the guard crossed themselves hurriedly, not for fear of the shells, but at the frightful oaths that poured from Toots' mouth there in the sacred portals of the church.

"Whee-ee-iss! Bang!"

There was a shower of slate and tiling, and the soldiers threw up their elbows and dodged for protection. The shell struck the roof of the guild hall.

"Dammum, they'll hit the cathedral next, the low-down, stinking pig-dogs!" Major Toots' voice was vibrant with wrath.

He was right; with the third shell the Boche paid his respect to the cathedral.

The Little Cardinal was still deep in his prayers when those first shots shattered the hush of the afternoon and sent a tremor thru the vast church that had for centuries vibrated only to the deep notes of the pipe organ. As the first shell burst, the two beautiful little boys gave a gasp and a start, but when they saw that the Little Cardinal was unmoved, even when the cathedral roof was hit, they composed themselves as best they could and redoubled their murmurings.

Outside in the portal Major Toots took fresh breath and continued his anathemas.

"Dammum, they've turned on the church as I knew they would. But what's a church to such unspeakable turd-swarks! But just wait till the filthy hogs poke their snouts over the sky line; It's like the sneaking coyotes to hide themselves under the horizon and throw their 8—8 dinner pots at women and children a score of miles away. That's their boasted efficiency. That's according to their ideas of superman efficiency. Dammum, we'll show 'em a new kind of efficiency directly. Will we snipe 'em? Will we? Dammum, we'll snipe 'em as fast as they show their dirty snouts." Toots took breath again and went off at a new tangent.

"I wonder what's the matter with the British over there?" he cried, with a sweeping gesture toward the west. "Here's the war five weeks old, and they've barely turned over in their bunks yet! Won't they ever wake up? Do they want these hideous baby-murderers to turn cannibal and eat us all before they come to our rescue?"

Shell after shell burst in the immediate neighborhood, as Major Toots continued his vilification. He was weeping now from sheer rage and blushing furiously thru his tears with shame at his weakness. But to him those cathedral spires were the most sacred precincts on two continents. To Major Toots the Little Cardinal was heavenly grace come down to earth—and no wonder. Toots had been a world derelict; a hater of law and of governments; a hater of men, even from the time of his birth somewhere in Europe had used him vilely. Drink and dope had done their work on him, and he was on the world's junk heap when Bishop Almeyer found him. Toots felt that he could never forget that night. He had drifted into Linne with several degrees of tropic fever in his blood and all the alcohol his veins would hold, and was lying in a gutter on the La Rate Canal when in his drunken [illegible] seemed to see sh[illegible] the face of Christ[illegible] olden school days [illegible] follow. He are[illegible] the Cardinal [illegible] from [illegible] for the religious [illegible] to pray except in a perfunctory [illegible] but the Little Cardinal, with that [illegible] understanding of men which made him see at a glance the talents of each, beheld in Toots—that was all the name he ever had—a fine martial spirit, and placed him at once in the Suisse guard. Toots had soon risen to the rank of Captain of the pitiful little organization, and was breveted "Major" by his men out of the sheer affection they felt for him.

Now, at the supreme moment of his life [illegible] was only two [illegible] that [illegible] for Toots [illegible] for his master [illegible] sible, and to get [illegible] ay of [illegible] go he could before he [illegible] Major Toots was swearing [illegible] ness and abysmal in its depths and intensity. No name was vile enough to hail the Boche and no oath deep enough wherewith to curse him. No torture could advise would be cruel enough that he ever get one of them in his clutches.

As the shells continued to burst the broad Rue de l'Eglise which led southward from the guild hall and cathedral became thronged with hurrying people—the lame, the imbecile, the blind; old women whose hair was white with the snows of eighty winters; young girls in the springtide of youth, supporting the infirm and grandparents; little children at their mothers' skirts; babies at the breast borne staggeringly forward thru the rain of shell fire toward a hoped-for zone of safety in the open fields beyond the city. For two days and nights a stream of humanity had been pouring from the city. Those were the last—the incredulous, the foolhardy, the unfit—coming at last out of the cellars and attics where they had been hiding themselves in ostrich-like security.

But now to the white-hangs of the enemy was added the loud and constant detonation of the battery fire of the defending forces. Up near the Hotel de Ville a battery had been mounted in the Jardin des Fleurs, and another was at work over near the sugar refinery plugging away constantly at the enemy emplacements. As the sun set and night should have come on, the air was tortured with dissonance and night made hideous by battery flashes and the glare of burning buildings. And still the citizens poured into the street of the Eglise past the cathedral—a dribbling

stream that was more than once dammed into a little swirling lake by the bursting of a Jack Johnson in its course. Old men went insane from the terror of it all. Soldiers, finding their rifles useless in the midst of an unseen and sudden foe, flung them away and fled.

And all that night while the star shells burst blue and green and red above the city, and often and often the cathedral rang like a marble quarry at the blasting hour, the Little Cardinal remained steadfastly at the shrine of Thomas à Becket and prayed for the saving of Linne. And at length, in spite of the noise and clangor, the two little boys fell fast asleep at the altar. Little Edwin's blond head fell forward upon his chubby arms, and he looked more than ever like one of Murillo's cherubs. The Bishop paused in his prayers long enough to motion an attendant to lead them away to safety and to bed.

The German military reports call the taking of Linne a brilliant feat. At dawn the Belgian defenders, pitifully few from the start and utterly unsupported, were compelled to fall back hurriedly to keep from being entangled in the streets and taking prisoners. At noon the burgemeister went forth to the La Haie Canal with the keys of the city in his hands to deliver them to the conqueror. At this time the cathedral was merely the hulk of its former glory. Its general plan was the same; its beautiful details within and without had been indiscriminately deleted by a merciless and envious censor. At 11 o'clock Bishop Almeyer had sent one last appeal to the burgemeister to be allowed to offer himself to the Boche as a hostage in order that the city might not be sacked and burned. The burgemeister's answer was a steadfast refusal; and so the Bishop could only pray to God to be allowed to suffer vicariously for the salvation of his flock.

The burgemeister met General von Heine, the German General in charge of the slaughter, at the little village of Chene Vert (Green Oak) on the banks of the La Haie Canal; and there it was agreed that the citizens should march back unmolested to their homes, and Von Heine gave a promise that no private property should be destroyed.

"But remember we will have no sniping and no jeering," warned the conquering General; and then the Herr General made a German joke: "Did you ever hear of the coinage ratio invented by the famous American pacifist, Herr Bryan? It is 16 to 1, I think. That shall be the ratio of Belgian citizens to German soldier that we shall demand in payment."

And with the joke the audience was [illegible]. The whole thing had been [illegible] to say undignified. [illegible] in the cross-cur[illegible]nversations, mixed [illegible] songs, military [illegible] field telephones. [illegible] conqueror, and [illegible] nsat- [illegible] must take such [illegible] assurance as he could get; and so he thanked the great General for his clemency and made a faithful promise that there should be no sniping and no gibes inasfar as he and his gendarmes could prevent it.

He hurriedly sent word to the mobs of frightened civilians then swarming the fields west and south of the city, that they had permission to return in safety to their homes, but warned them that in [illegible] case should they return with fire[illegible] but must deliver all such arms to [illegible]darmes to be turned ov[illegible] to the [illegible]. And under this order cer[illegible] of [illegible] the mob turned back— [illegible] thousand persons, perhaps more. They blocked the roadways for those trying to struggle forward. They cluttered up the lanes and beet fields and retarded the retreat of the troops. There were wild rumors to this effect, wild rumors to that. The mass of people was like a herd of Texas cattle beginning to mill, a single alarm might precipitate the most tragic stampede. But still one thing was certain. The firing had ceased, and the early afternoon sky was beginning slowly to clear of smoke. And so the tide of human beings finally passed its ebb and began once more to flow back into the city. All promised to do no sniping and to speak no word except very respectfully to their conquerors. It would seem that the Little Cardinal's prayer was about to be fulfilled.

But among the few who made the promise to do no sniping, with a certain grain of mental reservation, was Major Toots of the cathedral guard. Toots knew of a secret passage that led from the cellar of the cathedral to the base of the northernmost tower of the ancient guild hall. And in this passage he had concealed a machine gun of ancient make and doubtful working order. But a machine gun is a machine gun, as every soldier knows; and Toots knew what he intended to do.

At the same hour that the burgemeister was listening to the German jest, Toots was in the south transept of the cathedral pleading with the Little Cardinal to fly from the city while there was yet time.

"I tell you, Monseigneur, you don't know how the Boches hate you," he pleaded. "They'll murder you for the truth you told on them."

But the Bishop was adamant.

"No, my child," he answ[illegible] they are not such brutes [illegible] harm a helpless old man [illegible] And he turned and continu[illegible]ayers before the shrine of T[illegible] Becket.

Toots was torn [illegible] two desires. He was determin[illegible] as many of the advancing Hu[illegible]e could, but he feared to leave his master unprotected in the cathedral while he got his machine gun mounted on the tower of the guild hall. Finally he divided his company. Fifteen men he took with him, and the other fifteen he left behind, with instructions to guard the Bishop with their living bodies, an injunction quite unnecessary when one considered the devotion of the guard. Not many of the men who hurried with Toots thru the secret passage were dare-devils like him; but all felt that they owed it to the cathedral they loved to take revenge on the Germans, and they all followed with a will.

As they crept with bated breath thru the vaulted way, all the world seemed deathly still.

"It seems like the blessed Sabbath," said one of the men, and crossed himself.

"It'll seem like hell broke loose when the first of those ugly road-hogs comes down the Rue de l'Eglise!" muttered Major Toots.

And presently upon the still afternoon air there beat up a steady throb, throb, as the soldiers in gray came marching into the city—a rhythmic pulsing that caused the citizens to hold their breath with fear. And after a time, as the throb-throbbing grew louder, the broad Rue de l'Eglise was filled with a swinging, sinuous column of soldiery—a fine sight, no doubt, for some—a hateful and sinister sight for those who feared the heartless invaders—the cold-blooded serpent of war, crawling boldly forward, ready to coil and strike at the first provocation.

And that provocation was not long coming. On the shattered tower of the guild hall, within a square of ruined masonry, crouched a dozen desperate men. One of them swore continuously in bated breath while he watched the German snake worm its ugly way forward down the long street. The Boches were alert, at the ready. At length the head of the column, men walking four abreast, with officers and lancers riding on either side, came within three squares of the guild hall.

"Ready, men! Steady, men! Give 'em hell!"

A volley of steel swept the German column like winter hail. There was a sudden halt and a little confusion in the front ranks, and Major Toots and his aids made the most of their opportunity. A score of men were down; others were falling like tenpins. Then the German officer in charge ordered a forward movement on the double-quick, and the Huns swarmed up and surrounded the guild hall in impenetrable cordons. Toots and his men stayed on the tower as long as their fire was at all effective, and then abandoning the machine gun, they hurried down the steep [illegible]irway and thru the passage to the door of the cathedral.

* * * * * * *

General von Heine was just sitting down at a mahogany desk in his new city headquarters when he heard the sudden outburst of firing. A telephone rang and he took up the receiver.

"Beg to report, General von Heine, that snipers on the roof of the guild hall are sweeping the Rue de l'Eglise with a machine gun."

An aid stepped forward and said: "Herr General, our spies report that there is a secret underground passage leading from the cathedral to the base of one of the guild hall towers."

The General's anger flared up. He called Colonel Weygandt to him.

"Colonel Weygandt," he clipped, "you will give orders to the prefect of police to turn back the refugees now coming into the city. They will find nothing but charred foundations when finally they are allowed to return. Clear the streets and houses of citizens. We shall teach these traitors a lesson." The Colonel was turning away with a salute, but the General cried: "Wait, Herr Colonel. As soon as you have given this order, you will march with your lancers to the cathedral. I will give an iron cross to the man that brings me back the head of that infernal Jesuit, Bishop Almeyer."

A pitched hand-to-hand battle was going on in the fountain court between the cathedral and the guild hall when Colonel Weygandt and his lancers arrived on the scene. Citizens suddenly turned soldiers were firing from the housetops on every side, and the machine guns of the Germans were sweeping the parapets, regardless of the harm the high shots did in neighboring streets. The court and street were full of wounded and dying Prussians. Weygandt's lancers made a lane thru their fighting compatriots and dismounted in the wide front portal of the church. From behind somber, centuries-old pews in the central nave Toots' guard poured in their fire. But it was only for a moment. The lancers leaped forward into the flame of the rifles, their blades swinging like the reel of a harvester. After perhaps five minutes, Toots and a half-dozen followers retreated to the entrance of the south transept, their rifles blazing and their bayonets making desperate play against the sabers that sung about their heads. They would have been annihilated on the spot, but that a reserve of citizen soldiers had concealed themselves in the church to protect the Little Cardinal, and now poured an enfilading fire into the enemy.

And while all this horror of noise and death and desecration rang in the vaulted arches that had for centuries given back only the Te Deum Laudamus, Bishop Almeyer continued to pray before the shrine of Thomas a Becket. When it was plain the Belgians could hold the entrance to the south transept only a moment longer, Toots for the last time sent one of his men to plead with the Little Cardinal to fly.

"Not as I will, but as God willeth," rebuked the Bishop, and turned once more to his prayers. The two little altar boys, who had returned with the dawn, crept closer to him and began praying aloud in their fear.

Presently little Edwin looked up with the utmost faith in his baby face: "Can't Toots keep the Boches off us till Monseigneur can make an end of his prayer?" he cried to the attendant.

"God will keep the Boches off us," corrected the little mystic from Italy.

As he spoke a dozen bullets spat against the altar above him, ripping the altar cloth and putting out two of the candles. The Bishop looked vaguely to left and right. Then he gave a quick command: "Take those two children and fly with them."

"But yourself, Monseigneur, yourself!" urged the Suisse.

"As God wills," replied the Little Cardinal, and turned once more to his prayers.

Major Toots was panting and fighting not forty feet away. And in a flash a German trooper sent him staggering to the floor, and Colonel Weygandt leaped over his prostrate body, slashing at him as he went, and with twenty followers dashed down the south transept. The Suisse had no time to escape with his little charges. Two brutal troopers leaped forward to spit them on their lances; but others of their own compatriots turned them back with a rebuke. Then Weygandt with his own sword, while the Little Cardinal still prayed before the altar, struck him down.

Toots, who was once more afoot, sprang forward like a tiger to the defense of her young. With a mighty oath he leaped toward Colonel Weygandt, but he was hacked to pieces with as many wounds as Caesar before he got within reach of the Boche assassin. The two little altar boys dropped upon their knees, one beside the fallen Bishop and the other beside poor Toots, and sent up a shrill wail to Heaven.

* * * * * * *

General Von Heine was still at his desk, giving rapid and succinct directions for the destruction of Linne by fire and dynamite, when an orderly entered and handed him a wire from Berlin. The wire was signed by the chief of staff [illegible] the War Bure[illegible] and read: [illegible] Bishop Almeyer with every courtesy. Destruction of cathedrals and indignities to churchmen are making us enemies abroad."

Suddenly Von Heine's conscience stood up before him, and what was worse the specter of a tragic blunder stood up, also, and pointed a skeleton finger at his heart. Why had he uttered those foolish words against Bishop Almeyer? Now if the Bishop were killed he would be the real assassin.

[illegible]e leaped into his big car and rocketed down the Rue de l'Eglise toward the cathedral. When Von Heine strode in, Weygandt was just turning away red-handed from the dead Bishop and the dying Toots. Von Heine could scarcely speak in his dismay. "Weygandt, what is this thing you have done?" he finally choked out.

"Your orders, Herr General, I think," replied Weygandt, with a touch of insolence and bravado in his voice.

Von Heine had a sudden vision of what this thing of invading homes and churches meant.

He struggled with himself for a moment and then replied: "Very well, Colonel Weygandt, you are so swift in obeying orders, even when implied, go see that not another fire is lighted in Linne and the flames already started are extinguished promptly. Give orders that not another stick of property, public or private, be molested on pain of death. I will punish no man for what any man ought to do; we shall march on and leave the city of Linne almost as we found it."

So the famous General was converted from the error of his way, partly by an accusing conscience—mostly by a fear that he had made a blunder that would cost him his command—and the Little Cardinal's long prayer was answered.

All night while the smoke and steam rolled up to the stars from the smoldering ruins of houses, and the inhabitants for the most part shivered in the beet fields and worked-out collieries outside the city, a half-dozen weeping Suisses and the two little boys watched beside the fallen Little Cardinal. At dawn the rising sun cast a rose-colored light upon the dead Bishop's white face, and the lips seemed to smile. Little Michele looked forth across the city thru a shattered window. The city was quiet; the flames were at last extinguished; the smoke had rolled away; and a calm, sweet morning rested like a benediction on the streets and squares of Linne.

"C'est bien," murmured little Edwin. "See! Monseigneur is smiling! His prayers have saved the city; therefore he smiles!"

BELGIUM

O desolated Belgium! when wilt thou bloom again?
When will the roses decorate each valley, hill and plain?
Thy tuneful bells are silent now beneath the blazing sun,
Thy blood is dripping from the sword of Europe's soulless Hun;
What hast thou done that thou must feel this sorrow and this woe?
Why must thy rivers with the blood of little children flow?
In ruins lie thy temples and the fire-wrack reaches far,
And withered are thy fruitful fields beneath the heel of War.

O love-invested Belgium! thy horrors are untold,
Thou weepest for thy children as Rachel wept of old;
The flames of burning cities flare against the midnight sky,
Thy people, robbed of every crust, upon thy hearthstones die;
Thy herds no longer graze in peace upon the clovered plain,
To feed the authors of thy woe thy cattle have been slain;
The Hun has trod thy harvests down, his blade with blood is red,
Where stood the happiest of homes is wailing for the dead.

O sorrow-laden Belgium! the whole world weeps for thee,
It longs to see thy fame restored upon the land and sea;
The sword is drawn for vengeance and the fiend [illegible]
[illegible] throne, in darkness shall expire;
[illegible], like Prometheus on his rock, by hungry vultures torn,
He'll feel their beaks within his heart and wish he'd ne'er been born;
The blood-mad Hohenzollern shall sink into his grave
Whilst over him in victory the gonfalons shall wave.

Thou'rt not forgotten, Belgium, thy day is near at hand,
For Jehu drives his chariot toward the German land;
God guides the steeds of battle, yes, His hand is on the reins,
He'll not forget the noble ones who died upon thy plains;
Lift up thy head, O Belgium, the sunburst is not far,
Reconstituted thou shalt stand upon the fields of war;
Thy people shall be happy, for in God they put their trust,
And with His trenchant sword He'll beat the Hun's red hand to dust.

—T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHICAGO LEDGER

BEHIND THE MASKS

By James Edmond Ca[illegible]

The Story of a Stolen Treaty

STRANGE games are played behind the scenes in the world of diplomacy and it is with one of these that this story deals, a game that materially affected the welfare of our own country. We are getting used to revelations of intrigue these days, but how they are discovered and foiled generally remains a secret, locked in the breast of those who take part. We don't know whether this story is founded on fact or not, but it very easily might have happened.

[Copyright 1918 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

THE COMMAND OF THE CASTANETS.

DIPLOMATS and ambassadors, leaders of the secretarial staff, outer-secretaries and Secret Service men, before crowded the Esengren Embassy that night of the Grande Bal Masque. Attired as they were in the usual costumes and masks, they were indistinguishable from one another in the brilliant riot of color. But behind those masks, even in that hour of merriment and pleasure, all were alert, expectant, on the qui vive for the next move in the merciless game of diplomacy as played in Washington, the City of Silent Web.

Michael Blinn, Ensign, U. S. N., and aid to Rear Admiral Rutgers, was in the costume of a red-cloaked toreador. He moved thru the throng, a tall, trim military figure with a smiling mouth and lean square jaw showing below the black mask. Admiral Rutgers was in Washington, at that time, conferring with the powers that be in the Navy Department. Naturally, as a representative of the Navy, the Admiral had been extended an invitation to the Grande Bal Masque. Blinn, of his aide, also had been invited.

Ensign Blinn was highly now on [illegible] which so added and whipped an undercurrent of intrigue. More at ease he would have been on the hood of a motor cap visor to the rear, the billy-blue guns beneath him hurtling shot, and the essy smell of burned nitro-cloid in his nar.

Even as a plebe and youngster and then upper-classman at Annapolis, he had gone in very little for social life. He had been a hard tussle to make ends meet while earning his way thru the Naval Academy. He had been a wireless operator of the steamship Maurys before he had entered the Academy. When that ship went down off Point Reyes in California in the storm of '07, Blinn had stuck to the ship and valiantly sent out his calls for help.

It proved successful. The fifty-four passengers were rescued by a ship homeward bound. Blinn stuck to the ship the last one, save the captain, to leave the Maurys. At that time, he was in his early twenties. He had been graduated from high school, and was acting as a wireless operator during the vacation period intervening before he entered college.

But a new President had just taken the oath of office in Washington. It was then that the which that new executive found he had the privilege of giving away was the appointment of candidates for the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Blinn was no personal friend of that President, nor had any friend of his so far as he knew. But there was such as a meaking acquaintance with the new President. But somehow or other, thru newspaper accounts of Blinn's heroism or the suggestion of the Congressman from Blinn's district, the President heard of Michael Blinn.

The upshot of it all was that Michael Blinn successfully passed the examinations that admitted him to entrance at Annapolis. He had proved a good student and a better officer. Still young, he was already aid to the Rear Admiral in command of the Atlantic squadron.

But in things diplomatic, he was altogether a novice. Yet, somehow, at that dance in the Embassy, he felt the undercurrent of expectancy and intrigue. He sensed the hidden drama afoot, as a wireless aerial does the horrible waves in the air. And that it was, perhaps, that caused him to take particular note of the beats of the castanets, so monotonous in their regularity.

There was no mystery about the source of the castanet beats. A moment before the whisper had gone the rounds of the festooned ballroom that the senorita, costumed as a Spanish dancer whose eyes laughed thru the slits of her mask, had accepted a dare. She would dance, as befitted her make-up, a sprightly fandango of old Spain.

Hence, three rows deep the masters thronged the cleared space about her, while she, in perfect accord to the rhythmic swing of the music from the hidden orchestra, pirouetted and postured

Ensued a Tussle There on the Porcelain Flecked Floor.

and clattered the castanets attached to her thumbs.

Among on the outer fringe of the spectators, Ensign Blinn was struck by the [illegible] of the beats. That [illegible] natural after the early training of a [illegible] telegrapher's ear.

"Click-click-click! Click-clash-click! Click-clash-click!" snapped the castanets. It was not an accidental repetition of the same tattoo for, once noted, it was plainly evident how out of harmony it was with the music. No, it was a signal, a call—a call to some other person in the ballroom.

"Click-clash-click! Click-clash-click! Click-clash-click!" called the castanets, the while the unknown girl, costumed as a Spanish dancer, won the admiration of her watchers with her graceful movements.

"Click-clash-click! Click-clash-click! Click-clash-click!" The Ensign read that call with perfect understanding. It was the "dot-dash-dot" call of one operator to the other. It meant "P-P-P" in the Morse code.

But who was that unknown senorita calling with such persistence? And the intricacies of the fandango? Michael Blinn waited for the answer.

The dance reached the climax of the throng looked round for the personage whose seeming haste to applaud the dancer had led him to all appearance to clap his hands prematurely. The Ensign alone eyed him with an added interest. For that fellow was the operator of the operators' call. It was the answering signal.

The man stood in the outer circle of spectators not far from the Navy officer. He was tall, with the athletic, sprightly carriage of an American in his early thirties. More than that, Blinn was at a loss to ascertain, as the man was costumed as a Japanese Samurai—vermilion kimono, close-cropped hair, long, black rat-tails for a mustache, and, instead of a mask, eyes concealed by enormous blue goggles, heavily rimmed. The two short swords at his green girdle denoted the rank of the figure he represented.

The fair unknown senorita, from posturing for a moment in silence like a statue, with one arm above her head, now swung into the mad whirling climax of the fandango. And the beat of the castanets followed more rapidly.

Blinn was awaiting just this, as he felt that having attracted the attention of the strange Samurai, the senorita would then proceed to tell him in the language of the castanets what she desired. The Ensign had isolated the beats of the castanets from the sounds of the music, the soft tattoo of the girl's footsteps, all other elements of the dance and dashes of the beats were all he heard.

"Click-click! Clash-click! Clash! Click-click-click! Click!" sounded the castanets.

Blinn, at first, could not make out what it exhibited a slightly his interest in the graceful fandango.

"Click-click-click! Clash-click! Clash! Clash-clash! Click!" said the castanets.

"Dash," said the Ensign. And so, slowly, click for "dot" and clash for "dash" in the Morse code, Blinn translated the beats into letters, then words.

"In the Plume of Long Law. At nine paces." he had interpreted when he began to think that he had erred. It sounded like a meaningless jumble of words. What if the message were given not in the Morse code, but in the Continental, or some private code which he did not understand?

"Click-clash! Clash-click! Click-click-click! Click-clash-click! Click-click-click! Click-click-click! Click-click-click!

"Answers," that was, and then on to the end, to high C. At this notepause. Ready!

That was all, apparently; for now the castanets clattered out a frenzied, tempestuous, furious whirl. The Ensign was quick to note was thirsty in rhythm with the measures of the music and the rising tone of the ending fandango.

At that last word, "Ready!" the officer had become hopefully confident that he had caught the true translation of the message. Exactly what it meant, however, was beyond him to determine, tho he had a feeling events soon would show. His eyes sought the tall figure of the man in the costume of a Samurai. He must be the next move, he thought.

But the unknown in the vermilion robe was intently watching the dancer, who, with one last meaningless clash of the castanets and a sharp whirl, came to the end of the fandango simultaneously with the grand finale of the music. A round of enthusiastic applause followed.

In this, however, the Samurai did not join. Turning his back on the dancer and the applauding throng, he made across the hall straight as an arrow for an orchid-bowered niche in the wall, before which two Esengrens in footman's livery were on guard.

Within, on a tall carved-ivory pedestal, stood a cylindrical vase of the most delicate workmanship. It had been pointed out to Blinn, between dances, as the Esengren ambassador's rarest treasure, and because of this he had given special attention to it. Of the most beautiful [illegible] ashes-of-roses tinge and delicacy of contour, it was thin as eggshell, as fragile as Venetian glass.

And to this the fact that the Esengrens attempt the same prize, and it is no wonder a sudden suspicion impinged on Blinn's mind as he saw the unknown Samurai make directly for the rare vase.

With the attention of the throng held by his accomplice, the fair dancer, and himself unobserved beyond question, the Samurai was [illegible] possession of the vase [illegible] very nose of the guarding footmen.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT.

THE orchestra from behind the bank of palms and ferns began playing, plaintively, an aria from the opera, "Carmen." And the unknown senorita, yielding to the general chorus for an encore, burst into the glorious music of Bizet.

The tall Samurai, halfway across the hall, paused to listen. The well-attuned voice rose with exquisite tempo and skill into the melodious cadenzas of the [illegible] aria from the opera.

As for Ensign Michael Blinn, he pondered for the moment whether the masked senorita was some opera singer here in disguise. Then the Ensign saw the singing of the aria for further clews explaining the hidden reason for the senorita's presence in the Embassy that night.

The aria was one of those melodious rhyming songs Bizet so delighted in. In none of the music of the opera was it now mounting to heaven in a glorious crescendo. And at this the Samurai paused, rapidly toward the guarded niche in the wall.

Blinn, believing he was the only one aware of the plot afoot, felt it incumbent upon himself to watch the man and, if possible, thwart his plans or, at worst, give the alarm. In order the better to do this, he now proceeded leisurely to follow the fellow, while at the same time his mind was reverting rapidly to the message he had intercepted.

The Ensign was of the opinion the aria had something to do with that strange message. Anyhow, thru it he could account for high "C" so quietly now in the rising crescendo the senorita was reaching that note. And at that note it was that the man was supposed to "press." But what? Blinn felt he would not have long to wait now to find out.

Following the man, the Ensign struck a bee-line toward the shallow, orchid-festooned niche. And then it was that he noticed that the vase, without any

visible human agency, was actually rocking on its ivory pedestal!

A vase of porcelain as thin as eggshell, so fragile that if held even tightly it would break to pieces, it was jumping and rocking and vibrating forth the same high notes that were in the air—and the nearest human beings, the two motionless Esengren Footmen at the entrance of Stole!

It almost seemed to Blinn that the tall Samarai was possessed of some magnetic power which was the cause of this effect on the delicate vase. But as he thought that, he saw the man he followed turn quickly toward the wall on the right hand of the nearest footman. Looking here, he noticed only the polished plate containing the black and white control buttons of the electric lights, not ten feet from the niche.

Momentarily nonplussed at this inexplicable move of the man, the Ensign came to a standstill where the fellow had turned off, some distance without the niche, and proceeded to follow him with his eyes. He caught the finale of the aria as he did so, the last high thrill of the violins, the "Answers" of the unknown senorita—and then a discordant, tingling crash!

Things happened lightning-like after that. For one thing, Blinn noticed that the floor before him was flecked with thin rose-colored shiny specks. Looking quickly for the cause of this litter, he was gone, had broken—had broken at that high "C" of the aria without any visible person touching the vase!

Then—it was all within the same invisible point of time—Blinn looked for the tall figure he knew, and found it not. Light-switch the lights went out on the instant and the vast ballroom was plunged in darkness, and a woman screamed.

CHAPTER III.

WHISPERED WORDS.

NOT till that moment when the incandescents died and all was in utter blackness had the mask felt such an incumbrance to the Ensign, so his first move was to tear it with one jerk from his face.

The vast ballroom was clouded in silence. Every one was motionless in the darkness, afraid to move, doubtless, not knowing what next would happen; you could have heard the traditional pin drop.

But this prevailed only for a breath. Then the crunch of footsteps on the flooring and an alarm bell in the stillness and, as it did, a small disc of light appeared near the niche and traveled slowly and a foot above the floor, along the space.

At that, Blinn felt sure he was dealing with regular Secret Service officials—one of their favorite devices, for from a blue smoke arising from it, he knew

"Answers to high "C"!" the Ensign repeated, fingering the wad of paper in his hand. It was the exquisite vase, then, that answered, and by the wad in "answers" was meant would shatter itself to pieces. At that rate, the conspirators must have tapped it as was previously, probably where they made their first burglarious attempt, and found that it gave out a tone several notes lower. And they knew, who had it never struck him before that "The Flame of Yang Lao" was the vase itself!

The solution of the telegraphed message now seemed rushing into the Ensign's brain like a flood. Yang Lao he remembered, was a name given to a specific period of Chinese art. And what could be more natural than that from its beautiful burnt-red color the vase had been called, "The Flame"?

"In the Flame of Yang Lao." That was it; this wad of paper was in the vase. "At nine paces" from it was the electric light switch. "Answers to high "C" At the proper time, then, to depress the electric buttons and all would be in darkness. And the last word, "Ready!" certainly must have signified to be prepared to carry out the terms of the message.

It was the solution of the entire cantata of communication and as Blinn contemplatively looked down at the wad of paper in his hand, the reason for the message, the whole plan, smote him like the flat of a sword across the back.

Revitualizing the rare vase, he recollected the bottle-like narrowness of its neck and then, reverting to the wad of paper, he saw that while it could be pressed thru that neck, only with the greatest difficulty could it have been extracted, as no hand could have squeezed thru that small compass. And the while persons had been passing to and fro before the vase; two footmen had been on close guard over it; so, in order to get that wad of paper from "The Flame," it had to be shattered and the paper secured in the zenith of the excitement and under cover of darkness.

"It was a clever plan," the Ensign summarized, "a plan of rare ingenuity." And the truth smote him most, altho he did not admit it even to himself, was the fact that thru it all he thought he saw the hand of a woman in the handiwork. It was—it could have been no other than the woman who had snapped out the message with her castanets, the unknown senorita; yet almost unbelievable it seemed, not only because of the sweet truth while terrifying, ingenuity of the plot, but more because she appeared to be such a young slip of a girl.

The Ensign moved restlessly and glanced about him, a distinct feeling of uneasiness seeping to upon his brain as he thought of the vastness and deepness of the intrigue he was now involved in.

All the time, unconsciously, he had been holding the wad of paper. He found it consisted of a long sheet of parchment-like paper. In a square at the top of it the size of a postage stamp was a drawing of a map of a number of closely-situated islands, and clearly shown on them were the Japanese characters for nations. But there was not a written word to explain what was the name of the islands or where they were situated, or to whom they belonged.

The remainder of the thick sheet was crammed with writing, however. Part was in Spanish, the rest in the hieroglyphic characters of either Chinese or Japanese, and instantly as he looked at the page, Blinn felt sure that the one was the duplicate of the other. In either case, as he could read of the two only the Spanish copy, he had no choice which to scan.

"Tradado Secreto de Isa Galapagos," was the large caption at the head of the Spanish copy, which forthwith he translated it as, "Secret Treaty of the Gala——"

The sound of tearing silk came from the screen at the Ensign's back, and as with bounding heart he cut short the interpretation, a kimono-sleeved arm reached out and left behind it, and five low fingers, with inch-long imitation celluloid nails gummed on after the Chinese fashion, closed about his hands and the document.

CHAPTER V.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

—speaking to her, wrenching free so he had not to part with the parchment. Then, actuated by a blind panic to retain the document until he had learned what it was, and reveal it, using the odds against his doing that in his house of conspiracy, he broke from the room and ran down the corridor in precipitate flight.

Varied and alarming sounds followed from his wake—the crash of a falling screen, a high-pitched cry in some unknown tongue thrice repeated, answering calls from all parts of the Embassy, and then the patter of pursuing footsteps.

Blinn was fleeing toward the rear of the house. The corridor was a narrow and narrow side-passage, and it was along this to a steep flight of uncarpeted stairs and out of a narrow rear door into the cliff-like grounds at the rear.

As the Ensign bounded out upon the pavement of Jefferson place, wet from a recent rain, the sounds of his pursuers in the narrow passage above. He shoved the thick paper hurriedly into a pocket that opened in the house as he ran after glancing up and down the small street, started racing toward Connecticut avenue on the east.

Almost the moment he this direction an automobile was waiting before another rear door of The Embassy. Hearing the running feet and looked out and, as Blinn neared, he called:

"This way!" beckoning frantically. "This way! For the love of Mike, make it quick!"

He bent over the steering wheel: there was the click of brakes and self-starter; and the pursuers came out with a roar into the tonneau. Ere he knew why he had done it, he was seated in the automobile and the car was under the orders of the Embassy from which he had made so precipitate an exit.

Three figures were standing in utter bewilderment upon the pavement here. Two were the Esengren footmen who had acted as guardians of the vase and who, to all appearances, were fully recovered from the effects of their struggle with the strange Sumarai.

The third was a stranger to Blinn—a short but impressive figure in the masque costume of a Shogun of old Japan, three short swords and green and purple kimono. His face was young, intelligent and haughty and, at the moment, wrinkled with disappointment. All three represented a scene of high chaos.

They were skidding into Nineteenth street when the roar of a car being started came from their rear.

"The devil!" laughed Blinn's good Samaritan, tauntingly. "So the Prince has started a chase, eh? Well, we'll give him one. There's not a speedier car in old D. C. than this buzz-wagon. That's why the car was left to my job, old man. The Esengrens will catch us—I guess not!"

A minute later Blinn felt that the driver was somewhat overconfident. When they swung into Pennsylvania avenue, the purring motor was only a block behind, and it held its distance, while they shot along the famous thoroughfare toward the White House, looming up ahead with lights blazing, shading down the front of it for all the world like a French chateau.

They raced between Government buildings and the Executive Mansion to Fifteenth street, which they rounded into by the Treasury Department to Pennsylvania avenue, and then they raced that thorofare to the Capitol. Here they swept between the Botanical Gardens on the right and the Capitol grounds on the other hand, inclosing the grim and substantial building of the Nation's Parliament. A Maryland avenue it was then it was a long swift chase along this until the placid waters of the Potomac heaved into view, silvery as ice in the moonlight.

They thundered over Long Bridge to the Virginia side and into the dilapidated, ill-paved streets of Alexandria, but ere they had left the bridge they heard the roar of the following automobile as it thundered over the bridge right after them.

They did not see it again, however, in the devious streets of dingy houses and alleys boarded by crowded, tumble-down negro shacks, they seemed to have shaken the pursuers off the trail.

"Didn't I tell you, boy!" shouted the chauffeur, in his familiar way, as they spun into the old Baltimore Road. "We can beat any car in Washington. You're pretty safe, now. But hay, did you turn the trick? Did the little wonder, the senorita, work it all right? Did you get the treaty, I mean?"

At that, so astounded was the Ensign at the driver's evident knowledge that he gasped, "Yes!" ere he knew what he was saying. Then the full import of the fellow's words redounded tenfold on the officer.

The man knew all and more than he did; was, doubtless, a friend and accomplice of the senorita and the Sumarai. To go further, it was just probable that he had been waiting with the automobile

Instead of doing that, he was helping the Ensign in his flight from the Esengrens. Was it a mistake in identity, then—a blunder of the senorita that caused him to think the Navy officer was on his side in the intrigue? Or was it a ruse to cover the failure of his accomplices' failure to secure the "treaty," as he called it, he was only constituted to help? Which one might take it from him in the end? The first sign wished now he could recall his word of assent.

Be that as it may, that it was merely a case of mistaken identity, he pressed farther back into the shadow of the tonneau, he could not be discovered by the man at the chauffeur, altho that worthy gentleman seldom looked around. He looked around now, however, as a roar of motors sounded right behind them and a great car shot into the road not two blocks behind in full chase.

"The Esengrens, again!" he shouted, with a curse. "They knew we were heading for the house and made a short cut to this road. Darn it, I should have thought of that!"

He leaned far over the steering wheel and bent down on the throttle, could feel the machine throb in every part. They were racing along above the road in breakneck speed, and he had not experienced almost the same sensation he had in an aeroplane during the Navy maneuvers off the Virginia capes.

But the little Esengrens would not be outdistanced. When, after a mile of this chase, which now were shooting between wide fields on either hand, the pursuers found they were not gaining but rather slowly losing ground, they began firing their revolvers at the automobile ahead.

The chauffeur lowered his head and hunched his shoulders, shrill of, grinning, Blinn sat thin-lipped and peered thru the glass at the racing car behind. And then he saw the flame and smoke from the pistol shots seemed to come from beneath the very body of their throbbing car.

"The deuce!" gritted the driver, savagely. "They've plugged one of our tires! They've got us sure, now. But her house is only a block away. As we pass it, jump for it, and make a single-handed getaway in the dark. I'll give them a blind chase for their money."

Blinn scrambled to his feet and opened the door. A large house showed ahead on a steep bank back from the road. As they rapidly neared it, their auto

Both Man and Girl Sprang Back and Faced the Long French Windows as They Opened to Admit the Gasping Ensign.

The Strike That Won Out

MRS. JIM GINTER stepped to her kitchen door and watched the two men unload something covered with burlap that seemed quite heavy.

"What do you want this desk for?" she asked.

"Why, Mrs. Ginter, I thought you knew," said Mrs. Ginter, the line of her mouth suddenly straightening.

As the steps the men set the desk down for a moment to get their breath. As they did so the hired man came around a corner with a hoe.

"—Bill," said Mrs. Ginter, "come and help the men get this desk in."

Bill dropped his hoe and slouched forward. "Please, ma'am, I've got to do what the boss ordered for the harness room," he drawled. "Bowed he needed one to keep records of how much grain, and feed buying, et cetery. Spose we take it right——"

"—into my kitchen," said Mrs. Ginter, snapping her words. "Now, Bill, help the end with that smaller man, Bill, and don't let him do all the lifting."

After they had carried the desk into the kitchen Mrs. Ginter, who had put the drawers underneath, Bill cocked his head and studied it critically. "Seems like it'd look nice in the kitchen, don't it?" he remarked.

"Not any more than it would in the harness room."

"Maybe not. Well, I was planning to go for it myself after dinner. Boss always has his stuff brought out. Saves express hire."

"Oh, you won't pay me for bringing it out. If you don't want to," said the taller of the expressmen. "Mr. Ginter and I are old friends. I was coming out anyway and happened to notice the desk. I've brought the money to buy the animals. If we can come to terms, Mr. Ginter and I——"

"No; gone over to the races. Won't be back till after dark. But I guess I'll do! Guess we'll do well enough."

After they left Mrs. Ginter stood for some moments looking doubtfully at the handsome desk. It did look out of place in the kitchen. Then she got a piece of oilcloth, which she spread over the polished surface, and soon had this covered with some pans and dishes as were in daily use and which hitherto she had been obliged to keep in inconvenient, out-of-the-way places.

"Just as good for me who needs it as for him who don't," she said aloud, when she finished. "It's going to save me lots of steps—if 'tis money wasted."

"Sa-ay, Mis' Ginter," drawled Bill's voice at the door, "you mean the boss won't get back till after dark? I was fowing to pull my wages and go toward night. Want to get 'round by Bascom's and hunt another job."

"Bill, you couldn't be scared," exclaimed Mrs. Ginter, in some surprise. "Willet left yesterday, you know, so you're the only hand we've got. Who'll do the chores?"

"Sa-ay, Mis' Ginter, I'm not scared, I hadn't heard 'bout it 'cross the river then. Willet went on a strike here on account of the wages. Boss wouldn't give him $25. Now I'm going over and try for $25. Anyhow, I'm thru with the boss. That's flat."

The woman looked at him thoughtfully.

"How'd you like to work for me?" she asked.

"Ain't I been?" in surprise.

"Yes, by the day. I mean for me?"

Bill shook his head. "Guess I'd like a change," he answered. "Too long hours here and too little pay."

"Suppose I were to begin some thought's along that line myself. A man —anybody—likes short hours and interesting work worth more than everlastingly tired ones. Now, Bill, how much will give you $36 a month to work for me, with not over twelve hours a day, and half days on Sundays but the chores. What do you say?"

"Sa-ay," a wide grin spreading across his face, "I'm in the market at!"

"Keep on with your regular work, it I've anything special I'll let you know. Tomorrow morning I may let you wash some floors——"

"Sa-ay," interrupted Bill, anxiously, "no Sal's a rip snorter at housework—cooking and washing floors and sich just now. Washing floors is women's work, anyhow."

"Yes, I know. Sally would be good help," Mrs. Ginter agreed, smiling. "What does she get?"

"Eight dollars the last place."

"I'll give her ten each week if she come early in the morning. So you needn't do doors."

It was after 10 o'clock when Jim Ginter came home. "Whew! I'm tired and hungry!" he exclaimed, as he threw his coat into a corner and pulled a chair up to one of the desk-table, where his supper had been placed. "But, look here; things are mighty nice cold. Why didn't you have 'em warm? And say, where'd this table come from, anyhow? You didn't——" He stopped and peered under the overhanging oilcloth, then gave a low whistle. "Swan if taint my new barn desk that I ordered Bill to put into the harness-room. What made the idiot——"

"I told him to put it in here," said his wife coldly. "You have a nice roller-top desk in the other room, and I have

(Continued on Page 2, Column 1)

(Continued from Page 1, Column 1)

pounding on its flat tire, the Navy man made out a high hedge of English yew (swiling the road from the unkempt lawn). A number of wild-growing ornamental trees enhanced the shadows and darkness about the homestead. It was the ideal place for him to leave the auto unbeknown to the pursuers.

"Here's the house!" called the driver, in an undertone. "Make straight for it. It's your one chance of getting away with the treaty. Remember, the password, 'Salapaloo.' Good luck, Gaulin!" as Blinn leaning far forward leaped out of the speeding car, and then ran with it for a moment toward the concealing shadow of the edge.

A wild shout from the advancing car told him his getaway had been seen by the Essengrens and, an instant later, as he sped along in the shadow of the hedge seeking an opening or weak place thru which he might break to the house, a long white finger of light from the automobile searchlight mounted in front of the windowsill of the Essengren car, picked him out, and made his plight plain to the pursuers.

The, as a shouted command rang out from the pursuing automobile now right at hand, Blinn found the vulnerable spot in the hedge, tore thru it, was dashing up the steep grassy lawn toward the house, his haven. At the top, a look flung backward over his shoulder showed him the Essengrens leaping from their purring car and, as he reached the house fifty feet beyond, he heard them breaking thru the hedge.

All was dark in front of the house, and Blinn, knowing he would be captured if he paused to ring or knock, dashed around to the rear, hoping against hope that some one would be awake or up on account of the noise of the numerous pistol reports.

Sure enough, to his great joy, life showed lit the rear in the shape of warm yellow light streaming thru a long French window. As Blinn dashed up to it, he glimpsed a man and woman confronting each other in the room beyond and, even in that tense moment of close pursuit, it did not escape him that one was the tall sumaral in the vermilion kimono, the other the mysterious señorita of the castanets.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SENORITA WITH IRISH EYES.

"I' EES see fault of you, Gaillard Gault," the señorita was saying. "You had not'ing to do at all, at all, but peek up gee bit of papaire—and yet you fail! Oh, Madre di Dios, set mean so much to us at thees time!"

"But Patricia," began the man, dolorously, "come on, interfered with our heels——"

Both man and girl sprang back and faced the long French windows as they opened to admit the gasping Ensign. The man made the obvious exclamation of astonishment. The girl stared at Michael Blinn out of a pair of dilated eyes that, somehow, despite the evidence of her accent, were not Spanish, but as Irish as Blarney Castle.

Blinn smiled as reassuringly as he could under the pressure of circumstances, and uttered the word he had been instructed to.

"Salapaloo!" he gasped, in the same way he would have uttered, "Hello!"

The two breathed an audible sigh of relief, after which the man said:

"From the Obi Man, too, eh? But we weren't instructed. Did Chambers in the car tell you?"

"Yes," panted the Ensign. Then, hearing the noises without rapidly growing louder as the Essengrens approached, he hastened to add between gasps for breath: "Chambers—got away—in the car. They didn't—follow—on blind chase. The Essengrens—I mean. They're right—after me now."

"The Essengrens fright after you!" exclaimed the man, in unfeigned amazement. "Why, Scot, man, why didn't you say so! Patricia, we must do something quick! You must hide him!"

Without a word the girl, and yellow gown swirling about her, the flushed-faced girl lost no time in dashing across the room to a door and pressed a mahogany chest in the corner. Flinging open the top, she pointed within in an excited manner.

"Senor, theee way! In here!" she exclaimed. "And you, too, Senor Gault. Do you want to be seen by the Essengrens?" as he momentarily hesitated.

"But you!" began the man.

"Fool!" fairly screamed the excited girl. "Do as I say. Eet ees you, Gaillard, and the caballero there they seek—not me, a teeny girl."

"Right-o, Patsy!" returned the Sumaral. "You're always right, you wonderful girl! Here, sir. Follow me."

Now Blinn for the life of him could not see how the presence of them were to fit into that low chest, huge in its way tho it was. But the Sumaral's next move quickly disclosed to him how it was to be done.

Lying flat in the mahogany chest, he pressed against the rear side in a certain way, and this it was quite probably, which caused it to fall open and allowed him to roll over out of the chest and thru the wall into a dark hole beyond.

The girl slammed the lid down on the Ensign, he had left its confines. She flashed a furious glance about the room for some telltale marks of its former occupants. Then, as she heard the Essengrens rushing up the veranda, she hummed a gay little air and fell to fluffing her hair.

A well-feigned look of mingled amazement and fear leaped to her beautiful Irish-blue eyes as the three Essengrens burst thru the window, and she fell back shrinking fairness in the corner. She took in herself and the room in a sweeping glance and then the authoritative, the young, Essengren who had discarded the three words of his native costume, no doubt as incumbrances, stepped toward her.

"Don't come near me!" she breathed, and the lids of her eyes flickered in seeming terror. "I shall s-scream!"

"That would be fine, Miss Patricia O'Hare," said the young Essengren in calm, precise English. "Besides the man we are chasing and the servants we know you are alone in this house. What I want of you is for you to tell me where is this man, the fellow in toreador costume. He ran toward the window and you know where he is now."

"A man? flee-re!" the girl gasped in fine astonishment. "Senor, what do you mean?"

The proud-featured youth smiled ironically and tossed his head.

"Of course, this is the role you have to act, Patricia. You know nothing about a man entering here. Oh, not But we are as sure as we stand here that we saw him enter by that window."

He turned to his assistants, the two little footmen, and gave them a short command in Essengren, and forthwith they started a careful search of the room. The walls were tested, the chest opened, and all the time the young Essengren in authority watched the senorita out of the corner of his eye for any fleeting change of emotion.

But the Blinn and Gault could hear whatever passed in the next room, the wall between was loaded in such a way that it did not ring hollowly and disclose their hiding-place. The room the Ensign now found himself in was as dark as Abaddon and very small, as he quickly learned upon stretching his arms in any direction and bringing up against a wall. The ceiling above was little more than man-high and sloped down to one side, as tho it were built under a staircase.

The Essengrent turned to the watching girl. He had seen that the search of his men was proving unavailable, fruitless.

"Come, senorita," he said, in low tones, "tell me where you have hidden the man." His voice dropped still lower, the merest whisper, almost it seemed like a caress, but the two men straining their ears at the wall, "Senorita, to tell me how much is it worth to you? A thousand dollars, gold? Two, three, four—name your price! I hate you! I hate you, I hate you!" And in her fury a sob escaped her.

The young Essengren lowered his head before her wrath, albeit as he did so, hidden from her view, he smiled craftily.

"I regret beg your pardon, senorita," he said, with biting skewness, "only that you haven't yet denied that the man——"

"Why should I? Why should I? He ees hee-re! He has the treaty! And I hid heem! Now find heem, you—you so ugly!"

The Essengren at her words winced perceptibly, then a hot flush slowly overspread his face, grievously, he thought he had been insulted. He motioned his two men toward him.

"Here," he said, and his slight smile was as cool as an Essengren ice at a glass and as cutting. "I've stood enough of your talk and acting, Patricia O'Hare. Now I am going by force to make you tell!"

The Essengren was playing a deep and wily game, and things were not what they appeared to be to the concealed listeners. What would you have done in Blinn's shoes? This exciting story will be concluded in a generous instalment to be published in the Ledger next week.

Enlisting the G. O. S. C.

By P. C. Estee

I HATE to see you don't you? Cigarettes all over your nice, new, haired, gray-mustached man. Gives me the same sort of feeling it does to smell mutton when I eat veal. That was one reason why I never did enthuse over Major Alexander Sanderson.

He was a fine figure of a man—commanding presence and all that. Piercing eyes, high brow, neatly trimmed mustache, over a square, snag-like jaw, just between the jaw and the mustache he mostly wore one of those cigarette things.

The Major was the proprietor of the Idle Hour movie house of our town. Ever notice how every town has an Idle Hour, a Lyric or maybe a Wonderland? Those names are overworked. Well, anyway, Idle hours were apparently to the Major's liking, he spent so many of them that his rival in the house in East Heckman began to get the spare change of the Major's usual patrons.

You know that verse of Ecclesiastes—seven isn't it?—where it says something about the earth that "gathereth where he hath sowed not?"

The Major seemed to be the sort of man to do that. Now, there was a case in him Ecky; that is, after Hank Mant, cashier up in the Security Bank, quoted the verse after the Major passed away.

"The old fellow is perhaps getting ready for a coup," Hank's boss, President Jones, says to Hank.

"Coup?" I says. "Well, he ought to land there for smoking them things if for nothing else."

That was after the Major had suddenly quit loafing around with us business men, and began to busy himself with various expedients for coaxing the fickle stream of nickels and dimes to flow his way again. To that end he dug nice new channels for them to flow through every day for a spell, and then he would run comedy programs, exclusive. On his big days the Major would have a fine old billboard of a sideshow just before the barker steps out to incite you in. He could be a great one for getting around.

The current seemed to sort of set his way, too, following up the trail his advertising made. Then he got around one day and handed me a bunch of tickets.

"I see you have been showing your appreciation of my humble efforts to gently selected programs, and honoring our little family theater with your presence," he says, with a good deal more graveness. "That helps me," he goes on. "The common run like to patronize a place where the better class of our business circle may be found."

Well, I was feeling pretty good myself, so I swelled up some at that and thanked him.

"Now," he says, confidential, "I can't afford to do this for all. I want you to remain silent. Don't let on that I have singled you out specially. Just let on that you buy tickets a dollar's worth at a whack."

Of course I promised, and strolled into the Idle Hoor every now and then to get them gift tickets. I thought that was due the Major. Several times I noticed a little chap down by the ticket office, and figured he was a film agent or something.

Small-sized, white-faced, clerky-looking fellow, he looked to me just out of some office. One night I went in, and there was a girl with him, looking on, back by the ticket office. Pretty, looking girl and pretty. Sort of nice pretty, too. You know what I mean. Then, the very next day, I heard that the Major had sold the Idle Hoor, and was preparing to enjoy more of those hours himself, and the new owner was the little chap I had noticed hanging around.

Well, I still went pretty often, buying my tickets, of course. Never thought much about that new guy, only I began to notice that the crowds were thinner and thinner, and then I noticed how worried the fellow looked and how pale—his wife, seemed to be—that is, when they thought no one was watching them. "How's business?" I asks casual, one night.

"Fair," he says, brightening up. "Don't seem to be selling many tickets like the Major could, but he says that will come. He seems to think we aren't giving them the stuff we ought."

"Good show as I ever see," I says, cheering him up. "I'm sure business will pick up for you." And I went inside doing more thinking than was common with me.

Next day I ran across the Major. He was still hanging around town, dressing fine and reminding me more than ever of the chaps—Ecky—whatever it is.

"Yes," he smiles, smoothing down the cigarette careful. "I am afraid that boy will never hold the Idle Hoor up to the magnificent standard set by my personal efforts. Doubtless I made a mistake in allowing any one else to attempt to serve my hard-won but faithful clientele. Indeed, I may take hold again. I have a mortgage, you know," he adds.

"That was a good business, Major," I says. "Lots of us wondered how you come to sell for the piffling sum like you got."

I didn't say anything more to Ecky, but went on down to the bank and stood a while with the Idle Hour man. Finally he opened up and told me all about what he had paid the Major, so that the Major had told him was the daily receipts, checking with the tickets he let the young dip in Heckman's Idle Hour business now was pretty bad. Film companies were already talking C. O. D. on his shows.

"Every dollar I've saved in six years of hard work is in here," he tells me. "Between the mortgage lease of the theater of the Major's and what I paid the mortgage for the unpaid portion and the bills of the film folks, I guess it'll go, every cent of it, and I'm in debt. I ought to be stung some for breaking into a new business without experience, but every cent's gone, so much for that."

I sort of agreed on both those last propositions, and after cheering the boy some went away to talk with some of the fraternal orders I belong to about the G. O. S. C. What? Good Old Smear Club. Just smear. We don't play bridge and in Heckman's.

I was thinking a lot about those bunches of free tickets and I sort of lent my promise to the Major when I met Dave Morgan, who runs the Farmers' elevator.

"You're a leading business circle man, are you?" asks Dave, laughing. "So am I."

"Here's another," grins old Mac, who runs the wood yard.

Mr. Ching Shin in Flenker, the junk man, from East Heckman.

We began to call the roll then; not Ecky, but the rest of the members present, and every one of us owned that he'd been getting those free tickets. Finally Morgan, the shoe manicure, clear up to General Montgomery, of the big mills, had been slipped a few tickets by the new financial favor and the respect of the farmer owner of the Idle Hour.

"This is too much, gents," breaks out Hank Mant, who had joined our gathering. "None of us minded giving the Major a lift, but he used us to lend the Idle Hoor a very first class lift the first time he shot us off. I don't feel right to let that young chap go broke."

"Not me, I agrees with you," says like our little club, with Hank here for good measure, ought to take some action."

"Hide Ecky on a rail. Give him the Kuklux work, like we did in the picture last week," suggests Mac, willing and eager.

"That would be too easy on him," I states. "He'd still have the kid's coin, and wouldn't feel bad enough about anything we could do as long as he has a dollar on that Major. Let's be more like us. Let me think of a fitting revenge."

"What would you do if business got good enough so that you could sell real easy?" I asks one day, when I meets Pickering just as he is opening up the Idle Hour.

"Go right back to my old regular job. Then study this business until I was posted enough to go out all by myself and pick a live one from a dead one," he smiles earnest. The kid had grit.

Well, that's how it came to happen. Business at the Idle Hour got so good that Pickering had to put on an usher before that he'd been having to go around careful in the dark to see if any one was really in the house when they commenced the show.

Something seemed to be worrying the Major them days. I saw him lurking in the show frequent.

"Big mistake you made, old timer, I kept telling you to hold on." That's the way I answered some of his accusers as to just how good business was with the young chap. Probably others told him the same. I heard that he had a letter or two from outside parties, and seemed to think he still owned the show. They wanted to buy and didn't seem to care what price, likewise. That's the way they wrote, anyhow.

Was six, business kept getting better and better, and the Major began to go oftener and oftener. Finally I saw him talking earnest with Pickering and that nice girl, his wife. The Major wanted to buy back the Idle Hour.

The hunger of a young doctor for his first case or the longing of a stray dog for a home was nothing to the way Major Alexander felt about that show.

Pickering was a little reluctant at first, I guess, but I reminded him of his duty to the public, the fellow he owed, he leaped again, and he let the Major talk him into selling. He got just a little more than he had paid. The Major was glad and willing to do that.

The day he left town Pickering came to see me. He brought that nice wife of his, too.

"I don't know, Mr. Simmons," he says, "whether your boosting brought the crowds or not, but your encouragement boosted out courage so that we went after the business better. Anyway, we want to thank you."

"I understand that one of the business organizations of the town was behind some good boosting for you," I says. "The G. O. S. C. I believe it's called, if the Major will be able to secure their cooperation."

Humph they were distressed at that, and would have stood for it as a good word for the Major, but I promised to pass it along for them and with their thanks. I told them it was plum well less to try to talk to any of the modest members of the order.

I guessed right, too. The Idle Hour no longer had the help of the G. O. S. C. and business fell away fearful. Maybe the members stayed away because the Major was coming back. There was a rumor of a deficit. Dollar bunches, frequent, take some money.

A Clever Wife.

SHE walked into the business office of the evening newspaper

and should like to have the advertisement put in tonight," she said to the clerk. "Here it is."

The clerk took a slip of paper which she had written out and read it. It was very brief, just a single sentence. Then he read it again.

"I beg pardon," he stammered: "I don't quite understand. You wish this put in the paper?"

"I said so," replied the woman, who was neither old nor plain. "I wish it put in tonight's paper, as good a position as possible, under the head of 'Where to Dine.' You run a list of hotels and restaurants under that general heading, do you not?"

"Yes, certainly. Oh, yes," said the clerk, fingering the slip nervously. "How many insertions?"

"Keep it running for about a week, I should say," answered the accustomed woman; "every day for a week."

"May I ask—er—what's the idea?"

"Not at all. I am surprised in the least at your asking. I want this to reach my husband's eye. He's a regular reader of your paper and I want it in your 'Where to Dine' column it may possibly strike him as being a good idea. Ever and then he gets tired, weary, now I'll try this and see what effect it will have."

And that night, on an inside page of the paper, at the top of the column of hotel and restaurant advertisements, there appeared the following notice:

"WHERE TO DINE.
WHY NOT DINE AT HOME
WITH YOUR WIFE
ONCE IN A WHILE"

A Traveler Learns.

IT DOESN'T pay to take it for granted that every native Londoner has no sense of humor, as one American officer of the newly organized engineers found out. The man went into a barbershop for a shave and fell to bragging about the U. S. A.

"We're America," he declared, "we all specialize. You should stick to one thing and master it completely."

The barber, who meantime had been tathering his customer's face, nodded assent, but said nothing. He then left the American and sat down to enjoy his newspaper.

"Why don't you shave me?" inquired the American.

"Oh, we only lather here," coolly replied the barber. "You must go next door to be shaved.

The Ring Held the Town in Its Grip.

POLITICS in America is like that of no other nation in the world. The hand of the boss is to be felt not only in the big cities but in the small communities of the country as well. It is a condition which happily is passing, but it still exists. In next week's Ledger we are going to start a serial which deals with this condition. It is so true to life that you might well imagine that the scene was laid in your own home town. It deals with a crooked gang which has its grip on the affairs of a typical medium-sized city and a young man who undertakes to buck it—"butting his head against a stone wall," they said of him. Grit, cunning, plotting, tragedy and love are masterfully mingled. Woman's entry into politics and the result also are brought out. The story is called "Breaking the Iron Ring," and it will run in several installments. In these days when citizenship is an honor you will want to read it.

Pat Won.

AN IRISHMAN and an Englishman met one day and they had a very heated discussion. One who had only one eye, attracted the Englishman's attention when he said:

"Those eyes of yours you have."

"How much grander are those you have," said the Englishman in answer.

"I thought," said the one eye Englishmen were good grammarians. I have but one eye, and you could not say 'those.'"

Then Pat, who was anxious to outdo the Englishman from a point of wit and humor, said:

"I bet you 20 shillings to your one that I can see more with my one eye than you can with your two."

"Done," said the Englishman. "It's a bet."

And Pat, in his truly witty manner, vociferated:

"Arrah, shure, I with my one eye can see your two, whereas you with your two eyes can only see one."

The Englishman collapsed.

A Long Dry Spell.

GOV. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN of Rhode Island said in Providence, apropos of the gigantic strife that the temperance movement is taking, which he considers seems to look at excess as the young wife did.

"Him, dear, said a young wife, 'I do wish you'd cut out drinking. Every time you go to one of those banquets of yours you get up the next morning pale and shaky, and nothing—you just gulp down ten or fifteen glasses of water. Do stop drinking, won't you? I know it can't be good for you.'

"All great men have been drinking men,' said Jim. 'Look at Poe, at Charles Lamb, look at Burns, look at—'

"Well, Jim,' said the young wife, 'you just swear off till you become a great man, too, and I'll be satisfied.'"

On Black Hawk's Trail

By Harriet Wheeler

The Story in Brief

SAU-KE-NUK, the chief city of the Sauk, or Sac, Indians, nestles in the angle formed by the junction of the Rock River with the Mississippi. Near it is the high bluff, known ever as Black Hawk's Watch Tower. Here in June, 1831, the Indians are celebrating the Crane Dance, the time of wife-choosing. Two lovers, White Eagle and Raven Hair, recount some of the strange, superstitious stories that cling about the tower. The next day General Gaines, with a guard of soldiers, arrives, bringing a message from the President of the United States—an order for the Sauks to leave their lands and go into Iowa, claiming that the land occupied by Black Hawks and his people had been ceded to the United States Government in 1804. Black Hawk claimed the sale had been fraudulent, that he had never signed the treaty. Chief Keokuk urges Black Hawk to obey, and Black Hawk consents under protest. Five hundred canoes carry the people of Sau-ke-nuk to the western shore. Nearly a year later the story opens in New Salem, a village of log houses on the banks of the Sangamon River, in Illinois. Young Abraham Lincoln is clerking in the one store. He is chosen as a candidate for the Legislature. A messenger announces that a band of 800 Indians and other hostile tribes, led by Black Hawk, has invaded the State. Lincoln is elected Captain of militia and proceeds to the war. The troops gather at Beardstown, Ill. With some friendly Winnebago chiefs Colonel Gratiot goes with a flag of truce to meet Black Hawk and his followers. The truce fails, but Colonel Gratiot and his aids escape to Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. Lincoln wins a wrestling championship. The militia arrives at Fort Armstrong and marches after Black Hawk, who sends back a flag of truce. Drunken militiamen attack the flag bearers. Black Hawk, angered, attacks the whites and routs them. Lincoln meets Anderson Davis at dawn.

Of course you are interested and, having read the above, you can go right ahead with the installment printed in this issue. Back copies, with the earlier chapters, may be obtained from your agents, newsdealers, or by mail direct from the office of publication. This story started in No. 6, dated Feb. 9.

"There Are Indians Dragging My Sister."

[Copyright 1913 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER X.

THE MASSACRE AT INDIAN CREEK.

WHITE SOX was rewarded with a brown roost reliable horse. She knew every trail and had a keen scent for the Indians. Captain Horn pressed on over the level prairie, confidence in her ability to face any emergency.

The sun shone genially on the flower-dotted plain over which the south breeze strayed, filling the air with the perfume of many flowers. With the exception of an occasional rabbit startled from its nest, the journey proceeded without interruption.

Early in the afternoon the Captain halted at Dad Joe's cabin and was informed that Parson Horn had passed there along with his family.

"Yes, the country was getting too much for them, and they concluded to move," said the pioneer. "I sent my family with them, along with your father, for I turned to hide our household goods. I start in an hour and shall be glad of company. Come in and have a bite."

Captain Horn tethered his horse and then followed the host into the cabin.

"Help yourself to the leavings on the table," directed the pioneer, "while I pack my carpetbag."

Captain Horn took the tin plate partly filled with pork, beans and johnnycake and seated himself on the rude bench standing against the wall. It was the first meal taken since the o'clock breakfast and it was eaten with a relish. He threw the scraps to the chickens, fed White Sox to the primitively constructed trough, where she drank copiously of this fresh water.

"All aboard, young man!" called Dad Joe. "Forward, march," and swinging into his saddle, the horse leaped forward into a trot with White Sox cantering alongside.

"The savages are welcome to all they find," growled the pioneer. "My goods are buried in my underground cellar under the chicken yonder, and I'll defy any redskin to find them."

The travelers cantered on over the track of glory left by the departing sun; the shadows of night closed in around them as they toiled on over the plains, and the moon rode high in the

heaven when they sighted the lights at Fort Deposit.

A pack of dogs announced their approach. Captain Horn sounded the Army call assuring the refugees that friends waited without. A moment later the flicker of a tallow candle gleamed in the doorway of the nearest cabin, and a voice called, "Who comes?"

"Captain Horn and Dad Joe."

"Welcome, sirs," cried the host, unbarring the door. "Your family have been on the anxious seat, Dad Jones; here they come."

A little woman followed up three children, and down the path and escorted the travelers into the cabin.

"And what is the word from Parson Horn, mother?" asked Dad Joe. "This is his son, Captain William."

"The parson left this morning with two soldiers and a guide, taking the river route. And so you are William Horn? Did you plan to travel with your father?"

"No. I wanted to make sure of his safe conduct over the dangerous country. I must return to the Army tomorrow."

"And you must be taking your rest for the journey; we will spread you a bed in the kitchen."

She led the way to the adjoining room where she made a bed on the rough settee with bedding taken from her own and the children's bed. However, to the soldier, accustomed to sleeping wherever night found him, the bed furnished restful quarters, and the rising sun streaming thru the uncurtained windows roused him to the day's duties.

Captain Horn was early dressed and joined Dad Joe in the yard.

"Morning, Captain," said the pioneer. "I've had the horses driven to the river, and it did seem as tho they would never drink their fill. That is a trim mare you ride."

"Yes, sir! I'll trust White Sox to outwit the wiest Indian going."

"There is the breakfast horn," proclaimed Dad Joe. "Come, gentlemen, mother." He led the way into the kitchen; the pine table stood in the center of the room and rude benches were drawn up about the table.

"Take this seat, Captain," said Dad, drawing out the bench at his left. The soldier and themselves bowed their head; mother on the opposite side of the table. Dad Joe said grace while he filled the plates with a generous portion of pork, beans, brown bread and coffee.

When the meal was finished Captain Horn arose, thanked his host for the nature, and the entire family accompanied him to the gate where White Sox waited, feasting on the grass bordering the rail fence.

"Keep well to the open prairie, Captain," advised Dad Joe.

"That I will," answered the young man. "I take the east side of the plain to Dixon." He waved a final salute and White Sox swung along with easy, graceful strides.

Another day of glorious sunshine, balmy air and flower-studded trails beguiled the time on the journey. The young Captain whistled merrily, sometimes bursting into a song, and allowed White Sox to choose her own pace.

Shortly after the noon hour White Sox paused, tossed her head toward the east, sniffed the air, pricked her ears forward at such a rapid pace as almost to unseat the astonished Captain.

"Steady, White Sox," he counseled, in a soothing tone, as he tightened his hold on the reins. "Where away?"

Shading his eyes with one hand, the young man scanned the landscape before him.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "A horseman headed toward us! Indian he is, White Sox, lassie! He signals us."

The lone horseman approached at a rapid pace.

"Great Luck, White Sox!" exulted the Captain. "That is Shabbona!" And doffing his hat, he waved a salute to the approaching Indian and headed White Sox toward him.

"Where from, Shabbona?" he queried, wheeling White Sox alongside of the mounted Indian.

"From the Indian Creek settlement. Shabbona travel hard all night."

"Well, you look it. What has happened, Shabbona?"

"Pottowatomis and Winnabagoes on warpath. Shabbona warn the settlement to flee to Ottawa for safety. Davis and his neighbor, William Hall, Pettigrew, Henderson and Howard, they foolish men. They come back to Indian Creek, and, Pupes, my nephew, he come to Shabbona's house at midnight of last night and say Indians gathering in the woods. I, Shabbona, mount my pony to Indian Creek. I say to Mr. Davis and his friends, 'Go to Ottawa. By today Indians massacre you!' But, he, Mr. Davis strong-headed; he say, 'No cowards! We face Indians!' And Shabbona ride away with a sad heart."

"What grudge have the Indians against the Indian Creek settlement, Shabbona?"

"William Davis made the trouble," exclaimed the Indian, "he build a dam and mill on the creek and spoil the Indian's fishing grounds. Shabbona talks for the Indians and Davis allow Indians to fish below the dam. Davis, he big strong man and ugly—he not like tyo Indians. One day no pitch into a Pottawatomi and beat him cruelly. Indians go away, but they never forget. They watch their chance, and now they will have revenge. Will not the Captain fly and command the whites to go at once? Shabbona tells the truth. Indians kill them if they stay tonight."

"I must go," vowed the Captain. "My father and myself have often spent the night in the home of Mr. William Hall."

"And Shabbona will return to his home content. Fly, my boy, fly!"

The Indian waved a hand and the Captain turned White Sox's head and urged her into a gallop. He felt he owed it to the settlement to warned her that Indians were at hand. The horse sprang forward with every graceful stride.

Shabbona watched the flying White Sox until she disappeared in the valley on the east. Then he turned his horse northward and rode on with his head bowed on his breast, while over his face settled an expression of despair.

Captain Horn examined his watch as his horse swept onward.

"Half-past 3, White Sox, and the settlement five miles away," he said. "We will make it inside of 4 o'clock. The Indians will be likely to make the attack about 7 o'clock, and long before that hour we shall have our friends safe housed at the fort."

White Sox swung on with even gallop, up hill and over the valley, with no variation of pace, and covered the distance without apparent effort. The day was sultry and Captain Horn drew a silk handkerchief from his pocket to mop his sunburned face. As he mounted the hill rising from the valley, a breeze struck him from the direction of Indian Creek. He reined White Sox to a walk, took off his hat, and tossed the curling locks from his brow. His deep blue eyes gleamed with animation.

"Below is the settlement, lady, where Sylvia Hall lives," said he. "The horse, standing near the bank a half-mile ahead, belongs to Mr. Davis, and the log shanty, fifty feet further down the creek, is the settlement blacksmith shop. Ah, yes, in the cornfield, yonder, some of the men are at work! we will speak with them."

White Sox cantered down the slope and the men paused in their planting, and Captain Horn moved toward them.

"Good day, gentlemen," began Captain Horn, "I am Preacher Horn's son. We stopped with you last night."

"And we have recalled that visit many times," replied William Hall. "Hark!" The rapid firing of guns mingling with blood-curdling yells rent the afternoon stillness, and all eyes followed the direction of the sound over the level fields to the house.

"Indians! My God!" groaned young Hall. "They have broken in the door and are storming the house. What shall we do?"

"Up here! Behind me! White Sox will show us what to do!"

The horse scented the Indians and pawed the ground frantically. Captain

Horn held her while Hall leaped up behind him. The little mare sprang forward and cleft the air with winged feet, as with head bent low and ears pressed tightly on either side, she flew to the rescue. The shrieks and pleading cries of women and children, mingled with the demoniac war cries of the Sendish savages, warned them that they were too late.

"Friends incarnate!" shuddered William Hall. "Good God! They have murdered them, they have tomahawked on the doorsteps, and look! They are braining the children against the trees! There are scores of the savages, Horn, and we are rushing to certain death."

"We will never go up behind the blacksmith shop; my pistols are well loaded and, come what will, I shall use them to the last charge."

"There are young Davis and your brother John rushing out of the rear door!" continued Horn. "There are six men with them. If they make the creek they will escape the savages and reach Ottawa."

"But the savages are after them!" groaned Hall. "A pack of the fiends are racing down the hill behind them. Hear the speare and tomahawks after our men. Morris and George have fallen on the bank. Thank God, the others are over in the water!"

"Hist, Hall! Father Davis is riding out of the ford with his black stranger, and he is in their path. Hold firmly to your seat. By all that is holy, they shall feel my shot!"

And spurring White Sox around the corner of the shop, Captain Horn dashed into full view of the enemy and right across their path, and then wheeled and to encircle Father Davis, who was a powerful man and beat them back with the butt end of his rifle. Captain Horn fired two shots, which sent two of their number to the ground. White Sox wheeled and with the leaping bound of a panther, so that the enemy could not take a certain shot, but they wreaked their vengeance on Father Davis and he received a tomahawk at him which sent him reeling to the ground. As he fell he raised one arm to Heaven.

"Oh, Lord, take me! Take me!" he moaned, and stiffened on the ground as the savages leaped forward to scalp him.

"The savages are pouring out of the house after us!" cried William Hall. "Fly, Horn! Our lives depend on the fleetness of your horse."

"Hold on to White Sox," commanded Captain Horn. "I shall ride the Indian," and wheeling White Sox alongside the Indian horse, he fired a shot into the Indian clutching her bridle.

At the same instant he leaped into the animal's back, sitting astride of it, which sent both horses tearing toward the hill. The bloodthirsty fiends gave chase and sent a volley of spears and tomahawks after them, but the shadows of night crept along the trail of the westering sun, and a crescent moon hung in the sky as the horses pressed silently onward. Not every nerve alert to the slightest sound. At last the baying of dogs fell far away broke the stillness.

"Hall," announced Captain Horn, "that is the ferry on the Sendish this breeze comes from Rock River."

Five minutes later he exclaimed: "Yonder is a light, Hall, from another cabin," and raising his hands to his mouth, he sounded the camp halloo.

A moment later a candle flickered in the window and Colonel Gideon and Father Dixon's strident voice called, "Who comes?"

"Captain Horn!"

"Welcome, my lad, welcome!" cried the old man, hurrying from the steps, bearing the candle in his hand. "Where from, Captain Horn?"

"From the region of hell, John Dixon. There has been a fiendish massacre at Indian Creek. My companion is William Hall, Jr. His parents were slain before our eyes, his sisters carried away captives. We want fresh horses, John, to carry the news to General Atkinson."

"And you shall have them, Captain. Go in and refresh yourselves to food while I saddle your horses."

The men were faint with the day's strain, and gratefully accepted the invitation. They feasted on the remains of stewed chicken, brown bread and cold coffee, and then went to the stable where horses strengthened for the journey.

"Friends," said John Dixon, assisting William, "I should counsel prudence with the Indians toward the recovery of your sisters, and, remember, altho the night is dark, you are headed toward the enemy."

"Are, are, sir!" returned the men, as the horses swung on up the trail.

Captain Horn's face was shadowing a gloomy foreboding that would not down. The moon faded in the west, the overmastering sleep of Father Dixon's household covered the gray dawn to the east.

Captain Horn pointed along the trail northward and, breaking the long silence, said to his companion: "Our journey is accomplished, Hall. Yonder white line marks our camp quarters."

A moment later a sentinel called, "Halt! Who comes?"

"Captain Horn!"

Elijah Hall, Jr., and Gideon Munson hurried forward in the glowing dawn.

"Well, Horn," condoled Gideon, "you have had your wild-goose chase."

But Elijah, peering into the Captain's face as he dismounted, said: "What has happened?"

"I come from a hellish scene," declared the Captain. "My companion, William Hall, will give you details of a terrible massacre at Indian Creek. Before our eyes, his sisters carried away captives by the Sendish savages and their allies; and I tell you, gentlemen, this night I have vowed to keep on Black Hawk's trail until those girls are found; and if we save them alive, I hope to marry Sylvia Hall."

"I am with you, sir," said William Munson. "I vow to marry Rachel Hall if she is rescued alive. Let us pledge together, William."

The two men clasped hands and solemnly repeated, "On Black Hawk's trail, until death do us part, so help me God!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE HAWK.

"GENTLEMEN," said General Atkinson, addressing the officers assembled in his tent, "the story of the massacre, "it is evident that the Potawatomis hold the Hall girls with the hope of ransoming them. I consider it a matter of wisdom, as well as of common humanity, that a reward be offered at once for the return of these orphan girls. Under the present state of terror-stricken, and universal panic will obtain until we hear reliable word regarding the captives. Now, all is reckless lies with the Winnebago allies. Elijah Kilbourn accompanies William Hall to Galena, where Thomas Forsyth, Colonel Gratiot, the Winnebago agent, and Colonel Henry Dodge, commander of the Illinois Volunteers, will trust, thru the sagacity and wisdom of these men, the return of our captives will be accomplished. Elijah, are you ready for the perilous journey, my lad?"

"Yes, sir, and eager to be under way."

"You'll do, Elijah," laughed Colonel Zachary Taylor. "Their scalps in the hands of your adopted father, Black Hawk, entreat him to spare the captives."

"Rest assured, if those young women fall into Black Hawk's hands, they will receive every courtesy and return to their friends unharmed."

"What route do you take, Elijah?" asked General Whitesides, as the officers followed the young men to their horses.

"The straightest line to Galena, sir!" replied Elijah. "I have scouted over every inch of the ground, and can find my way in the darkest night."

"Don't take any rash risk, my boy," cautioned Governor Reynolds. "Sacred lives are dependent on the success of your journey."

"Even so, sir!" said Elijah, springing into his saddle.

"William," said Captain Horn, accompanying William Hall to his horse, "I shall watch with anxious interest for word from you. And, remember, whatever comes, my life is dedicated to the service of your sisters."

William Hall threw both arms around Captain Horn's neck.

"Horn," he sobbed in broken tones, "I am a bereaved man, and Heaven has proven to be my final one on earth. I go, confident that the rescue of my sisters is safe in your hands."

"And God deal with me if I fail in that duty!" responded the Captain.

The bugle sounded, calling the soldiers to the morning drill. Elijah rode forward along the trail with the officers' cheers ringing in his ears.

Captain Horn went at once to his tent to take a much needed rest. The camp call to noon mess aroused him. Bill Greene and William Munson called him as soon as he hurried out and accompanied him to mess quarters, where Captain Lincoln joined them.

"Well, Horn," he exclaimed, slapping the young man across the shoulders. "Do you know what a hornet's nest you have stirred up, departing at Dixon's Ferry, with the news of the massacre?"

"We stopped at Dixon's long enough to refresh ourselves and our horses, only. We purposely avoided Army quarters. What has happened?"

"Sufficient. You were left at Dixon's to care for the sick and guard the supplies, have added dishonor to their unwarranted desertion. General Atkinson will advise with Governor Reynolds and General Whitesides regarding the best course to pursue."

"Who brought the orders?" asked Bill.

"An express from John Dixon."

"Better clear out of the east," muttered Bill. "They'll hang us, Munson."

"For shame, Bill!" retorted William Munson. "Would you leave the captive girls in the power of the savages?"

"Horn and yourself hold the cinch on those girls. The rest of us don't count."

"They count with Captain Lincoln."

"That is because Abe worships at the shrine of New Salem's beauty, Ann Rutledge."

"I do sincerely admire Ann Rutledge," admitted Captain Lincoln. "But the other fellow has the start of me, Bill. I'm like Tennyson's brook, 'I go on forever.'"

"And, with a green and yellow melancholy."

He sat like Patience on a monument, Smiling at grief. Was this not love, indeed?"

"What makes you like Shakespeare, Abe?"

"He was the best poker-player over Wrote."

"Give Shakespeare your favorite play, Abe," coaxed Bill, as they sauntered toward the groups of men lounging on the ground.

"Macbeth," replied Captain Lincoln, and seating himself on an empty barrel, which the men soon surrounded, he related the story of "Macbeth," reciting the most impressive passages with dramatic effect. Vociferous cheers followed the performance.

"See here, Abe! Give us a wrestling match!" called Thomas Offutt, and the camp took up the call.

"Come, Abe! A match! A wrestling match! Where's Thompson?" And the camp divided calling, "Thompson! Lincoln!"

The Governor approached Captain Lincoln.

"Captain," said he, as the cheering continued, "you are doing God's work entertaining the men at this time. I beg you to accept this call."

"Very well" replied Lincoln, advancing to the center of the ground.

The crowd quieted as Denton Offutt swung round the circle waving them back.

"How will you bet, Bill?" questioned William Munson.

"I haven't a copper," returned Bill, "but I'll stake my jackknife on Abe."

The betting was very spirited, and resulted in the sum of seventy-five silver dollars in the camp. But knickknacks of all sorts, and even gold watches, were staked on the Illinois champion.

The tussle between the combatants was long, uncertain and hard, and stirred the onlookers to decided enthusiasm, resulting in Thompson's securing the first fall. And Captain Lincoln, with his usual generosity, remarked to his friends:

"This bet money business I have ever had hold of. He will throw me and you will lose your all, unless I act on the defensive."

They began again, and Captain Lincoln tried the trick of sliding away, and made the match hold. Finally both men went to the ground and it was called a draw.

Both sides claimed the victory and the discussion became so violent that a free fight threatened. Captain Lincoln stepped forward and in a clear voice called:

"Boys, the man actually threw me once fair, broadly so, and the second time, this very fall, he threw me fairly, the not apparently so."

This settled the question, and both sides cheered honest Abe Lincoln.

The men lounged about until the summons to mess sounded and, later, when the campfires were started. Captain Horn took Captain Lincoln for a stroll to the willows bordering the creek. The evening air was redolent with the odors of spring blossoms. Lincoln stretched out on the grass, with arms thrown over his head, staring at the new moon. Captain Horn took off his hat, and the evening breeze played among the light curls straggling over his face.

"Abe," he said, bending toward Captain Lincoln, "about her, Ann Rutledge?"

"I told you the truth concerning her this afternoon," responded Lincoln. "She is engaged to another man and will probably marry him. And it will be my fate to see a noble, beautiful girl given to a man of whom we know nothing."

Captain Horn sighed and bent his head —the searching expression of her soft brown eyes, her womanliness and thrifty housekeeping manner. All was minutely detailed to Lincoln by the troubled young Captain beside him.

"Such she was when I met her last winter in her home, where we visited while father was preaching in the settlement. Abe, I cannot forget the Christ she is captive among the savages! Lincoln, when I think of her, I feel that I can do anything, suffer everything to save her this cruel fate."

"Horn, I've pondered on this subject all day," responded Lincoln, solemnly, "and I believe it is Providence, not fate, that shapes our course. What is to be will be. I am humble enough to say a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' And, let me add, Horn, Sylvia Hall, in the hands of Providence, who in His wonderful mysterious way will make plain her path and yours and mine. Come! Reveille sounds!"

And, rising, the tall man and the boyish arms and silently returned to camp.

"Bill," called Captain Horn, overtaking the latter at the entrance to the tent, "in your place on the first watch. My nerves need the tramp in the night air."

"Very well, sir," Bill replied the young man, turning to his tent.

Captain Horn strode restlessly back and forth, under the level plain, methodically he paused with arms folded and head dropped forward in deep thought. The starlight fell dim and pale, the ripple-water of the creek would rouse him and start him again on his beat. Gradually the hush of the night and the night soothed the torturing pain which scorched his heart.

Turning his face to the sky above him, he watched the myriad stars and the waning moon toil onward at their appointed tasks, and the thought comforted him that the God which directed their courses piloted him.

"And Sylvia!" he replied the young man, turning to his tent.

And with that thought he went content to his tent.

Captain Lincoln roused him. "Morning, Horn! You are called." "We are summoned to headquarters."

"What's up?" questioned the young man, folding his blanket and hastily arranging his toilet.

An express arrived this morning, and General Atkinson has summoned to council and hear the news contained in the dispatches."

"Gentlemen," began General Atkinson, when all had assembled, "dispatches arrived this morning regarding the dangerous state of affairs on our frontiers below Dixon. I have decided to return to them today, and have written the following order, which I wish you to circulate among your regiments and promptly put into execution."

Captains read the order as they hastened toward their respective camps.

"Third Camp Above Dixon's Ferry, Rock River, 22 May, 1832.

"Special Order No. 11.

"It being ascertained that the hostile Indians have left Rock River and passed up Sycamore Creek and probably across the Fox River, the Illinois Mounted Whitesides will move with the Illinois Volunteers up Sycamore Creek, scouring the country in their advance for the enemy, pass from thence to the Fox River of Illinois, and be governed by circumstances as to the further course of him, persevering, however, until he is subdued or driven from the country. As soon as the object of the campaign and Governor Reynolds may deem too frontier secure or take other measures for its defense, the Volunteers, except those in the United States service, will be mustered by the brigade Major and discharged, before which a Commander will muster rolls all delinquents. General Whitesides will, during his operations, inform the commanding General by express at Dixon's Ferry, which is established as general headquarters and the base of operations of every occurrence that may require his attention.

"By order of Brigadier General Atkinson, Alb. S. Johnson, A. D. A. A. General."

An hour later General Whitesides, Colonel Zachary Taylor, and Governor Reynolds, commanding the Illinois Volunteers, led the Army along Sycamore Creek, searching for Black Hawk's trail. They camped that evening ten miles up the stream, absolutely ignorant of the Hawk's whereabouts.

On the following morning the Army divided into separate scouting parties

... m thru swamps, morasses, ... and thickets of underbrush, and turned back to their starting point.

... the parties reported as they staggered back to camp late in the afternoon of the 23d, tired, hungry and morose.

"Tell you what it is, Captain Lincoln," growled Bill Green, "Black Hawk has crossed the Wisconsin borders."

"And we volunteered to defend the Illinois country," piped up another dissatisfied member. "I'm not for starving in the unexplored swamps of Wisconsin. I'm going home."

"There comes an Indian!" shouted Denton Offutt.

... attired old Indian ... toward the ... with ... ingly raised to the men. The men sprang to their feet and guns.

"Make an example of him!" cried one of the soldiers.

... leather shirt a safe conduct signed by General Lewis Cass. He held it toward the glowering men, pleading in broken English.

"General Cass, he say, white man no touch old Indian. I am tired. I hungry."

"That letter is a forgery!" cried a private.

"He is a spy! Shoot him down, I say!" snapped another.

Captain Lincoln sprang forward between the frightened old Indian and the guns that were pointed at him.

"Stop, boys!" he commanded. "This must not be. This Indian shall not be shot by us. Lay down your arms!"

"Lincoln," called one of the men, "this is cowardly on your part!"

"If any man thinks I am a coward, let him test it!" challenged Lincoln.

"You are larger and heavier than we are," sneered another.

"This you can guard against," rejoined Captain Lincoln. "Choose your weapons."

"I say, Abe," jeered a soldier in the rear, "are you going to play us into the hands of the enemy? Where do you stand?"

"I stand with anybody that stands right. I stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong."

"But this Indian is trespassing on our ground."

"He is traveling under a safe conduct; and an Indian is an American citizen. Furthermore, I chant the old war cry: 'All men of any color, free!'" And Captain Lincoln escorted the newcomer to camp, where the old Indian messed with his rescuer, and later was sent rejoicing on his way.

On the following morning ... Reynolds ... the ... tent.

"Gentlemen," he began, "shall we spend another day searching for the Hawk trail?"

"Governor Reynolds," interrupted Colonel Taylor, "our orders are explicit to follow the Hawk until he is subdued or driven from the country."

"Colonel Taylor," ejaculated Captain Horn, "the Hawk has escaped into Wisconsin's borders!"

"Pursue him into Wisconsin, then!" roared the Colonel.

"The troops refuse to go outside of Illinois territory, and insist on disbanding for home."

"We will settle the question by direct vote," said the Governor. "All in favor of advancing into Wisconsin, please indicate by the usual sign."

The Governor made a careful count of each side.

"It is a tie, gentlemen!" he announced.

"Governor Reynolds," the Colonel shouted, "I refuse to lead so faint-hearted and cowardly an army, expecting to be discharged. If the sight of the scalps taken from Captain Adams' heroes and the Indian Creek massacre do not stir them to heroic endeavor, the quicker they quit the better. I move that we march for Ottawa today."

"Second that motion," called several of the Captains.

"Very well, gentlemen!" acquiesced Governor Reynolds. "The majority rules for disbanding. Let us get under way at once."

Half an hour later the Army moved southward toward Ottawa, at the mouth of the Fox River, and reached that point on the morning of May 27, being mustered out of service by Major Buckmaster. Immediately Governor Reynolds called for a new volunteer Army for a twenty days' service. The call was answered by the flower of the disbanding regiments—fearless, resolute men, who did not allow business or fear of a long engagement to swerve them from the path of duty.

Jacob Fry was made Colonel of the new regiment and James D. Henry Lieutenant Colonel. Elijah Iles was numbered among the Captains commanding and serving under him as volunteer privates were General Samuel Whitesides and Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EXPRESS TO THE BLUE MOUNDS.

ON THE morning of the 29th, as the Army practiced their usual drill, the faint strains of military music greeted them from the prairie. And, looking over the plains, they beheld the shadowy ... toward Ottawa.

"General Atkinson!" called several members of the regiment. "The Army!" ... passed from one line to another, and cheers followed each as the troops swept rapidly toward the camps.

"Lincoln," cried Captain Horn, "Elijah Kilbourn, the scout, rides with General Atkinson! What has become of William Hall?"

"Probably he is with his sisters. Elijah's gleaming face argues good news. Let us press forward and receive it."

As they hastened on ahead of the Army, the scout sighted them and galloped swiftly toward them.

... called. The young ... are at Black Hawk's Koshkonong camp, and White Crow, the Winnebago chief, heading a delegation of chiefs, is negotiating for the surrender of the captives. ... thousand dollars' ransom offered by General Atkinson will surely win the day."

"And where is William Hall?"

"William tarries at Galena, waiting definite word from his sisters."

"How did the Hawk reach the four lakes region? And what is he doing at Koshkonong?"

"We do not know the Hawk's whereabouts, but his women, children and old men are on the island in Lake Koshkonong. Let us join General Atkinson and hear his plans of operation."

They hastened forward and joined the group of officers gathered about the General.

"Good God! That Is My Mother They Have Tomahawked on the Doorstep!"

Atkinson, "the Hawk has proved himself a crafty old warrior. He evidently realizes the fatality to his own cause, if ... us in an open engagement. ...fore, he has purposely strewn the country with false trails, over which independent bands of Indians are moving, falling upon our isolated communities with merciless cruelties.

"The country is full of such lawless bands of wily Indians. The Hawk and his main army are securely ambushed somewhere between us and the four lakes region of Wisconsin. I consider it our duty to this region, as soon as our new levy arrives, to pursue the Hawk until he is mastered. Taylor, how soon can you lead the regulars to Dixon's Ferry to guard that post?"

"Within an hour, General," replied Colonel Taylor.

"And please dispatch an express to Galena with all speed. We have no communication from that post since Elijah Kilbourn returned four days ago."

"I am going, Elijah," confided Captain Horn.

"Where?" queried the scout.

"As express to Galena. I must hear the last word from Sylvia."

"Better take some one with you, Horn. The country swarms with Indians."

... the groups of soldiers, Horn overtook the Colonel as he approached his tent.

"Colonel," he began, "I should like the ... press."

"You are welcome to the job, sir," responded the Colonel. "... you must have a companion."

"William Munson will be glad to join me."

"Arrange it as you please, Horn. Report to General Atkinson and be ready to move in an hour to Dixon."

They separated, each man speeding to complete the arrangements for departure. Half an hour later Colonel Tay...

"Munson," said Captain Horn. "I'm going to ask Taylor for a few days' furlough, so that in case William Hall has ... I shall be free to aid him."

"I'll agree to anything that will bring me word from Rachel Hall." The young men galloped on and reined up on either side of Colonel Taylor.

"Ah, I see!" laughed the Colonel. "It is in the interests of the young captives that this trip is undertaken. Well, fire ahead, and the best of luck attend you."

The young men put spurs to their horses and were soon beyond the Army's vision. On the trail of a burnished sunset they sighted John Dixon's hostelry. The clatter of their horses' hoofs summoned the old man to the porch.

"Well! Well! Captain Horn!" he chuckled. "What hair-raising adventure are you courting, young man?"

"Colonel Taylor dispatched us ahead of the regulars to Galena as express. Any news from that region?"

"Nothing certain since St. Vrain and his party left for Galena with General Atkinson's dispatches for Fort Armstrong. St. Vrain is the Sacs' agent at the fort, and so popular with the Indians that they adopted him as their brother. Yet I fear for his safety. He left four days ago, and there has been no express or word of any sort from Galena. I fear that the Indians hold the passes. Will you move on tonight?"

"Yes, as soon as you can furnish us fresh horses."

"White Sox and Black Charger are at your disposal, gentlemen. Walk into mess while I change your horses."

The young men tossed their bridles to ... cook served them. Half an hour later they were again in their saddles.

"Eyes to the northeast ... Grove," cautioned Dixon, as the horses sprang into the path.

"Indians, White Sox, steady!" warned the Captain, as the graceful creature pranced coquettishly along the highway.

"I'll trust White Sox to distance any Indian pony in a race," said the Captain.

"Lead on," replied William Munson. "Each for himself in case of an attack."

The horses settled down to an even ...

Shortly after midnight Captain Horn reined White Sox to a walk and, bending low over the saddle, carefully exam...

"Munson," he said, in a low voice, "there has been something doing. The trail is marked with many and different hoofs."

"Yes," replied Munson, slipping from his horse; "there has been a struggle and blood marks the spot. We had best move on, the enemy may return."

Again the horses moved forward with cautious steps, and the riders scanned the highway with ears and eyes alert.

Dawn was crimsoning the east when Munson broke the long silence.

"Hist, Horn!" he exclaimed. "Don't you smell that smoke? It hails from the thicket to the northeast."

"A smoldering campfire ... may belong to St. Vrain's party. Let us hide behind the thicket at our left while I sound the Army whistle. If it proves to be the enemy we will back-track on our trail before they sight us and elude them."

The travelers guided the horses along ... oaks and hazel bushes. From this retreat the Army whistle sounded, echoing shrilly in the keen air of dawn.

They waited with bated breath and lines held tightly, ready for a dash. Another moment and a shrill whistle cut the morning air and set White Sox frantically pawing.

"On, White Sox!" urged Captain Horn, and the little mare, leaping along the main trail, dashed wildly toward the smoking campfire. Three men appeared in the opening of the thicket and waved them a welcome.

"A fortunate discovery," exclaimed Captain Horn. "How came you gentlemen here?"

"We are the survivors of St. ... party."

"Did you ...

... of Little Bear. St. ... vanced with outstretched hands to greet him. But the Indian scorned him and vowed death to every one. In vain St. Vrain pleaded for our lives. Seeing that death faced us, we made a bold dash for life, hoping that our horses would outspeed the enemy. But they shot down St. Vrain, Hall, Fowler and Hanley, and tarried to secure the scalps of their victims. We seized this opportunity and made good our escape, and were well on the trail to Galena when we sighted part of the band, evidently searching for us. We back-tracked to Plum River and circled around to this thicket for a rest. And you?" queried the speaker.

"Colonel Taylor dispatched us as an express to Galena. He feared treacherous work, as no communication h... been received from that post. Munson is pledged to return to Dixon with th... first bit of news."

"And I volunteer to accompany him."

"Shake hands on that!" exclaimed William Munson, with outstretched ...

"And we must all be on our journey," cut in another fugitive.

"Pass around the grub, Bill."

Slices of meat, corn bread and tea provided a substantial breakfast, and, after counseling over the best course to pursue, each party started on its way.

"How came you gentlemen with St. Vrain's party?" questioned Captain Horn of the fugitive riding beside him.

"We journeyed to Sangamon County to purchase cattle, but, hearing of the Indian trouble, we abandoned that plan and were hastening homeward, when we fell in with St. Vrain's party at Dixon's Ferry and agreed to journey with them to Galena."

"Lead on, please!" said Captain Horn. "We hope for the best under your ...ance."

The fugitive turned his horse into the trail leading northwest, and his companion followed closely in the rear. Silently they made their way over t... rugged path with ears and eyes al... About 11 o'clock in the forenoon ... leader said in a low voice:

"This breeze indicates that we ... nearing the Mississippi, comrades."

Half an hour later they reached ... summit of a long, sloping hill, and ... the valley below nestled the frontier ...

tlement of Galena, hugging the Fever River, and further along the valley westward rolled the Mississippi.

The smoke from a half dozen lead furnaces hovered over the village, alongside of them ranged the miners' shanties, and back toward the foot of the hill a rude stockade indicated the headquarters for the volunteers of the frontier.

"All is well that ends well, gentlemen!" exclaimed the leading fugitive. "Welcome to Galena and a cot in my [illegible]."

"Very kind of you, sir, and thank you for your thoughtfulness," returned Captain Horn, "but I must posthaste to the garrison and learn the whereabouts of William Hall."

Captain Horn shook hands with the fugitive and galloped away to headquarters.

"I am Captain Horn," he explained, "and come as express from Colonel Zachary Taylor searching for William Hall."

"I see," asserted the sentinel. "Hall is entertaining two of his uncles who arrived today from Fort Armstrong. Two are with Captain Gears' company, quar-[illegible] to the west. Shall I summon an es-[illegible]"

"Thank you, no. I shall find them at [illegible]."

The Captain swung on thru the row of tents, his eyes riveted upon the group under the flag-pole. Suddenly a voice at the left commanded: "Halt! White [illegible]."

Facing about, Captain Horn confronted William Hall.

"By all the saints!" ejaculated Hall "What brings you to Galena, Horn?"

"I'm searching for one William Hall," replied Captain Horn, dismounting.

"I'm your man," replied Hall, throwing his arms around Horn's neck as he dismounted pilot-like in front of the tent.

"I have great news, William! My sisters have been rescued and, under the escort of White Crow, the Winnebago chief, are headed for the Blue Mounds. My uncles arrived today via the Mississippi and leave with me for Blue Mounds this afternoon. And you must join with us."

"I am come to serve you and your sisters, William."

"Uncle!" called William Hall.

Two gentlemen appeared at the door [illegible].

"My uncles, Edward and Reason Hall, Captain Horn," announced Hall.

"I am glad to meet a young man," said the elder uncle, taking the Captain's arm and leading him into the tent. "I have a letter for you from your father."

"My father!" inquired Captain Horn. "Where did you meet him?"

"At Fort [illegible]."

[illegible] was deeply affected by the news of the Indian crisis and, on the inclosed letter, the captive young ladies, which he wishes you to deliver in person if they return to us alive. Here it is, sir," continued the speaker, handing the letter from his cartbag. "Enjoy the freedom of the tent while we assist William to provide for your journey."

Captain Horn seated himself on a pile of blankets and opened his father's letter. Eagerly he devoured every word of the healthy greeting, and tears coursed down his face as he read the words addressed to the captive girls, and the force of his father's generous offer came to him in its full significance. Over and over again he read the lines:

"To all of my children and my daughters until such time as they may choose another home."

"And, good God," prayed the anxious Captain, "it shall be our home—Sylvia's also."

He kissed the letters reverently and tucked them into his innermost pocket. Outside, William Hall's masterful voice sounded, summoning to the verities of daily life.

Captain Horn joined the three men waiting at the tent door; each looked [illegible]

cheers of the volunteers in the valley followed them up the long hill, dying in echoes as they turned northward. Since one hour's gratitude the travelers put spurs to their horses, and in less than an hour they crossed into the Wisconsin.

The June air lost its sultry touch in the tonic of the high rolling prairies, the stately shady groves and rippling creek crossing their trail. From the summit of a range of hills the travelers sighted Grandon's Grove to their left. William Hall reined up and pointing to the romantic spot exclaimed: "It's a goodly sight to see, what Heaven has done for [illegible]."

"What settlements lies yonder, nephew queried Reason Hall.

"Straight thrust twenty families occupy the buildings protected by the luxuriant grove. The most beautiful spot in this region, and it bears the name of its founder, the courteous and honorable Henry Gratiot, the one man who can deal with the Indians when all other agencies fail."

"Did he have anything to do with the [illegible] Hall?"

"Yes, General Atkinson left the case in his hands, and to Colonel Gratiot, more than to any other man, I shall owe the recovery of my sisters. With his usual astuteness he summoned the four most [illegible] before them, fixing a ransom of two thousand dollars when the girls are safely [illegible]."

When do you expect them to reach Blue Mounds, nephew?"

"Any time within the next twenty-four hours."

"Have they been kindly treated, William?" asked Captain Horn, his voice trembling with emotion.

And William Hall, scanning his friend's face, read the soul's anguish, the heart's sorrow, furrowed on that haggard face. He stretched his arm across his horse and rested it affectionately on the Captain's shoulder.

"Horn," he said, "I believe that they have received honorable treatment at the hands of the Indians."

"William," continued Captain Horn, "do you know the contents of my father's letter?"

"Not a word, Captain."

"He invited them to live in our home as his own children."

"Just like your dear, good father," commented William Hall; "and there is no one to whom I would rather intrust my sisters. And the path is clear for you, Captain."

"No, William!" interrupted the Captain. "The I would lay down my life for Sylvia, I will not take advantage of her gratitude. I will not force upon her. She comes into our home as my sister, and, unless I can win her love honorably, I must live without it. I bide my time."

"And must I bridle my tongue," protested William Hall, "to suit your high and mighty sense of honor?"

"Yes, I charge you, William, not to breathe a word to any one of my love for your sister."

"I pledge you my word of honor Shake hands on it, Captain."

And the young men clasped hands across their saddles and rode on in silence.

The Wisconsin country grew more rugged and picturesque as each mile traveled brought them nearer their destination. Occasionally the flash of rifling in the rear, broke the silence with questions regarding some stockade sighted in the distance, or the names of the gorgeous flowers which dotted the prairies, uplands and forests and filled the air with perfume. Toward the close of afternoon, William Hall reined his horse to a walk and, pointing to the blue horizon in the direction of the setting sun, exclaimed:

"Mound Fort ahead of us on the high [illegible]."

The rough palisades and the roofs of the buildings stood like sentinels on the broad, unbroken prairie surrounding it.

Captain Horn saw the flag of the United States waving over the captive young ladies, which he wishes you to deliver in person if they return to us alive. Here it is, sir," continued the speaker, handing the letter from his cartbag. "Enjoy the freedom of the tent while we assist William to provide for your journey."

Captain Horn seated himself on a pile of blankets and opened his father's letter. Eagerly he devoured every word of the healthy greeting, and tears coursed down his face as he read the words addressed to the captive girls, and the force of his father's generous offer came to him in its full significance. Over and over again he read the lines:

"To all of my children and my daughters until such time as they may choose another home."

"And, good God," prayed the anxious Captain, "it shall be our home—Sylvia's also."

He kissed the letters reverently and tucked them into his innermost pocket. Outside, William Hall's masterful voice sounded, summoning to the verities of daily life.

Captain Horn joined the three men waiting at the tent door; each looked [illegible]

cheers of the volunteers in the valley followed them up the long hill, dying in echoes as they turned northward. Since one hour's gratitude the travelers put spurs to their horses, and in less than an hour they crossed into the Wisconsin.

The June air lost its sultry touch in the tonic of the high rolling prairies, the stately shady groves and rippling creek crossing their trail. From the summit of a range of hills the travelers sighted Grandon's Grove to their left. William Hall reined up and pointing to the romantic spot exclaimed: "It's a goodly sight to see, what Heaven has done for [illegible]."

"What settlements lies yonder, nephew queried Reason Hall.

"Straight thrust twenty families occupy the buildings protected by the luxuriant grove. The most beautiful spot in this region, and it bears the name of its founder, the courteous and honorable Henry Gratiot, the one man who can deal with the Indians when all other agencies fail."

"Did he have anything to do with the [illegible] Hall?"

"Yes, General Atkinson left the case in his hands, and to Colonel Gratiot, more than to any other man, I shall owe the recovery of my sisters. With his usual astuteness he summoned the four most [illegible] before them, fixing a ransom of two thousand dollars when the girls are safely [illegible]."

When do you expect them to reach Blue Mounds, nephew?"

"Any time within the next twenty-four hours."

"Have they been kindly treated, William?" asked Captain Horn, his voice trembling with emotion.

And William Hall, scanning his friend's face, read the soul's anguish, the heart's sorrow, furrowed on that haggard face. He stretched his arm across his horse and rested it affectionately on the Captain's shoulder.

"Horn," he said, "I believe that they have received honorable treatment at the hands of the Indians."

"William," continued Captain Horn, "do you know the contents of my father's letter?"

"Not a word, Captain."

"He invited them to live in our home as his own children."

"Just like your dear, good father," commented William Hall; "and there is no one to whom I would rather intrust my sisters. And the path is clear for you, Captain."

"No, William!" interrupted the Captain. "The I would lay down my life for Sylvia, I will not take advantage of her gratitude. I will not force upon her. She comes into our home as my sister, and, unless I can win her love honorably, I must live without it. I bide my time."

"And must I bridle my tongue," protested William Hall, "to suit your high and mighty sense of honor?"

"Yes, I charge you, William, not to breathe a word to any one of my love for your sister."

"I pledge you my word of honor Shake hands on it, Captain."

And the young men clasped hands across their saddles and rode on in silence.

The Wisconsin country grew more rugged and picturesque as each mile traveled brought them nearer their destination. Occasionally the flash of rifling in the rear, broke the silence with questions regarding some stockade sighted in the distance, or the names of the gorgeous flowers which dotted the prairies, uplands and forests and filled the air with perfume. Toward the close of afternoon, William Hall reined his horse to a walk and, pointing to the blue horizon in the direction of the setting sun, exclaimed:

"Mound Fort ahead of us on the high [illegible]."

The rough palisades and the roofs of the buildings stood like sentinels on the broad, unbroken prairie surrounding it.

Captain Horn saw the flag of the United States waving over the captive young Army whistle, which sent the horses tearing frantically onward. Five minutes later a sharp report sounded and a sentinel's voice called:

"Halt! Who comes?"

"Captain Horn from Fort Dixon."

The sentinel hastened forward and grasped the Captain's hand

"Welcome, Captain, to Fort Mound! We are anxiously waiting word from your region. Any signs of Indians on the [illegible]?"

"Not since we left Galena," replied the Captain. "My companion is the brother of the captive girls and we are come to await their arrival."

A group of soldiers gathered around the newcomers, eagerly plying them with questions. In the midst of the conversation an officer advanced rapidly toward them and Colonel Gratiot's cheery voice called:

"By all the good [illegible] Horn! Where have you been all you, my boy, since we [illegible] Indians on Rock River?"

"I have many adventures since that date," replied Captain Horn "and we are here to offer our services in behalf of the sisters of my comp[illegible] William Hall."

"We are anxiously awaiting their arrival, sir. In fact, my mind took your party for a detachment from White Crow. Colonel Dodge arrived half an hour ago with a company of soldiers from Morris' Grove. Make way there, boys, for our guests."

The soldiers fell back as Colonel Gratiot left the way across the open square to the fort, opened the gates for them to pass thru and escorted them to mess [illegible]

Colonel Gratiot "allow me to present Captain Horn, who, with His companion.

"Well, Well," declared Colonel Dodge [illegible] and love to Hickson with in case he; fail to deliver the captives."

Things have reached a critical stage and the Indians make the next move as will be told in the next installment of the story. Historians who have read it thus far declare that for faithfulness to what actually occurred during the Black Hawk war it surpasses any story ever written on the subject.

Leave It to Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH, for a small person, is [illegible] is any way of getting into trouble Elizabeth is the cheerful little lady who's elected for the leading role, and she spends most of her time opening her big brown eyes and trying to explain awkward [illegible] to her elders and betters, herself.

Some time ago Elizabeth journeyed [illegible] Canada, and spent the week-end in the country with friends who'd purchased a [illegible] a deep and unquenchable thirst, and no sooner had she arrived than she craved the cup of cold water that the Good Book recommended so highly.

That's one trouble with Elizabeth. she'd stick close to entrée and less to [illegible] mugh happen to her, but Elizabeth is none "soft" in her ways, and there's no use trying to lure her with anything "stronger than a drink."

The host appeared with the goblet of cold water, but long before he got across the room Elizabeth became conscious that something in the funereal atmosphere seemed to suggest "that death and decay all around her lay," and she said to herself, "I wonder if I wonder if Tom's gone into the undertaking business on the side and hates to tell me about it."

As he advanced closer, he said "Elizabeth, when we put down machinery for a well we usually get a fine mineral water which they say is full of sulphur and very healthful. Of course it doesn't smell very much like a rose, but it's all right and will do you good."

Elizabeth, so thirsty that her tongue was hanging out, held her nose small, turned-up nose and drank a swallow. When it struck her stomach that worthy organ heaved, and caused the patient any such dose, so the upshot of it was that Elizabeth drank cold tea for the balance of her visit.

Now another thing about Elizabeth: she always knows a man who's just the person to find any thing, from a missing animate or inanimate, and tell all about it. So before she started homeward she asked the host to give her a large bottle of that healthy but evilminded water, and she'd take it to him to analyze.

"Maybe you could start a sanitarium," she told him, with the mental reservation to herself, that she'd used the nastiest lived long enough to get it down.

"I know a chemist who'll be delighted to find out just what ails water like that [illegible] for, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Then "Ma" Took a Hand

"GOING to walk to the office today, Pa?" asked Ma Brackett, as usual, helping her husband up for sittin' all day," and he started briskly away on the two-mile walk.

Once out of sight of the house, however, Pa's brisk step lagged a little. He would have given a good deal more than the paltry nickel required for car fare to have ridden that morning. Car after car went by, filled with men leisurely reading their morning newspapers. Pa sighed, and then quickened his step.

"It's worth it," he said to himself.

Pa was a clerk in a downtown manufacturing company's office. He was an old employe, and a familiar figure. He never missed a day. Each year added a stoop to his narrow shoulders, and that was all. His only recreation appeared to be an occasional movie show or a church supper. His annual two-

try at a cousin's farm, where Pa, by helping with the farm work, paid the greater part of the board for Ma and the "kids," and returned more tired than when he went away. He never complained, however, and to all appearances seemed content with his lot. But Pa cherished a secret ambition and the

in the city of Nottingham, about fifty miles away. For years the "boys" in Pa's office had obtained leave of absence for two days to go and had always returned with glowing accounts of races, lotteries and exhibits of all descriptions.

"Before come along, Brackett," they always said before leaving, and Pa always shook his head. "Eighteen per" was lucky enough to save months with Amy growing up and wanting little extras. The boys, too, were husky youngsters, and hard-worked for their

leather. No. Some day, perhaps. But on the occasion of the last fair Pa's resolve had weakened. He had listened eagerly, as usual, to the tales of the adventures. "Better take it in next year, Brackett," they had said. And he had made up his mind—

From the size of [illegible] picked up, Pa calculated that [illegible] could be made for $25. It cost more to go with the "boys," but who wanted to go alone? In this planning of ways and means he never dreamed of taking a cent from the weekly income, and he had no bank account. But there were his carfares—10 cents a day, 40 cents a [illegible] it out.

By walking for a year, rainy days excepted, he could save $25 easily. He thought of the two miles to work and back and then of the fair. Was it worth it? Of course. The next question was where to keep his savings. He must not carry them with him. The temptation to spend them would be too strong. Suddenly Pa recollected the secret drawer in his desk at home. The desk was a roll-top and had been given to him by a rich relative several years previous. Underneath the two end pigeonholes, on each side of the desk, was a piece of moulding which appeared to be ornamental only. The molding on the right was stationary, but the one on the left, if pulled out, disclosed a roomy secret drawer. Pa had accidentally discovered it and had never told any one. It was just the place to keep his fair money.

Every Saturday night Pa stealthily dropped into the slot his weekly hoard. It was now the first of October, and he had been walking and saving for nearly a year. On some weeks he had financed to save a dollar, going without a few lunches, to make up for the weeks when he had been able to add only a quarter or fifty cents.

Of course, Ma had demanded an explanation for his decision to walk every other day, but, by his complaint against the stuffiness of the cars and his need of fresh air, he had quieted whatever suspicions she might have had.

One day, about a week before the opening of the fair, Pa secretly counted his treasure. It was mostly in small change, but it mounted up to the magnificent sum of $25.40 before Pa's hungry eyes. He gave a great sigh. He could ride to the office tomorrow morning, and tomorrow night he would tell Ma and the "kids" of his Plan.

That next morning Pa was so unusually light-hearted that Ma remarked to Amy, after he had gone:

"Seem so Pa's taken a new lease of life. I guess his walkin's really done him good."

When Pa reached the office that morning he found the "boys" talking "fair." He walked over and joined them, a new sort of pride in his step.

"Guess I'll go along, too, this year," he said quietly.

"Good for you, old ton!" cried the boys, and then when Pa had gone out to hang up his hat and coat, they gave utterance to their surprise.

"How do you suppose old Brackett ever saved up enough to go to the fair, with all those kids and the high cost of living?" mused one.

"I don't know," answered another. "Guess he must have had a legacy. Anyway, let's give him the time of his life!"

"You bet we will," was the reply.

When Pa reenged home that night [illegible] not notice the air of excitement which hung over the rest of the family. The supper seemed unusually dainty and satisfying, and when Pa saw his favorite dessert of rice and raisins coming, he resolved then and there to break the news.

"Ahem!" he began.

"Oh, Pa!" broke in Ma, "I can't keep it any longer. We said we'd wait till after you'd had your supper, but it's no use. Sammy's wiggling. Well, this morning I thought I'd clear out your desk, and while I was pulling out those old papers under the end pigeonhole on the left side, my hand hit that corner bracket and it moved. I thought, since it was loose, I'd pull it off, and have you glue it on, so I pulled and what do you think I found?" She paused, impressively. "A secret drawer! And what do you suppose was in it?" She paused again. "Twenty-five dollars and forty cents, in small change. Cousin John must have put it there when he was [illegible] desk, must have put it there as a surprise. Well, I looked at it a while, and then I says to myself, says I, Cousin John intended that for Pa, but if I show it to him he'll insist on buying me or Amy a new dress, or a new rug for the parlor, or something. I think I'll just keep it for spending it on himself, I says. So I know what I'm going to do. Pa's decided himself. Sammy, you and I know what he wants," Sammy, go get it."

And before Pa could speak Sammy returned with a big bundle, securely tied up with twine.

[illegible] tissue paper, lay a new overcoat of a beautiful soft gray-green color.

"Now go out in the hall and put it on, [illegible] made him thinner, and Ma had not taken [illegible] moment he stood very still in the narrow hall before returning to face his family. Then——

"Damn!" said Pa Brackett.

[illegible] building in which his office was located and [illegible] with some surprise his [illegible]

Getting all dolled up for the fair, I [illegible]

[illegible] answered Pa. "I've changed my mind, I'm not going," and he hurried ahead into the elevator, a bowed, old figure in a new green overcoat a little too big for him.

What He Was Doing.

ONE afternoon a philanthropic party visited a public school in the poorer section of a city and, while making a study of the conditions in the knowledge factory, thought it proper to ask the young ideas a few questions on different subjects.

"Can any little boy or girl tell me," said he, in his impressive way, "what is the greatest of all virtues?"

Nothing doing. Every bright little face looked as if the question were Greek and doing a hard piece of thinking, but there [illegible]

"We will try it again," encouragingly said the philanthropist. What am I doing when I give up my time and pleasure to come and talk to you in your school?"

"I know now, mister," exclaimed Johnny Smith, raising his hand and snapping his fingers. "Buttin' in."

No Lawyer Needed.

AN ATLANTA lawyer tells of a newly qualified judge in one of the towns of the South who was trying one of his first criminal cases. The prisoner was an old negro charged with robbing a henroop. He had been in court before on a similar charge and was then acquitted.

"Well, Henry," observed the judge, "I see you're in trouble again."

"Yessuh," replied the negro. "De last time, Jedge, you rec'lect, you was man lawyuh."

"Where is your lawyer this time?"

"I ain't got no lawyer dis time," said Henry. "Ah's gwine to tell de troof."

Waist of Fine Quality Jap Silk $1.49

We Pay Postage

We will send this waist all postage prepaid for only $1.49, and if you don't like it, you can return it and get your money back—also postage. An offer that is simply startling when you consider the advanced prices you pay at stores for waists like this. Here is conclusive proof of the unparalleled bargains in dependable styles offered in our 1918 Book of Styles. You will wonder how we [illegible] couldn't sell it at this figure if we had to buy our goods at present wholesale and manufacturers' prices. But remember our buying for 1918 was done long ago before prices advanced, and we share the saving with you.

Latest, Stylish Model

Of fine quality Jap Silk in plain colors. Has deep, square collar and frill edged with lace and inserted with Platten Venise lace medallions. Colors: Flesh or White. Order by No. 1122. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Only $1.49 prepaid. State size and color wanted.

Our Book of Styles shows other surprises in wearing apparel. You will be amazed when you see the splendid garments for men, women, boys and girls offered at prices which mean a big saving. Only parcels post. And anything you buy may be returned if not satisfactory. Remember our buying for 1918 was done long ago before prices advanced, and we share the saving with you.

Guarantee Gold Bond insures you lowest prices and full satisfaction or your money back on every purchase from us.

This Smart Walking Boot $3.48

We should price these shoes at $6, but to demonstrate the great saving made by our cash-with-order plan we send them for only $3.48, all charges prepaid. Your money back if you want it. Choice of brown genuine Russian calf, Smoked kid finish, soft and pliable. Also in high Cuban heel. Cuban heel with heel plate. Size [illegible] Width [illegible] Price [illegible] Postage [illegible] Total [illegible] Send [illegible]

What Women Are Doing in the War

Italy's Edith Cavell.

ITALY has now her Edith Cavell, a martyred nurse, who has given up her life for humanity.

She was just 20 years old. Young as she was, she had studied medicine at home as well as in London and Edinburgh.

At the beginning of the war she abandoned her studies to take up nursing, and after working under the Red Cross in Serbia she took up duties in her own country when Italy entered the war.

Apparently she was placed on the enemy's blacklist, because she (her country then being neutral) had dared to offer her professional skill to the Serbs. When she came under the notice of the Austrian authorities she was arrested, and her arrest was reported to Berlin.

She was kept in a filthy internment camp for eight days, and at an inquiry before a military officer was taxed with being a spy of the Allies. She protested her innocence, and on the case being taken up by the Italian government she was released. On the way back to Italy she was treated with every conceivable indignity.

When the Germans overran a part of Italy the Red Cross unit to which Sister Terese was attached was subjected to severe restrictions, and she was called before the German-Austrian commander to account for certain alleged irregularities, existing only in his imagination.

Earlier in the fight a Scottish battery had been saved from the enemy by the self-sacrifice of the men. After the final scene of heroism the enemy visited Sister Terese's hospital and accused her of hiding in the building vital parts of the destroying guns. They threatened to destroy the building and arrest the nurse.

In the building at the time was a wounded Scottish soldier, an artillery man declared by the Germans to be an escaped prisoner of war. When they could not annoy Signora Marie they got at her thru this poor chap and threatened to shoot him.

She pleaded hard for his life, but no notice was taken, and the threats of vio-

[illegible] the brave girl aided the Scot to escape during the night, and he managed to get clear of the enemy. The Germans were furious to find their prey had escaped them. They made that a pretext for refusing to recognize the Red Cross flag flying over the hospital and in the night it was shelled.

One of the wards was almost entirely destroyed, and the patients, doubly wounded, were in imminent peril of [illegible] Sister Terese and the [illegible] tortured men. She had assisted in removing most of the patients, when some more shells fell in the ward, and Sister Terese was buried among the ruins of the hospital.

She was as much a martyr as tho the Germans had put her up against a wall and shot her as they shot Miss Cavell, who had been her model of what a nurse ought to be. She was buried with full military honors, and the firing party was provided by Scottish soldiers of the royal artillery, by whom she was recognized as the nurse to aid them under fire.

A Message to Women.

Private Hiram Peat, back from the front, gives this ringing message to the women of America and the world the war striking at the heartstone:

"I want to say one word to the women folk here you people whose boys have gone. The women of Canada and the United States have had it harder than the women of France and Belgium. Altho they are giving up their boys the same as you, yet once in a while they have a chance to see them when they are wounded and are sent home; but back here we are too far away.

"Seeing that you are big enough and good enough sports to let him go, I am sure you would do anything you could to help him. Well, then, you could do anything better than to play the part of a real mother and let him go with a smile right from the start. Here, no matter how he feels about it now, he will feel he is fighting for home and mother.

"Let him go with a smile; try and not cry, at least not in front of him. Smile and if you can't smile, whistle. There is no place in the world where we talk about mothers more than we do down there in the front line, but if there is a boy whose mother cries when he left, he does not want to talk about her, for it brings back sad memories. He can't bear to talk, but if he has a smiling mother smiled, why the way he struts about and sticks out his chest it's really [illegible]

"You Americans have more wit and vim and spirit than any one else in the world. But it needs stirring up. You have the spirit, your boys have the spirit, and if you start your boy off with a smile I assure you he will never want to come back until he has done his bit and done it right."

A Greeting From England

"A GREETING from England reached me the other day," said one member of the Knitting Club, "and it's as good that I carry it with me to show to my friends." Then she proceeded to take from her purse a card and passed it from one to another of the group. On it, in addition to the sender's name were these words:

For the Present—Hope and Faith.
For the Future—Peace and Happiness

"No one realizes better than the people of England the necessity for hope and faith," continued the speaker. "They know that they simply must keep on hoping and holding fast to faith in order to be strong for their big task, the ac-[illegible] bring peace and happiness.

"They know, too, that faith without work won't get them very far—and there aren't many women slackers in England.

"I heard of one girl of wealth who works ten hours a day in a munition factory, giving the money she earns to the Red Cross. It's a special sort of work, very dangerous, for which it is hard to get enough competent women. Only until we have a spirit such as that girl's—the willingness to do the thing that will help most—can we have a right to expect our share of peace and happiness as a culmination of our hope and [illegible]

Their Limousine Becomes a Coal Carrier.

PERHAPS you in a sheltered home have not realized just what some of the people of the larger cities have had to contend with during the unprecedented cold weather this year when fuel was scarce and doled out piecemeal in an effort to make it go all the way around. Many poor families, given a few pounds of coal, had no way of getting it to their homes, perhaps miles away. Here is where the volunteer organization of women drivers of motor cars got busy. This was as much war work as any, as they saw it, and their limousines and other motor cars for once became coal hauling vehicles. The picture shows two Chicago women taking a sack of coal to a poor family. They are dressed in the uniform of their organization, a uniform that [illegible] them the right of way on the streets of the big city.

A Sacrifice That Counts

A SPECIAL and particular way for the business girl to help the men at the front and do her bit as her less busy sisters do theirs by knitting or bandage rolling or in some other manner has been worked out by one of them—a business girl, writes Jessie Roberts in the Chicago Daily News. She calls it the 3 per cent service bond committee, and every girl joining it agrees to lay aside three pennies for every dollar she spends on clothes and on amusement, and when these three pennies have grown to dollar size to send that dollar to the committee, to be used to purchase comforts for the boys in the trenches. When the dollar is sent in the sender gets back a service bond, which includes membership on the committee. Kazlo bears a "thing to be given away to some friend and to spread the idea and enlist new members. The money will be used to the best advantage, comfort packets already proved satisfactory being procurable at wholesale for just $1.

Mrs. Mary Hatch Willard, chairman of the national surgical dressings committee of America, has welcomed the service bond idea, as has the associated trench comfort package committee of the United States and the Allies, both of which are cooperating with the Red Cross.

Miss Harriet Eva Coffin, the young woman who thought out the idea of the little bonds that will be so fine an investment in unselfishness, is sure that the salaried women will respond heartily.

"They will be glad of this chance to put in a little for some boy on the war front whenever they have a dollar's worth of fun, or enjoy the rapture of buying something pretty to wear," she said. "Suppose you buy a couple of seats for the matinee for your chum and yourself—back in the dollar row, of course, this war year. But all the time you are enjoying the play, you will also be enjoying the thought that 4 little cents are helping make life a little brighter for some lad in a trench or on a ship. You'll be doing your share in a home trench, since you cannot do anything bigger or more dangerous. And so with all your pleasures and luxuries. Each will share a little with a soldier or a sailor, who is fighting for us all."

If you're interested, girls, write to the Service Bond Committee, 295 Fifth avenue, New York City.

"A Job for the Women."

IF WE are to win the war American women must maintain the productivity and the exports of America.

It is a large order, but not too large for us to fill in the opinion of Miss Helen Fraser, official of the British Treasury and leader of women war workers in England.

Fresh from her splendid years of practical, helpful patriotic service, Miss Fraser has come to tell us what women's part in winning the war really is.

The Women's City Club, a notably intelligent and representative group of New York women, has won Miss Fraser's cordial approbation by its newly undertaken war work, the sending of eight motor ambulances with sixteen women drivers to France. Two of these ambulances are ready and will be shipped [illegible]

Ernest Thompson-Seton are [illegible] charge of this war service [illegible]

[illegible] ward winning the war, Miss Fraser said earnestly. "There is tremendous service for women to perform. For example, I think at least 2,000,000 more women must enter American industry.

"In England today 1,250,000 women [illegible] replacing men in industry, [illegible] 1,000,000 women are making munitions. There are at least 60,000 [illegible] untary A [illegible] she [illegible] Cross," explained Miss Fraser, "and I understand you have nothing like that in this country. They are women who voluntarily trained themselves to perform the most difficult and delicate nursing for which a long course of preparation is necessary.

"Eight hundred hospitals throughout England, [illegible] by wounded men, and for many of [illegible] have had three or six months of nursing training serve in the wards. Other detail have cooks, others are [illegible] ary in the food trade, others do the [illegible] and the dishwashing.

"Women of all classes work [illegible] unionists in the V. A. D.'s. [illegible] and the [illegible] cook was saying to the other, 'Now, then, Lady Alexandra, hurry up with those plates.'

Naturally, most of the V. A. D. work [illegible] ford to give their time without [illegible] ing cheerfully and faithfully as cooks and kitchen maids who before the war never in their lives prepared a meal or washed a dish.

"When I asked if there [illegible] of this sort here I was told you had all the help you needed," said Miss Fraser added. "I didn't suppose any country ever had all the nurses it wanted and I'm afraid you'll find a lack of them when your shiploads of wounded begin to come back.

"Women are set ing on all our important committees." Miss Fraser went on. "Two women are working with Lord Rhondda in national food conservation. I am sure that the world very well use women in that work here. They think and work instinctively for the interests of the home and of mother. The authority of our food committees is [illegible] strong, and we use it."

"What can we have you for the American woman who wanted to serve her country?" she was asked.

"Let her train, train, train," Miss Fraser replied. "The only thing brilliant thing accomplished by our women was that they trained themselves for work long before they were needed, and so were ready when the need came.

"Leave the knitting to the invalids, and to women who must stay at home. Prepare yourselves to do some practical, essential task. Then, when the men go, you can step forward and say, 'Here we are.'"

Hard to Stop.

"I NOTICE where a woman who is prominent in war activities hurt in an automobile accident."

"Was she badly injured?"

"Evidently not. The car turned turtle. 'When it was raised she was found underneath it, still knitting away for dear life, and much distressed because she had dropped a stitch."

Her Complaint.

"S[illegible] seems to have a grievance."

"She says the mother who has three sons in the Army gets more attention than the mother who has given three daughters to the Red Cross."

Blue Eyes and Sweet Peas

"I'M LEAVING the section for ten minutes, Mr. Korley," called Ethel, the pert little black-eyed salesgirl in the lace, and away she skipped before David Korley, the floorman, could assent or forbid her.

Then Helen, a pert little blue-eyed girl from the gloves, joined her, and down the aisle, arm in arm, to the restroom they went, giggling and loitering on the way.

David Forley frowned and half stepped forward to call them back. Certainly it was his duty, since he was in charge of that part of the basement, to rebuke them. In fact, it was quite possible that by not rebuking them he might call down a rebuke from the higher powers upon his own head. It was against the orders of the store for girls to stroll around arm-in-arm during duty hours. It was against the rules for two girls to visit the restroom together. And Ethel already that afternoon had left her counter twice, merely to chat or shop, or fix her hair. David's thin, diffident face flushed with resolution as he saw Miss Lawrence, head of the laces, frown after Ethel. He stepped forward and called sharply, "Miss Ethel!"

Miss Ethel's pretty, pert black head turned slightly as she skipped on her way. David's flush deepened, but not with further resolution.

Another voice, clear, decisive, and annoyed, however, called: "Ethel! You are needed at the counter. Come back."

Ethel's skip came to a sudden dead stop. She turned around sulkily, but without delay, and went back to the counter and expeditiously resumed the task of measuring bolts of lace into remnants for the next day's sale.

Laura Laurence, head of the laces and owner of the clear, decisive voice, resumed her work of laying out bolts of lace to be measured off into remnants. And David Korley flushed with humilia- [illegible]

The truth was that no one cared very much what David said must or must not be done. The chances are that if he had persisted, both pert young saleswomen would have impudently and airily told him to "forget it!" And they would have been airily sure that he was too soft-hearted to report them to his superiors. As a person of authority he counted for very little. He had known it for a long time. [illegible] hoped and expected. But that was [illegible] ago that it seemed farcical to remember it. He smiled now at those long ago dreams of authority and dominance. Why, when he was promoted from the linens to the floor he had imagined——

Well, never mind. He had never gone [illegible] There were other men in the world who hadn't skipped high up the ladder. But he really must be firmer with those girls or he would lose his position. He brooded over his egotistical narrow view, and he sighed——

Then he flushed. Laura Laurence was looking rather intently at him. She had heard him call, of course, and had seen that it was necessary to add her command. In David's long ago dreams of dominance there had been a certain intermingled series of visions in which Laura figured. She had been at the linens, too—a tall, serious, capable girl. Tho years had gone she still kept a little of that girlish look. David had intended, when he was promoted from the floor, to learn if Laura——

Well, he had never been promoted. Laura herself, who was making as much as he was, had grown more capable with the years. Sometimes, looking surreptitiously at her clear featured white face, he wished he could ask her the secret of that capability—wished he could ask any one. His mother, a dominant old woman, had had it. She had never thought much of David. She had always told him he was like his father, easy, not overly bright. Mother and father both were now dead. David found life a lonesome road. He didn't know as he blamed pretty, pert little Ethel for grabbing at every fragment of pleasure that came her way.

"Mr. Korley," called Laura Laurence. "Can you spare a moment?"

He went toward her. She never failed to give him the respect due his position. He guessed that she was trying to set an example for the younger girls, and it hurt. She was standing idle, something unusual with her, and her long white fingers absently played with a bunch of sweet peas pinned at her black belt.

"Thank you!" she said with a smile, as he stood in front of her counter.

"For what?" he asked, perplexed.

"For what? Why, for these!" She touched the flowers. "It was so nice of you to leave them on the counter."

[illegible] he stammered. "I never thought of doing such a thing!"

[illegible] required [illegible] and I [illegible] She touched them gently, [illegible]

[illegible] bolts.

David turned away. He guessed that one of those impertinent pretty young girls was playing a joke on him and on Laura. He was sure he saw a twinkle in Ethel's eyes as she demurely raised them from the heap of lace length. In his emotion he snapped his fingers so sharply at an idling cash boy that that surprised young gentleman gaped and then went to work hard.

And it was not till six hours later, over a lonesome cafe supper, that David recollected that Laura Laurence had seemed pleased that he should have bought her a bunch of flowers. David quite forgot to eat his pudding. Suppose he—— Well, really, it would be no more than polite to get her some. She had seemed a little bit embarrassed. Her face got pink — just a faint pink. Why, what a numbskull he was! He should have acquiesced in her impression. He hadn't been quite gentlemanly.

It was three days later before David actually presented her with flowers—a golden bunch of daffodils. He was frightfully embarrassed. But she took them with shining eyes. "Oh, I love daffodils!"

Ethel came and begged for one. So did Helen. For once David forgot to be self-conscious. For once he walked off briskly as a person of some importance. Certainly he had never dreamed that any action of his would bring sparkles to two pairs of pert, young eyes and a pleased expression to Laura Laurence's white, capable face. That noon he walked past three florists' windows and critically inspected violets, orchids, a new golden-brown rose and an out-of-season lily. A floorman couldn't buy armfuls, of course. He compromised on two exquisite mauve orchids that seemed to represent all the beauty and luxury his starved life had never experienced.

This time Laura's face did not flush [illegible] pleasure. "Good gracious!" she ex- [illegible]

But David said he guessed he could if he wanted to! He said it in a capable tone. Laura laid the plushy mauve petal against her white cheek. David noticed that, in spite of its capable contour, her cheek was very white and a bit frail. He suddenly felt a sense of being stronger than she was, more capable. [illegible] depths of capability in him. [illegible] that seemed to slip away from [illegible] He drew a long, determined [illegible]

• • • • • • •

They had been married two years, and David was head floorman of the basement—and a very decisive head floorman, too—before he said idly one evening, watching Laura darn his socks: "Do you know, if one of those pert little girls hadn't played that joke of telling you those sweet peas came from me, I might ne[illegible]"

Laura raised her clear, laughing blue eyes. "You silly! I bought 'em myself!"

The Benevolent Incendiary

"'I HAVE invented the finest game!" began the girl who likes to talk. "And I'm the only person on earth playing it! You can't imagine how many spare minutes it illumines and how much destruction I wreak doing it!

"When I'm in a house that I don't like I set my mind to picking out all the things I think don't belong, burn 'em up and refurnish the place. I may be beaming at my hostess in the most approved fashion all the while and she hasn't the slightest idea that on a large and thriving bonfire I am piling her sofa cushions, the dinky ormolu table, several vases and most of her pictures and every last one of her table covers. When I go away she is living in a perfectly proper sort of room—only she doesn't know it.

"I started on this destructive career in the days when I lived in the same town with my grandmother. A friend of mine and myself often went there together and we could scarcely wait till the front door had closed behind us before we were at it.

"'Now, where shall we begin?' Dora would cry. 'I move we burn the whole place. Certainly the Swiss chalet that your relatives copied because they liked one they saw in Switzerland is very much out of place on Dinsmore street, which is flat as a pancake and has elm trees.'

"'No,' I would interrupt, 'I can't have grandfather and grandmother thrown out that way! They may keep their ridiculous chalet because they are leading citizens and must be humored—but we'll burn up every last thing inside!'

"'Thank goodness!' Dora would gasp relievedly. 'I simply cannot endure that carved rosewood parlor set upholstered in yellow brocade! I know that rosewood is worth its weight in gold, but not when it's stuck all over with dreadful carvings that can only be dusted with the aid of a cold chisel and a pneumatic gun. Yes, the parlor set must go!'

"'And the engravings of Washington navigating the Delaware and the group of petrified human beings signing something in Delsarte attitudes!'

"'And the Brussels rug with the cabbage roses——'

"'And the dining-room set in blond oak, altho the room is finished in mahogany, and the caster——'

"'And all those dewdads in the spare room embroidered in daisies and the bathroom because the shower is built to drown a person, not to be used, really.'

"'And all those cabinets on the stair landing filled with shells and pieces of rocks and china cats and dogs, and all the tied-back lace curtains and the——'

"'The framed photographs of Cousin Lucy and her nine children, and the Dubbses in their wedding clothes and'

"'And the parrot,' I would interrupt firmly. 'Of course, I'll chloroform it first because I am a humane person, but I simply despise that moth-eaten bird which only yells and shrieks and will not be induced to join in pleasant afternoon tea conversation. No, Polly goes on the bonfire!'

"'Well, it's just as well,' Dora would agree. 'Only we might give her to somebody we hate! Shall we leave the barn which they have no use for and which looks as big as a grain elevator back of that chalet? Do chalet people have barns anyhow? Don't they stable their goats and things in the side of the mountain?'

"Before we had settled this point—which was complicated by the fact my grandparents owned no goat—we were always at Dora's house and I had to go on before we had refurnished my grandparents' home suitably, thus leaving poor grandmother and grandfather without one stick of furniture.

"And I have kept up the practice. Nothing so depresses my soul as to enter a pretty little cottage affair which looks as tho its inside was filled with gay cretonnes and wicker and painted furnishings and find that the wretched owners have hearselike furniture big enough to fit the Vatican and gloomy enough for the tomb. And I hate like [illegible] with rooms just crying for chaste [illegible] one painting to a room and find everything——"

"H'm!" said the patient listener. "I feel strangely uncomfortable! Just which of my possessions have vanished in smoke since you've sat here?"

"Tut, tut!" reproved the girl who likes to talk. "I haven't any matches with me today!"

THIS [illegible] STYLE BOOK FREE

[illegible]

Suits—Coats—Dresses—Waists—[illegible]—Hats—Shoes—Lingerie—Underwear—Children's Wear—Also [illegible] of Home Goods

Pay Little by Little

[illegible]

MARTHA LANE ADAMS, 3611 [illegible] St., CHICAGO

Both Brand New

$3.00 Down and $3.00 a Month Brings You Either

Rex Visible Typewriter—or—American Adding Machine

[illegible] —at a new price, but because greatest merchandise house in the world wanted a better machine than any on the market.

Only $44.50 [illegible]

Both machines guaranteed by the American Can Company

Write At Once! Send for our offer and free book [illegible] whether interested in typewriter or adding machine [illegible]

AMERICAN CAN CO., Dep. [illegible]

NO MONEY DOWN 2 CREDIT ALL $2 A MONTH

Genuine 15-17-19-21 [illegible]

FREE CATALOG

112 Pages [illegible]

[illegible]

DEALS SQUARE ALFRED WARE CO., Dept. [illegible] Let us prove it. St. Louis, Mo.

$40 Motorcycle Bargains

[illegible]

Send for catalogue.
DENINGER THE PRICE CUTTER, Rochester, N. Y.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

Weak and unhealthy kidneys cause so much sickness and suffering and when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results may be expected.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys should have attention first because their work is most important.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition commence taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, because if it proves to be the remedy you need and your kidneys begin to improve they will help all the other organs to health.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patients, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

A Trial will Convince Anyone.

Thousands of people have testified that the mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, is soon realized and that it stands the highest for its remarkable results in distressing cases.

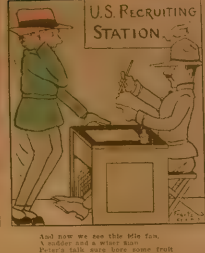
Symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

[illegible] ing bladder troubles, frequently [illegible] water night and day, smarting or [illegible] tion in passing, brick-dust or [illegible] headache, backache, lame back, [illegible] disturbance due to bad kidney [illegible] uric acid rheumatism, lumbago, [illegible] loss of flesh or sallow complexion [illegible] kidney trouble in its worst form [illegible] be stealing upon you.

Swamp-Root is Pleasant to Take

If you are already convinced [illegible]

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of [illegible] enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. [illegible] opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medic[illegible] [illegible] ful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-[illegible] just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The [illegible] success of Swamp-Root are so well known that you are [illegible] for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. [illegible] to say you read this offer in the Chicago Ledger.



RECRUITER PETE—

Our Peter strolling, feeling sad,
Sees a sight that makes him mad.
Men are wanted, so they say,
Not out fighting for Uncle Sam.

Peter stopped and stood and stood
Arguing with that piece of wood.
"If a young man went on with his smoke
Thinking, "Who's the silly bloke?

Peter now thinks, "Have no fear,
If he is deaf, I'll make him hear."
So past the idle, lazy mass
Pete dashes like a cloud o

And then he comes right to a store,
And to a man he talks some more.
Pete bars a moonshine that's said
To be guaranteed to wake the dead.

He runs once more right up the street
And there the young man he did meet.
With an angry roar and brutal blow
Pete knocks some sense into the bick.

And now we see the idle fan,
A soldier and a wiser man.
Peter's task soon some fruit
For look! the fellow's a recruit!

Not Applause.

A certain theatrical trouupe, after a long and unsuccessful tour, finally arrived in a small New Jersey town. Just before the curtain rose on the opening of the audience, there was much hand-clapping to express the dejected spirits. The leading lo ed the footlights after the curtain and bowed profoundly. Still the clapping continued.

When he went behind the scenes he gave his stage manager a terrific cuff. "Bill, what do you think of that?"

"What d'ye mean?" replied the irascible.

Specially Endowed.

Mrs. Rashleigh (to boarder)—"How is it you are taking your medicine after dinner? I thought the doctor told you to take it before meals."

Boarder—"He said it didn't make any difference as long as I took it on an

Didn't Need Them.

bought a couple of nightshirts. Afterward a long, lank laborer, with his trousers tied below the knees, said to

Not the Least Difference.

"It was for my brother, Ella."

"Who? What's he done got de matter wid him?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is."

"Humph! Ah reckon he's sick in de head, sho' nuff."

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Miz' Carter, dat sho' do relieve what yo' mind!" gasp. That's a girl!"

Great by Youth.

The teacher had told the pupils the story of Washington and the cherry tree hatchet, and had then shown them an engraving which depicted the boy George standing in a repentant attitude, explaining things to his father.

The title of the picture was "The

Specially Endowed.

"Automobile and dust."

"Yes, sir. Suppose I suppose."

"Nope. I don't mind a fellow that I can steer once in a while he recognized me."

A Bright Male.

The farmer alleged a freight train of the defendant company had hit one of his cows.

"I have," said the attorney for the corporation to the aggrieved party, who occupied the witness stand, "will you kindly tell the court whether or not your cow was on the track, the property of the defendant, when hit by the train?"

"Well, sir," replied Mr. Jones, "I didn't witness the occurrence, but I suppose critters must have been about as you say. This was a pretty haught mule, and I reckon if that train took a notion to run him in the woods which fringe the track there was no kill him he would have got behind a tree."

Going Our Better.

"How do you like Chicago?"

"The street cars are so crowded to suit me. They pack 'em like sardines in a box."

"Your comparison is poor. When a box of sardines is packed in Chicago they don't constantly keep opening the box to pack in a few more."

Nostalgia.

"What's the matter with Private Hall?"

"He's homesick."

"Yes."

"On returning from the trenches he was given a gasoline bath. It reminded him forcibly of the happy days back in America when he worked in a garage."

To Soften Grief.

Mournful Confession.

"I suppose when your son went to college he was inoculated with the love of learning."

YOU CAN'T BEAT THIS.

She went to buy a can of beans
Because she'd heard the price
Because she'd heard a can of beans
Was now a dollar twice.

The price the grocer asked was high;
The woman gave a frown.
"Is that the best you've heard today
That beans had gone way down?

"Beans now are selling at one dime,"
She said, "you'll think a sin,
Altho the price of beans is down,
They've raised the price of tin."

Didn't Want to Hurt His Feelings.

The motorist had lost his way on a country road. Hailing the first native he overtook, he asked the way to Blathville.

"I don't know as I can explain it very well," replied the pedestrian, "but if you'll take me in your car I'll point it out to you as we go along."

"Good," said the motorist, and as the native climbed in he started the machine, "you drive straight ahead the way you are going for about two miles."

When the two miles had been traversed, he remarked, "Now, if you'll let me out here I can show you the rest of the way without going. Just turn around and go back three miles and

"But," protested the motorist, "that will take me three miles in the wrong direction!" demanded

"Oh, we must

"Did y'e hear at Mac'n was Mc Bean as Mc Gee?"

"He does very

Not So Bad.

"John wants to

Sure Sign.

"I hope Percy

Honeymoning.

Making Good.

"I have more respect for you, I cannot help it," said Horace.

"How's that?"

"Many of your acts taken a turn in the wisdom forms."

In No Hurry About It.

Judge—"Prisoner, it is your right to challenge the jurymen you object to."

Prisoner—"All right, your honor, I'll challenge 'em after they

Nothing to Nowhere.

Hurling Him Proposes.

Hard to Suit.

"How do you find job,

"It over the hill."

"Every time I go home I discover that my wife has got it moved again."

No Sense in It.

"Does your husband worry about the grocery bill?"

"No, he says there's no sense in both himself and the grocer worrying over the same bills."

Modern Music.

He—"Most girls, I have found, don't appreciate real music."

Beautiful Girl—"Do you say that, Reginald? You may pick beautiful strains on a mandolin, but when you sit down and sing with your head bent over a horn and—and—you are comical."

One of Those Fixed Feasts.

Will Hogg of Texas says that down in Houston they were discussing a negro boy in his employ came to him with a request.

"Well," said the darky, "I'd 'bleege to git off nex' Friday for the day."

"What for?" inquired Hogg.

"Got to go to a funeral."

"Whose funeral is it?"

"Mi uncle's."

"When did your uncle die?"

"Lawd, boss, he ain't daid yit."

"Then how do you know his funeral is going to take place on Friday?"

"Cuz dey's gwine hang him Thursday."

Off the Gridiron.

The hotel was overcrowded, and a very fat man was compelled to spend the night on a wire cot minus blanket and pillows.

Next morning the proprietor inquired the

"Oh, it was all right," the fat man assured him, "but I certainly looked like a

Hard to Suit.

"Every time I go home I discover that my wife has got it moved again."

Worth Waiting For.

A Rhondda man went into a house and called for a glass of ale and water. Having tasted it, he exclaimed:

"You didn't did you put in first, the ale or the water?"

The whisky, of course, the publican replied.

"Well," said the Rhondda man, "I'll wait and try it to fit by and by."

An Angel.

A bachelor was recently traveling in a tramcar with a married couple of his acquaintance, and it was a rather crowded car. The young wife had her umbrella well out of the way of those who entered down the car, but an awkward boy on his way to the door managed to fall over it and break it.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," stammered the lad.

"Never mind, I'm sure it wasn't your fault," and the husband smiled up at him without a trace of anger or even irritation on her face.

Angel," exclaimed the bachelor, when they had gone, "I suppose that women would have uttered their fearful fellow if it hadn't been for the

Off the Gridiron.

"An' what's the matter with the married man, as he picked up the broken umbrella and smiled quizzically at his wife.

Knows I'll have to get it

Honest.

Specially Endowed.

Taken Home the Baron.

I presume so.

"Now what grounds

"He seems to have less trouble in scenting himself with Mrs. Jilway when he stays out late."

On the Rocks.

Their honeymoon is over."

"Dear me! Are you quite sure about it?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it. She's beginning to remind him that she was making $25 a week when he married her."

He Recognized Her.

"You don't know me, do you, Bobby, dear?"

"No, I don't, pipped the youth. "You're preacher last summer."

Taken Home the Baron.

I presume so.

"Now what grounds

"He seems to have less trouble in scenting himself with Mrs. Jilway when he stays out late."

On the Rocks.

Their honeymoon is over."

"Dear me! Are you quite sure about it?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it. She's beginning to remind him that she was making $25 a week when he married her."

He Recognized Her.

"You don't know me, do you, Bobby, dear?"

"No, I don't, pipped the youth. "You're preacher last summer."

Hurling Him Proposes.

Hard to Suit.

"How do you find job,

"It over the hill."

"Every time I go home I discover that my wife has got it moved again."

Worth Waiting For.

A Rhondda man went into a house and called for a glass of ale and water. Having tasted it, he exclaimed:

"You didn't did you put in first, the ale or the water?"

The whisky, of course, the publican replied.

"Well," said the Rhondda man, "I'll wait and try it to fit by and by."

No Sense in It.

"Does your husband worry about the grocery bill?"

"No, he says there's no sense in both himself and the grocer worrying over the same bills."

Modern Music.

He—"Most girls, I have found, don't appreciate real music."

Beautiful Girl—"Do you say that, Reginald? You may pick beautiful strains on a mandolin, but when you sit down and sing with your head bent over a horn and—and—you are comical."

One of Those Fixed Feasts.

Will Hogg of Texas says that down in Houston they were discussing a negro boy in his employ came to him with a request.

"Well," said the darky, "I'd 'bleege to git off nex' Friday for the day."

"What for?" inquired Hogg.

"Got to go to a funeral."

"Whose funeral is it?"

"Mi uncle's."

"When did your uncle die?"

"Lawd, boss, he ain't daid yit."

"Then how do you know his funeral is going to take place on Friday?"

"Cuz dey's gwine hang him Thursday."

Off the Gridiron.

The hotel was overcrowded, and a very fat man was compelled to spend the night on a wire cot minus blanket and pillows.

Next morning the proprietor inquired the

"Oh, it was all right," the fat man assured him, "but I certainly looked like a

Hard to Suit.

"Every time I go home I discover that my wife has got it moved again."

Worth Waiting For.

A Rhondda man went into a house and called for a glass of ale and water. Having tasted it, he exclaimed:

"You didn't did you put in first, the ale or the water?"

The whisky, of course, the publican replied.

"Well," said the Rhondda man, "I'll wait and try it to fit by and by."

No Sense in It.

"Does your husband worry about the grocery bill?"

"No, he says there's no sense in both himself and the grocer worrying over the same bills."

An Angel.

A bachelor was recently traveling in a tramcar with a married couple of his acquaintance, and it was a rather crowded car. The young wife had her umbrella well out of the way of those who entered down the car, but an awkward boy on his way to the door managed to fall over it and break it.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," stammered the lad.

"Never mind, I'm sure it wasn't your fault," and the husband smiled up at him without a trace of anger or even irritation on her face.

Angel," exclaimed the bachelor, when they had gone, "I suppose that women would have uttered their fearful fellow if it hadn't been for the

Off the Gridiron.

"An' what's the matter with the married man, as he picked up the broken umbrella and smiled quizzically at his wife.

Knows I'll have to get it

Honest.

Specially Endowed.

Taken Home the Baron.

I presume so.

"Now what grounds

"He seems to have less trouble in scenting himself with Mrs. Jilway when he stays out late."

On the Rocks.

Their honeymoon is over."

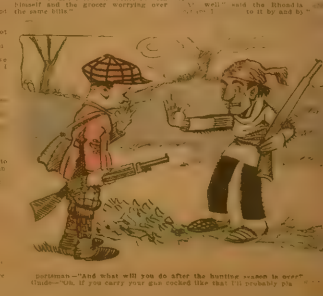
"Dear me! Are you quite sure about it?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it. She's beginning to remind him that she was making $25 a week when he married her."

He Recognized Her.

"You don't know me, do you, Bobby, dear?"

"No, I don't, pipped the youth. "You're preacher last summer."



A Little Resuscitation

Bi- "Them doctors is a-gettin' terrible extravagant.

Cy—"Cep, I see they are going to re

A Dotted Yell.

"That's a very precise yell you do, dear."

"Ah! Precise? What do you mean?"

"At any college you go with precision—a dot on."

Unfortunate Query.

Little Willie—"Mr. Hogg, what call learn do you plan on

Little Willie—"Then why sit I were such a poor catch

Mebbe So.

"I don't see this sense in referring to the wisdom of Solomon," said the man smartly. "What is wisdom, anyway?"

"Just," answered the woman, "what he learned to refrain from doing."

Neutrality.

Washington put down the cherry to Father will probably wait for short over the hatchet. Herbert to acknowledged the deed

A Little Resuscitation

Bi- "Them doctors is a-gettin' terrible extravagant.

Cy—"Cep, I see they are going to re

A Dotted Yell.

"That's a very precise yell you do, dear."

"Ah! Precise? What do you mean?"

"At any college you go with precision—a dot on."

Unfortunate Query.

Little Willie—"Mr. Hogg, what call learn do you plan on

Little Willie—"Then why sit I were such a poor catch

Mebbe So.

"I don't see this sense in referring to the wisdom of Solomon," said the man smartly. "What is wisdom, anyway?"

"Just," answered the woman, "what he learned to refrain from doing."

Neutrality.

Washington put down the cherry to Father will probably wait for short over the hatchet. Herbert to acknowledged the deed

Hurling Him Proposes.

Hard to Suit.

"Every time I go home I discover that my wife has got it moved again."

Worth Waiting For.

A Rhondda man went into a house and called for a glass of ale and water. Having tasted it, he exclaimed:

"You didn't did you put in first, the ale or the water?"

The whisky, of course, the publican replied.

"Well," said the Rhondda man, "I'll wait and try it to fit by and by."

No Sense in It.

"Does your husband worry about the grocery bill?"

"No, he says there's no sense in both himself and the grocer worrying over the same bills."

An Angel.

A bachelor was recently traveling in a tramcar with a married couple of his acquaintance, and it was a rather crowded car. The young wife had her umbrella well out of the way of those who entered down the car, but an awkward boy on his way to the door managed to fall over it and break it.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," stammered the lad.

"Never mind, I'm sure it wasn't your fault," and the husband smiled up at him without a trace of anger or even irritation on her face.

Angel," exclaimed the bachelor, when they had gone, "I suppose that women would have uttered their fearful fellow if it hadn't been for the

Off the Gridiron.

"An' what's the matter with the married man, as he picked up the broken umbrella and smiled quizzically at his wife.

Knows I'll have to get it

Honest.

Hurling Him Proposes.

Hard to Suit.

"Every time I go home I discover that my wife has got it moved again."

Worth Waiting For.

A Rhondda man went into a house and called for a glass of ale and water. Having tasted it, he exclaimed:

"You didn't did you put in first, the ale or the water?"

The whisky, of course, the publican replied.

"Well," said the Rhondda man, "I'll wait and try it to fit by and by."

No Sense in It.

"Does your husband worry about the grocery bill?"

"No, he says there's no sense in both himself and the grocer worrying over the same bills."

An Angel.

A bachelor was recently traveling in a tramcar with a married couple of his acquaintance, and it was a rather crowded car. The young wife had her umbrella well out of the way of those who entered down the car, but an awkward boy on his way to the door managed to fall over it and break it.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," stammered the lad.

"Never mind, I'm sure it wasn't your fault," and the husband smiled up at him without a trace of anger or even irritation on her face.

Angel," exclaimed the bachelor, when they had gone, "I suppose that women would have uttered their fearful fellow if it hadn't been for the

Off the Gridiron.

"An' what's the matter with the married man, as he picked up the broken umbrella and smiled quizzically at his wife.

Knows I'll have to get it

Honest.

CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1897, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, ($2 issues), $1.00 for six months, 50 cents for three months. Address all letters to the office of publication. Send money by Express or Postoffice money order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tag on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly furnished. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, as stated by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $1.45 each Agate Line; 10c Classified, 20 cents a word, per insertion 500 circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

These two publications are America's most popular weeklies, and are read by millions of people every week.

GENTLE JABS.

A long answer turneth away listeners.

Two essentials to success are dollars and sense.

Courage and caution make a splendid working team.

Some people's good points seem to have been broken off.

Adversity tries some men and police justices try others.

Poverty may sidetrack a man, but it never blows him up.

All the money you intended to save doesn't draw interest.

There are fast friends and fast friends. One kind you can't lose.

The man who has no price is the only one really worth buying.

There are men who consider an ace the most charming spot on earth.

How the veteran musician does hate to [illegible]

Many people complain of lack of money, but few complain of lack of sense.

If a man never changes his mind, he is either very right or very stubborn.

[illegible] looks thru a pair of green spectacles.

Cars are often loaded, but the engine sticks to water and does all the work.

A few men earn more than they get, but the majority get more than they earn.

It is easy to appreciate the points of a sermon when they jab the other fellow.

Any man who gets in on the ground floor and stays there has no use for fire-[illegible]

With a man an effect must have its cause; with a woman it must have its because.

Take things as they come, but remember there are some things it will pay you to go after.

You can't train up a child in the way he should go by throwing cold water on his ambitions.

A good many things come to the man who is so busy that he hasn't any time to wait for them.

With men it's wine, women and song, with women it's ice cream soda, men, grand opera and chicken salad.

An egotist is a man who insists on telling you the things about himself that you want to tell about yourself.

People who use religion as a cloak in this world will doubtless manage to keep warm in the next without a cloak.

A man must be in business with another man or married to a woman in order to discover that he doesn't know it.

It is the rankest kind of folly for a man to expect the world to grow better until he begins to notice improvement in [illegible]

Your Kitchen in Wartime

Kitchens Can Defeat Kaiser.

COMPARATIVELY few persons in the United States realize the full import of the thrift movement in our Nation of more than one hundred million inhabitants. The great mass of people may wonder what it means to the war in Europe if one family of, say, five persons saves a loaf of bread a week, or a pound of butter, or a pound of sugar, or a pound of meat. They don't seem able to see how that can help to defeat the Kaiser and his forces.

But the great big iron-bound fact is that it will help to defeat the tremendous military machine. Taking the family of five as a unit for the average family in America, the saving of the pound of bread and butter and sugar and meat means a saving of more than 20,000,000 pounds of bread, butter, sugar and meat a week. There are 2,000 pounds in a ton, and 20,000,000 pounds make 10,000 tons. A fair-sized merchantman or freighter will carry 10,000 tons. Thrift in the kitchen means that four 10,000-ton freighters laden with four important articles of food for an army could be sent abroad every week. It is easy to see what an important item this would be in the feeding of our forces "over there."

There is another angle to this thrift in the kitchen, which is just as important as the success in the trenches. Bread, butter, sugar and meat cost money. Let the loaf of bread represent a saving of 10 cents, the butter saving of 50 cents, the sugar a saving of 1 dime, and the meat a saving of 30 cents, making a total of dollar saved each week. If each of the 20,000,000 families in the United States saved a dollar a week in the kitchen and that money [illegible] the Government would have available $20,000,000 a week. And no one would feel the [illegible]

[illegible] economy can be practiced in the most of the wealthy as can effect a much greater saving. Every housewife practices some thrift in the kitchen, but whatever is plainly up against it. It is not stretching the point to say that the Kaiser can be beaten in the American kitchen.

Facts About Fats.

"WHEATLESS, meatless, [illegible] off—that's the slogan [illegible] any jingle that we learned when we [illegible] children. But how about butterless and lardless? Not so familiar—eh?

Fats are the most precious thing in this war.

Germany is nearer breaking for want of fats than for any other thing.

Hindenburg himself not long ago gave notice that unless his troops and his munition makers got more fats something would happen in Germany.

Our Armies use fats by the shiploads. Glycerin, which comes from fat, is one of the chief things for modern explosives.

We must have fat to keep up the fight. When people are hungry they draw upon the fats in their bodies. When it is gone they are an easy prey to disease.

In view of these facts here are the rules to follow; also five fat-saving recipes:

1. Waste no soap; it's made of fats.
2. Trim your own meat and melt the [illegible]
3. Have as many butterless meals as possible, except when there are children at the table. Peanut butter, jellies or nut and fig pastes are excellent substitutes.
4. Use little pastry.
5. Do not fry in deep fat.

Hints for Pie Bakers.

THE next time you bake pies, especially juicy pies, try adding a little cornstarch to the crust. One teaspoonful to a pie will prevent the under crust from being heavy.

Try mixing the sugar and flour and adding it to the fruit before putting your pie together. The pie will be more evenly sweetened and you will not bite into any lumps of flour. Do not stretch the top crust tight. In pressing the edges together push the edge of the top crust toward the center of the pie. This allows plenty of room for the fruit to cook and prevents the crust from bursting open and the juice escaping. Save an ounce of juice or an ounce of meat or potato

Your War Garden.

THE deciding factors in winning this war. The value of war garden crops last year is estimated to be $250,000,000, and it is very probable that this amount will be doubled the present year. War gardens have resulted in the use of waste lands, in the employment of persons who hitherto have been non-producers of foodstuffs; in the extensive instruction given the garden-ers in cultivation, canning, drying and marketing their crops.

In summing up the good accomplished in war garden work, may be mentioned the employment of time in useful labor that would be spent in idle amusement; the community spirit aroused by the democratic nature of the work; and the impetus given to the "back to the soil" movement, by creating an interest in agriculture.

The Government this year is anxious to induce more people than ever to plant war gardens and as much ground as they can eat as possible. This year the war garden business is on a systematic basis. The National War Garden Commission of Washington, D. C., maintains a department of household science as a help to those who need it in making a success of their gardens. Readers of the Ledger are invited to address it with questions relating to home gardening, beautifying the home, and related subjects. It is under the direction of Ellen I. Kelley, whose scientific [illegible] eral years of practical experience in food production and food conservation. Inquiries may be addressed to Ellen I. Kelley at the National War Garden Commission, Maryland Building, Washington, D. C. Letters should be addressed 3-cent stamped envelope for reply.

IT'S TIME to be thinking about your war garden of 1918. And while you are in the mood for making plans let us suggest two things that will prove of great help to you. One is that you write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and ask for Farmer's Bulletin No. 818, entitled "Small Vegetable Gardens." It will cost you nothing. The second suggestion is that you write to the National War Garden Commission, Maryland Building, Washington, D. C., and ask for its booklet on war gardens. All that is required is a 2-cent stamp for postage on the booklet.

Sugarless Desserts.

WHEN sugar is scarce it is an easy matter not to plan many sugarless—or almost sugarless—desserts that yet are sweet. To do this we have only to take advantage of the many dried fruits in the markets, fruits that are cured without sugar, and that in the drying become full of the concentration of the natural sugar in them. Here are some recipes for really delicious sugarless desserts:

PRUNE WHIP—One pound stewed prunes reduced to pulp, the white of four eggs beaten with the pulp until light. Put in oven to set. Serve with [illegible]

STEWED RAISINS—These make a very good dessert for the supper. Wash the raisins and put on the fire with enough cold water to cover them; also a [illegible] piece of cinnamon bark. Let simmer slowly for an hour or more till very tender. No sugar will be required, as the raisins will be sweet enough to suit most tastes without it. Serve with or without cream.

BAKED RAISINS—Wash the fruit and put in a covered dish with sufficient water to cover; bake slowly for several hours. This is a good casserole dish.

DATE PIE—Make a rich pastry shell and bake it. Fill with the following mixture: Wash a pound of dates; heat them after removing the stones in a quart of milk, when soft run thru a sieve and add one egg well beaten, a pinch of salt and pour into the baked shell. Cover with whipped cream and serve cold.

Handles for Knives.

THIS is one way to make new handles [illegible]

Remove the wire from bundle handles (nearly all stores use them), fit the wooden portion onto the blades and they make excellent kitchen knives. They may be painted or stained if desired for table use. These are days of economy.

AK HEADACHE TABLETS

27 Years the Enemy of Pain

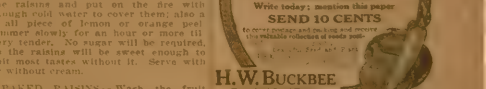
For Headaches, Neuralgias, La Grippe and Colds Women's Aches and Ills. Rheumatic and Sciatic Pains

Ask Your Druggist For A-K Tablets

10¢ → (AK) ← 25¢

See Monogram AK on the Genuine

The Antikamnia Chemical Co., St. Louis



The Island of Black Magic

(...) 1918 by W. D. Boyce Co.

By William H. Manning

What Has Happened Up to Now

NATIVES of San Domingo threaten an uprising and the white planters gather secretly at midnight to discuss plans for meeting it. Voodooism is blamed for the trouble. Zindra, a priestess, being one of the leaders, as is Joachim, an Obi king. Rufus Batherick, planter, is one of the white leaders, Alexander Lyon, a young Englishman, is Batherick's guest. He is attracted by Madge Batherick, ward of Rufus Gaston, another planter, also is in love with her. Lyon undertakes to investigate the reports of an uprising. He discovers the planters had been spied upon at their meeting. Lyon goes on a fishing trip, guided by El Bala, a black. They come upon a ship, lying in a sheltered place in the swamp. It is loaded with black men and presently a canoe brings Joachim to the ship. Then the watchers discover [illegible] believes the white man a victim of Joachim's magic. Later as they return home they see Batherick and Joachim together.

Now to our story—

Or, if you prefer to read the previous chapters in full, back copies may be obtained from our agents, newsdealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 7, dated February 16.

They went on to the mountain, their horses climbing so high that good view was obtained on all sides except the north. Alexander saw the sea wrinkling lazily to the eastward, with the rich plantations nearer at hand and the grim, black pates of El Gran Pantano in the distance. It was the latter that interested him most. He had been more affected by the fact that Zindra, priestess of Voodoo and woman of evil ways, lived there than he could readily have ex-

Towered Above Him, Erect and Masterful, His Arms Outstretched as If in Something Like Benediction.

plained, and a new interest was added since he knew the gray drogher was, or had been, somewhere there, too.

In spite of his decision not to mention that vessel to anybody he now tried to get information circuitously.

"I think," he said, "you said you had never been in the swamp."

"I certainly have not," Madge replied, shivering.

"It is a gloomy-looking place."

"It does not look as bad as it is. Add to the natural gloom that black desperadoes hide there, and you can imagine how I feel about it."

"Yes. Is there much firm land?"

"Only little islands amongst the lagoons and morasses, I am told."

"Lagoons? That must mean little streams, also. Do ships ever go there?"

"Oh, no, that is impossible! Even if there are streams large enough for that, lack of breeze would prevent. No sail would fill with lofty trees around and about. Sails would hang limp."

"I see. Still, there are vessels that pass along the coast."

"Many of them. Trade is rather brisk and both native craft and foreign ships may be seen at times. There is a little landing over by the headland yonder—see where I point—and from there the near planters ship their crops awa[illegible]

"I dare say the ship captains occasionally call on Mr. Batherick?"

"Oh, no, never! They purchase his goods, but he does not associate with them. He has English ideas of social habits, and would hardly permit even a captain inside his house."

Alexander had been intending to ask clearly if she had ever seen a drogher that was painted gray, but he was making such poor headway with his questions that he changed his mind and the inquiry was not made.

They had been at a pause, still sitting their horses, but the young man wanted view of the drogher and he indicated a pyramidal-like rise of earth and rock at one side.

"If," he said, "you do not object to waiting here, I would like to climb up that peak and get a better view——"

"I approve of the climbing," she returned quickly, "but, instead of waiting, I will climb with you."

"It's a hard way, with small chance for feet and fingers."

"I have seen worse, and I challenge you to beat me at going up."

She had leaped to the ground, and now stood smiling up at him brightly.

"Up we go!" he exclaimed. "That is, if the horses will stand in place."

"They will. Have no fear as to that."

They climbed, and reached a point near the summit after slow and troublesome effort. From there they certainly had an improved view, and for a time while, but look as Alexander could see nothing of the gray drogher. When El Gran Pantano dropped its treecurtain around an object it hid it well.

It was half an hour later, and Madge was moving preparatory to suggesting a descent, when the outlet of the mountain was broken. Both looked toward the foot of the uplift and tried to fathom what they heard.

"Somebody running [illegible]" said Alexander, peering at the tops of the trees below.

"Or something," [illegible] may be an animal.

"Can that be anything?"

"One might as well [illegible] thru a rock as that network of [illegible]

"The creature comes this way, and in haste——"

"——a negro."

"——a hot race. Something is sending him at full speed."

"Probably a chase to punish an offender."

"I thought there was no such thing [illegible] daring to punish the natives?"

"There is a limit to the offense that may be overlooked, and a limit to the punishment——"

"Look further! The knave has his eye on our horses——Oho!"

Alexander broke off abruptly. The [illegible] and stopped short. A moment he hesitated, and then, running a[illegible] [illegible] and, standing at the rein of Madge's horse, put both to a gallop with astonishing celerity.

"He is robbing us!" the girl ex[illegible]

Her companion started, but slipped and became conscious of the rough and dangerous way. A place that had troubled them seriously when they [illegible] decided could not be gone down hastily without [illegible]

[illegible] negro was making [illegible] horses, and under his [illegible] Alexander knew that the whites had [illegible] thought existed.

Briefly they saw him go, and the trees and bushes flung their [illegible] tain and the fugitive disappeared.

"Now where are we?" asked Madge, plaintively. "Two miles from home, and on foot."

"I'll have those animals back!" cried the young man. "I'll be after him and follow until I——"

He thrust out a foot again, but remembered that the girl was under his care, and must not be left alone in that dubious region. He calmed himself and [illegible] her his hand.

"We will go down quietly and safely," he said deliberately.

The start was not yet made when there was more crashing below, and three riders appeared, one of whom was white and the others black.

"Oh, it is Mr. Gaston!" Madge cried. "He is in pursuit of the thief!"

"Rather a hot chase, but I bet on the [illegible] perfectly, and his skill as picking a course will baffle them."

Madge called and Gaston looked up and saw her. He reined in his horse and stared blankly.

"He went that way!" she added quickly. "He stole our horses and fled under the trees. What is he after?"

"A black outlaw who stole money from my house," replied Gaston, with directness. "We chased him. Do you say he has secured a horse?"

"He took ours, I say. Go at once, and possibly you will overtake him. Yonder! That way!"

Her finger directed, but Gaston [illegible] idle and looked only at her and Alexander. The expression was not one of content, and he suddenly scowled.

"Why," he demanded, "did you let him get your beasts?"

"We were up here. How could we prevent it?"

"Is not the young man with you armed? Why couldn't he have shot the fellow?"

Alexander flushed. In a calmer moment he would have remembered that white men were not supposed to [illegible] the island blacks lightly, but there was a manifest sneer in the question, and his momentary impression was that he had been decidedly slow-witted to [illegible] the thief escape.

"Wait a bit!" he returned, ignor[illegible]

the affront. "I'll be down and give you my help to capture the man."

Gaston sat with outward patience that was surprising, and Madge and her companion reached the ground as soon as possible. The planter watched them, his expression still far from pleasant, but he had evidently been thinking.

"If you go with me, Lyon," he said brusquely, "you will need a horse. You [illegible] the service of Miss Batherick, and one of my men, Ben-Harson, shall accompany her, going on foot. She knows that Ben is reliable."

Madge did know this, and the plan [illegible] ward with her guard while Gaston and Alexander resumed the pursuit in the saddle, the second negro running by [illegible]

"Valuable time has been lost," remarked Lyon.

"The time to act," said Gaston, curtly, "was when you had the thief within re-[illegible]"

"View of the man was only momentary, and I must admit that I failed to gather my wits quickly enough," Alexander confessed, again flushing at the [illegible]

"Perhaps your wits were with somebody nearer at hand."

[illegible] passed by for then, and Lyon gave all [illegible]

CHAPTER VI.

A TREACHEROUS SHOT.

GASTON proved himself a man of energy, and as he bent low in his saddle and urged his horse constantly he made his way under the trees at good speed, while his negro ran easily by his [illegible]

Alexander soon found himself falling behind. His horse was not equal to that of his companion, and a stranger in the saddle was not like a master. Lost feet became yards, and the gap steadily grew in front of the young man.

Pride led him to do his best, but Gaston did better.

The Englishman had a flurry as he realized that he was hardly likely to achieve fame on the hunt, but this feeling passed and he became cool and cal-[illegible]

There was no sign of the fugitive, and [illegible] at the ground, it seemed they were racing blindly. Alexander lacked experience as a trailer, but the hoof-marks of the runaway's horses were plain in the soft earth, and he proceeded to make the most of them. Presently the importance of this plan was made clear. At a certain point the leaders raced on thru the widest avenue, but the trail led to one side.

"Hallo!" Lyon shouted. "You are going wrong. The thief took this narrow way, for the trail is here. Come back, [illegible]"

The call died away. Every word must have carried plainly to the planter, but not by so much as the turn of his head did he show that he heard. Keeping his chosen course, he still urged his horse.

Alexander waxed angry and said no more. He had already been insulted by word, and now this silent contempt added to his exasperation. He closed his teeth with a snap, but turned into the narrow way.

After a hundred yards the way became clearer, the trees being nearly all pines, with but little undergrowth, but view [illegible] to nothing. Alexander bent low and kept watch on the trail, thus following a true course.

A few minutes later a narrow, deep ravine began suddenly, but the fugitive had turned to the left and galloped along its side. This isolated Gaston more than ever, and as the trailer hung to the tracks he became like one alone. The thief might be a dangerous man in more ways than one, and Alexander held his revolver ready for use.

"Those horses of Batherick's are going to be recovered," he muttered, "but I want to be alive when it's done. If I overtake him there will be something lively afoot."

The ravine grew deeper, the pines of the farther side standing with their tops well above, and thus it was that, riding, he suddenly became conscious of something moving on the remoter side.

A black man was running there, and sight of him brought a start. It was Joachim, the Obi man.

There was no discovery in return, and the negro, going with long, free strides that were a wonder of strength and supple action, flashed out of sight.

"I wonder!" muttered Lyon, the wonder being at Joachim [illegible] with [illegible]

Now the ravine curved, and, tho he did not know it, the pursuer was being carried back toward the point where the horses had been stolen. Now, too, the ground grew irregular and rough, and progress was very slow. This was disagreeable, but it was something that the fugitive had to meet with the same [illegible] young man was determined to recover the horses. Gaston's troubles were another matter.

The trail was the only hope, for Alexander was aware that he was hopelessly lost. The mountainside was devious and delusive, and it was possible almost to double on one's tracks without knowing it. The trail—that was the one important factor.

The idea was humming in his mind when something stopped him abruptly and strangely. Just beyond a fringe of bushes, thru which he plunged, he came upon two animals. They were Batherick's lost horses.

Alexander stared hard, unable to credit what he saw, but as his mind cleared the wonder went. The thief had run into a cul-de-sac, with sharply rising ground beyond, and as the beasts could not climb, he had deserted them. They were there, but the thief was wholly gone.

"Good!" Alexander muttered, after a little delay. "I'll track him no farther. The horses are my game, and Gaston may do his own thief-hunting. Perhaps he will find that his criticisms of my slip will soon apply to him."

The recovered animals were breathing hard, but did not seem to be injured. He dismounted, gathered in the reins and fixed them to suit him. Then he again mounted and, leading his acquisitions, started back. A few rods of progress and he came to an impassable point. With another deep ravine below the way became a ledge that narrowed dangerously, and he quickly drew rein, anxious to back out of the difficulty.

As he paused a rifle cracked somewhere to his left, and a bullet spun over his head, cutting off a slender branch and scarring the larger limb. Realizing that the death-missile was meant for him, he shifted his gaze swiftly.

Beyond the ravine was a fringe of pines with a bush undergrowth, and from its front a slight smoke was curling lazily. No figure was to be seen, but the lower bushes stirred under the touch of a hand. It was seen but briefly, but before it vanished he had made a discovery that astonished him. The hand was white.

The discovery was startling. His life had been attempted, but not by a black man. A man of his own color had tried to kill him!

Risking a second shot, he sat still and stared at the bushes, but they hung [illegible] to the spot to investigate, for the ravine prevented, so he was left with a puzzle on his mind. Who had fired? Who could wish to make way with him?

Presently he dropped the useless speculation and backed the horses out of the impassable way. Once clear, he tried to make out the points of compass, and rode on again, hoping his face was toward Batherick's house.

Finding respectable going, he toiled downward as fast as the horses could take the footing, and had plodded for ten minutes when he had proof that an-[illegible] rein as he saw two men in a bowl-like depression, directly in his path, startled by the repetition of something he had seen before.

The men were Batherick and Joachim, and their positions were peculiar. The planter was on his knees, his head bowed humbly, while the alleged sorcerer towered above him, erect and masterful, his arms stretched out as if in something like benediction.

It was the old scene over again, but Alexander held in his horse and stared in blank wonder. Why did Batherick, an intelligent white man, abase himself before the negro?

The question was not answered then, for there was a sound of pounding feet, a crashing of bushes, and off to one side the Englishman again saw the fugitive. This time he was on foot, running fast and yet with uncertain steps as if exhausted.

Alexander started again, but he was not the only person astir. Close on the fugitive's heels came somebody else, and it was a fresh surprise when Madge dashed into view on her horse. It was past understanding, but she was pursuing the thief.

Seeing that the chase was bound to take the parties to where the planter and the Obi man were, Alexander again started, thinking he might be needed.

The fugitive drew abreast of the other men and was about to pass, when he noticed them. Instantly a change came in his plans. He ran forward, flung himself at Joachim's feet and, kneeling, held out his arms to implore protection.

Madge was close behind him, tho little nearer than Alexander, but the wonder of the situation was added to when Gaston came sweeping forward from a third point. All of the thief's pursuers closed in, and so near together that they seemed [illegible] revolver was pointed when the Obi man flung himself between weapon and human target. With his arms held wide he faced Gaston calmly, his teeth showing between parted lips. If he lacked dignity he did show courage and something like ferocity.

"Out of the way!" shouted Gaston. "Get away, or I'll shoot you, too."

Joachim's thick lips curled further, and there was an unpleasant flash of his big eyes, but Batherick, who probably thought his recent attitude of abasement had passed unseen, promptly came to the front.

"Easy, Gaston!" he directed coolly. "There is to be no shooting here."

"That's where you're wrong!" the second planter retorted. "I am going to bore that knave on his knees. Get away!"

"Are you mad?" demanded Batherick, sharply.

"Do you know what he has done?" Gaston cried angrily.

"No."

"He has entered my house and robbed it."

"Then what you want is your property back, not his life. There will be no shooting here. Even a young man like you can see that such a thing cannot be. Understand?"

Gaston understood. His expression changed and his revolver hand slowly dropped until it hung limp. He was given to fierce passions and they were not now banished, but—he understood.

"Am I to lose my property?" he asked sullenly.

Batherick looked at the thief, who was still on his knees, attentive but quiet. He lacked the intelligence of some of his people, and was like a mere brute, but he had a life at stake and knew it. He eyed the white men and then looked at Joachim.

"Who is he?" Batherick asked.

"Some stranger to me, but a thief."

"What has he taken?"

"Money."

"We will see about that. Joachim, this is one of your race. Will you use your influence with him?"

Alexander had been watching the Obi man closely, feeling, somehow, that he was the strongest man present, and perhaps the sorcerer thought so, too. He held his head high, and his barbarian eyes were keenly observant, tho his face told no tales. Outwardly, he was perfectly composed. Now he turned to the strange negro and spoke briefly. Several words were exchanged, and then he turned to Batherick.

"He says the money was given to him by some one in the house, but he is ready

"Cure Your Rupture Like I Cured Mine"

Old Sea Captain Cured His Own [illegible] Doctors Said [illegible]

His Remedy and Book Sent Free.

Captain Collings sailed the seas for many years; then he sustained a bad double rupture that soon forced him to [illegible] after doctor and truss after truss. No results! Finally, he was assured that he must either submit to a dangerous and abhorrent operation or die. He did neither. He cured himself instead.

"Fellow Men and Women, You Don't Have To Be Cut Up, and You Don't Have To Be Tortured By Trusses."

Captain Collings made a study of himself, of his condition—and at last he was rewarded by the finding of the [illegible] a well, [illegible] method; [illegible] inexpensive. [illegible] follow the same [illegible] any trouble. The book and medicine are FREE. They will be sent prepaid to any rupture sufferer who will fill out the below coupon. But send it right away—now—before you put down this paper.

FREE RUPTURE BOOK AND REMEDY COUPON.

Capt. W. A. Collings (Inc.)
Box [illegible] Watertown, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Rupture Remedy and Book without any obligation on my part whatever.

Name ....

Address ....

....

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

[illegible] wrinkles, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It [illegible] skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow [illegible] tion has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store—at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

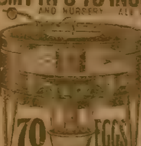
LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 18[illegible] Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today [illegible]

POULTRY WILL SAVE YOUR CHICKS.

[illegible] er of this paper who will write the Poultryman, at 108 N. 2nd [illegible] his new booklet "White Diarrhoea in Chicks." It tells how to prevent, remedy save the whole hatch. It's free. Write at once.

SMYTH'S 70 INCUBATOR AND NURSERY



ALL STEEL [illegible] ON 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL $3.98 HOLDS FULL 70 EGGS

70 EGGS

through glass damper best [illegible] drum around outer edges, [illegible] heat regulator [illegible] part of egg chamber, and [illegible] with special egg tray [illegible] chicks when drop from [illegible] roomy [illegible] $2.50 and express [illegible] fectly satisfactory [illegible] the greatest [illegible] then take it home and [illegible] a hatcher as you ever saw or if for any reason you [illegible] we will refund your [illegible]

SEND $1.00

TRY IT 30 DAYS

PARCEL POST

JOHN M. SMYTH [illegible] CHICAGO

$8.95 Buys 140-Egg Champion Belle City Incubator

[illegible] Freight Paid [illegible] Belle City Incubator Co. Box 183 Racine, Wis.

SHOEMAKER'S Book on POULTRY

and Almanac for 1[illegible] all about chickens, their [illegible] eases and remedies. All about incubators, [illegible] C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box [illegible] Freeport, Ill.

64 BREEDS Valuable New Poultry Book Free. [illegible] America's [illegible] poultry farm, 25th year in business. Write today for Free Book. R. F. NEUBERT CO., Box 880, Mankato, Minn.

Squab Book FREE

[illegible] INDIANA SQUAB CO. Dept. [illegible] Terre Haute, Ind.

Money in Poultry and Squabs [illegible] CRESCENT POULTRY FARM Box 16, Des Moines [illegible]

62 BREEDS, [illegible] America's Pioneer Poultry Farm [illegible] F. A. NEUBERT, Box 821 Mankato, Minn.

50 BEST PAYING VARIETIES [illegible] W. A. Weber, Box 23, Mankato, Minn.

[illegible] RAISE GUINEA PIGS for us. We buy all you raise. [illegible] FREE. Write today. CAVIES DISTRIBUTING CO. 1124 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

PFILE'S 65 VARIETIES

[illegible] An honest deal. Write [illegible] HENRY PFILE, Farmer-Poultryman, Box [illegible] Freeport, Ill.

to give it up. He ran away because he was frightened."

"Two good lies," scoffed Gaston, but Batherick checked him with a peremptory retort.

"That will do. You forget, money be produced."

The kneeling man made no motion until Joachim repeated the words, but he acted promptly then. From some receptacle in his scanty clothing he produced what was called for, passing it on to Joachim.

"Here," commanded Gaston, stretching out his hand.

The Obi man eyed him coldly, ignored the order and hand, and gave the bundle to Batherick. His eyes lingered on Gaston, and there was deep hostility in the look. The older planter pursed up the money to his son, and the latter counted hastily.

"Part of it is gone!" he then cried angrily. "The thief is playing with us, and we will have to take it out of his hide. I'll not be robbed."

Batherick glanced at the half-naked black and smiled.

"Do you see much chance for concealment?" he asked.

"He shall give up all he has. Here, you sorcerer, search him!"

Joachim's eyes glittered with fresh hostility, and danger was in his expression, but Batherick had not lost his prudence. One of Gaston's men had appeared, he received a quiet order to search the man who was kneeling. His fingers moved quickly, but no money was produced, nothing but a trivial, except that a clean, neatly folded paper was brought to view.

"What's that?" Gaston exclaimed. "His sort don't usually carry note paper. Is it a love letter, or a sorcerer's written charm? Hand it here, boy."

It was passed over and Gaston read steadily. As he did so his face expressed amusement, astonishment, confusion and uncertainty succeeded each other. He dwelt long upon the few lines before him, and then looked up with his expression hard and angry.

"What is it?" Batherick asked.

Without a word the younger planter passed the paper to his elder, and next it was Batherick's turn to read and wonder. When he finished he looked at Alexander, and that man noticed that Gaston was also eying him closely. The double regard brought uneasiness to the Englishman.

"Mr. Lyon," spoke Batherick, in a peculiar tone, "is this your writing?"

He folded the paper and held it with only its ending visible. The reader saw his name, and it had some elements of uncertainty, but his decision was not long delayed.

"[illegible] writing. [illegible] of mine. I did not write it."

"Let him read it!" cried Gaston, excitedly. "We have a mystery here, an echo of blood and tragedy. Let him read and then explain—if he can. This must be cleared up!"

Batherick wholly unfolded the paper and waited with disturbed interest.

CHAPTER VII
A STARTLING PAPER

ALEXANDER was in a puzzled mood. Why any one could wish to know anything about him was quite beyond understanding. He had come to the island on a visit, and had nothing to hide, so his affairs seemed thoroughly commonplace, but the way he was being cross-examined was disconcerting.

Gaston was openly hostile, while Batherick seemed perplexed and ill at ease. The paper now in the Englishman's hands began abruptly:

"Batherick: Rich, enough money on hand. Jewels and silverware. Servants somewhat divided; but will not fight for him. Reliable black men and women in the house who will strike against him when given the word. Must die.

"Vasquez: Richest man anywhere near. Handles large sums of money. Costly jewels. Large accumulations of household silver. Servants need probing and undermining, but will do the work when stirred up properly. Must die."

The writing continued, taking up the various planters one after the other, but there was much sameness that Alexander's attention wandered toward the end. Something else was troubling him. What he never knew was the paper before. It was a fairly good imitation of [illegible] and conspired to deal him a treacherous blow. The paper had been forged to ruin him.

Presently he raised his head and looked at Gaston. An explanation had been promised to him and he believed he would name it.

"This," he said coldly, "is from your [illegible]. Decidedly not!" the planter exclaimed.

"Have you not claimed that you were robbed?"

"Of money, yes, but not of this thing. I don't deal in that sort. Batherick, this is a memorandum as to the resources of the various planters, and a list of what the natives can get by rising and butchering them."

Batherick pulled at his beard in a troubled way and seemed irresolute, but

"Where," he asked, "did you get this [illegible]?"

The thief looked at Joachim, who nodded promptly.

"Same place I got the money," was the quick reply.

"Liar!" Gaston cried. "The money is mine, but no such thing as this was with it! I don't give housekeeping to other men's schemes!"

"Meaning?" questioned Alexander.

"Well, there's the paper."

The paper was there, and the Englishman mentally added the points of evidence and understood Gaston. His insults when first seen, that day, might have been set down to overexcitability, but other things wheeled into line. It had always been plain that he had Gaston's ill will, and various happenings of the past were now clearer. The rifle-shot, too, was to be considered, but perplexity went with the suspicion. Like others then present, Gaston carried no rifle.

"Don't let us go too fast," interrupted Batherick, quietly. "Two things are to be considered. Mr. Lyon says he did not write this paper, and his word settles it. It is against all logic that he should write it, but it is easy to forge any man's writing, either skilfully or clumsily. Next, Mr. Gaston says the paper was never in his hands, which is equally conclusive. Result, the thief got it elsewhere."

"Got it same place as money," persisted the thief, stubbornly.

"Peace!" exclaimed Joachim, imperiously.

Batherick laughed, and if the sound was forced it did not fail to ring true.

"That is a good reason to get rid of us," he said. "He who keeps the peace wins where the rash speaker loses. Peace! Let us hear what Joachim says. Now, gentlemen, we will retain this paper and see what we can make of it later, but, first, we must have an explanation. I call it a forgery so plain that words are wasted on it. Gaston, are you sure all the money is out there?"

The young planter had been sulking and inclined to break loose from his elder's judgment, but he suddenly seemed to take a check upon himself. He fumbled uncertainly at the money.

"Perhaps I was wrong," he admitted. "I don't know how much money I had. It may all be here—I dare say it is. Call it so."

"Good!" Batherick commented. "Now, we do not want to be hard upon any man. Prisoner," and he looked at the thief, "you did wrong to take that money, but we are all of us sometimes tempted beyond our powers of resistance. My idea is that you go free. What do you say, Gaston?"

[illegible]

Excellent! The thief shall have another chance. Joachim, I am glad you happened along again. Can you speak with this man and give him good advice?"

The sorcerer waved a plump hand condescendingly.

"It shall be so," he returned. "Come, black man!"

He started, and as the thief followed they soon disappeared.

"Now," Batherick added, "I want to learn all this matter. Gaston, each tell his story. Gaston, you first."

The stories were told. Madge had little to relate beyond what she had overpicking the way poorly, they had been tangled up in the crooked reaches and so uncontinuously that, at the end of the chase, Alexander saw fit to omit mention of the rifle-shot that might have cost him dear, for he wanted time to ponder over Gaston. Gaston was contemperate, and in this return of outward harmony only the work of the thief showed concurrently on the surface.

"Let us forget it," Batherick advised. "Such things are common enough here. It is the penalty of living in this island."

"Quite right," added Gaston, with sudden urbanity.

Alexander was not so sure that it was quite right. Somebody had taken a shot at him that might have ended his life, and the marksman had a subtle hand strongly as he suspected Gaston, he could be sure of nothing. So far as topographical features were concerned, the would-be slayer might even have been Batherick, with the chance that other men were near.

The remainder of the party broke up. Gaston nodded to each of his companions in turn, but with little show of cordiality, and then rode away. Alexander watched him and wondered, but the only clear fact was that the planter hated him deeply.

Batherick excused himself and went away down the mountain, and thus it happened that Alexander and Madge, the only remaining companion was Madge. They started, but her efforts at conversation were so unresponsive that she fell deep in thought, that she suddenly wheeled upon him.

"Now," she said earnestly, "what is the truth of this? There is more than has been explained. Tell me every-

Lyon makes another unexpected discovery and one that proves decidedly surprising. It will be told of in the next installment of this story, to appear in the Ledger next week.

His Only Weak Point.

PHYSIOLOGISTS maintain that all men are crazy on at least one point, and when that point is unusually developed—

One day a practical mechanic had occasion to visit an insane asylum, and while there he dropped into the engineroom and made the acquaintance of the engineer, evidently a clever man, who discussed all the various parts of the engine with great enthusiasm and told of new ideas he had which he was going to patent.

The visitor was much interested, but he noticed that all the time they were talking the engineer kept putting the tip of his finger into the oil and then touching his nose first on one side and then on the other.

His curiosity [illegible] got the best of him and he asked:

"Why do you do that?"

"Why, don't you know?" asked the engineer.

"No; I can't see any [illegible]."

"If I didn't do that the engine would stop running."

It was his only weak point, and as he could not control it he was a lunatic.

Not on That Line.

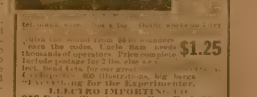
AFTER two months at Rockford, Ill., Private Nelson got his leave at last, and made up his mind to be the best use of his holiday by getting married.

On the journey back, at the station, he gave the gateman his marriage certificate in his mistake for his return railway ticket.

The official studied it carefully, and then said:

"Yes, my boy, you've got a ticket for a long, wearisome journey, but not on this road."

[illegible] $1.25



To the Wife of One Who Drinks

[illegible]

The New Oliver Nine

A $2,000,000 GUARANTEE

THAT THIS $49 TYPEWRITER WAS $100

The Sales Policy Alone Is Changed, Not the Machine

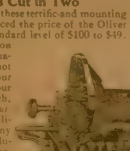
The Oliver Nine—the latest and best model—will be sent direct from the factory to you upon approval. Five days free trial. No money down. No salesman to influence you. Be your own salesman and save $51. Over a year to pay. Mail the coupon now.

On March 1st we announced the Oliver Typewriter Company's revolutionary plans. On that date we discontinued an expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. We gave up costly offices in 50 cities.

Prices Cut in Two

By eliminating these terrific and mounting expenses, we reduced the price of the Oliver Nine from the standard level of $100 to $49. This means that you save $51 per machine. This is not philanthropy on our part. While our plan saves you much, it also saves for us.

The entire facilities of the company are devoted exclusively to the production and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.



The Identical Model

The Oliver Typewriter Company has [illegible] The Oliver Nine we now sell direct is the exact machine—our latest and best model—which until March 1st was $100.

The Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typewriter in the world is worth $100, it is this Oliver Nine.

Over 600,000 have been sold. This is the same commercial machine used by the U. S. Steel Corporation, the National City Bank of N. Y., Montgomery Ward & Co., Morris & Co., Packers; The Pennsylvania Railroad and a host

Over 600,000 Sold

Simplified Selling

Our new plan is extremely simple. It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the factory.

You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon below. We don't ask a penny down on deposit.

When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it for thirty days. [illegible] you wish additional information, mail coupon for it.

If you decide to keep [illegible] you have more than a year to pay. The terms are $2.00 [illegible] month.

If you don't keep [illegible] we will even refund the postage [illegible] you return it.

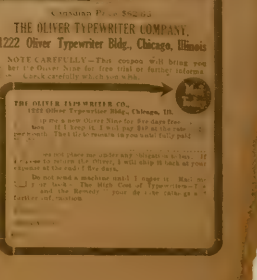
Don't Pay $100

Why now pay the extra $51 for a machine? Get details about the brand new Oliver Nine. Write us today—or use the coupon. Get our [illegible] book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." [illegible]

Canadian Price $58.00

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
1222 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

NOTE CAREFULLY—The coupon will bring you [illegible] Oliver Nine for free trial or family [illegible] Cut it out carefully and fill it out now.


THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
1222 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free trial. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $2.00 per month. Title to remain in you until fully paid.
If I am not pleased with the machine I will ship it back at your expense within five days.
If I decide to retain it I will continue to pay $2.00 per month until the total of $49 is paid.
Do not send a machine until I request it. Mail me your book, "The High Cost of Typewriters and the Remedy," your direct-to-user selling plan and further information.

For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
sl cr—Single crochet.
dc cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
dc tr cr—Double treble crochet.
P—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Sl cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, draw both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru 4 ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

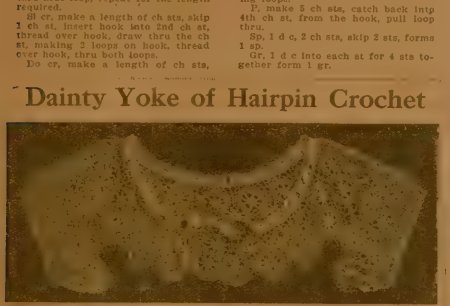
Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

Dainty Yoke of Hairpin Crochet



BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THIS dainty yoke, while lacy and delicate, is simple and very fascinating work. The hairpin crochet, while old in [illegible] and has grown very popular in the days of handmade yokes and trimmings. It is one of those styles of work which one can love started and handy to pick up if only for five little stitches resting between times. The modern steel staple takes the place of the trusty old hairpin, it is longer, firmer and makes the work more even when finished. Instead of making 1 s c over the thread and turning the staple, make 2 s c each time [illegible]

This hairpin crochet is made of No. 12 Perle crochet cotton, while all the other parts of the yoke are made of No. 50 Cordonnet crochet cotton. This yoke can be made all white or all of one of the dainty shades, or it can be made of a combination. For example, the hairpin crochet can be of pink and all the remaining portion white, or the hairpin crochet of white and the rest of [illegible]

Fasten the No. 50 to the first loop of hairpin, * 9 ch sts, skip 1 loop of hairpin, 1 s c, repeat * for 6 loops, 7 ch sts, 1 s c over the hook, skip 1 loop, hook into next loop, thread over hook, draw thru, thread over hook, thru 2 sts, thread over, skip 1 loop, hook into next loop, thread over, thru 2 sts, thread over, thru 2 sts until 2 sts are left on hook, thread over 3 times, hook thru connection of the 2 t r c. Just made, thread over, thru 2, until 3 sts remain on hook, thread over thru all, forming 1 cl, repeat until you have 2 cl, last cl of 2 t r c into 11 loop, 7 ch sts, join to ch, * 4 ch sts, 1 s c over ch, 4 ch sts, skip 1 loop, 1 s c into next loop, repeat * joining 2 loops, * 9 ch sts, skip 1 loop, 1 s c, repeat * for [illegible] continue for the length of round.

Repeat for the opposite side of pin crochet.

[illegible] * 4 ch sts, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, 1 d c, 3 ch sts, 1 d c, forming a y joining the 2 chs between hairpin work, 7 ch sts, 1 d c, repeat from start of row.

Second Row—Sp

Third Row—9 ch sts, * skip 1 sp, 1 cr over 2 sps, 5 ch sts, repeat *.

Fourth Row—Like second row.

Fifth Row—3 ch sts, * 3 d c over 3 ch sts forming 1 p, 3 d c over next 1 s c over next sp, repeat *.

For the lower edge and along both sides of front, make 9 s c into [illegible]

Sleeves—Make 1 row same as yoke and [illegible] at the square openings between [illegible] 1 cl into each 3 loops, finish sleeve same as top of [illegible]

Embroidered Cover for Hot Rolls

IT is dainty piece of embroidered linen is serviceable as well as ornamental [illegible] housewife and cook will k[illegible] hot rolls, buns or biscuits often chilled and [illegible] spoiled before they are eaten. First by contact with the cold china plate, then by br[illegible]ng them from the warm kitchen to the dining table, and [illegible] often by standing after the meal has been served. This square of linen, spread over the plate and folded over the rolls, prevents them from getting chill and draft for a much longer time than one would imagine.

[illegible] circles cut in at the four sides shape the cloth when folded. The entire edge is finished with even scallops worked in No. 40 blue mercerized cotton. When laid flat on a plate, the rolls on top fold to first, the [illegible] scallops making the two decorated ones on top. Dainty service will, oftimes, tempt a jaded appetite and will always increase the enjoyment of a well-cooked meal. For the sickroom this is especially true, not that [illegible] that they are taken with toast and biscuit and tea can be made so

As for the needlework on this piece, the stitches are simple. If one wishes to pad the scallops, which requires quite a little more work than the flat buttonhing, she will find that it pays in the run, for her scallops will wear and wash much better for the extra effort. The words "Hot Rolls" should be padded and worked in six-strand mercerized cotton, using two threads in the needle [illegible] flowers and leaves in the opposite corner should be padded and worked to match. All the work is done with one shade of cotton; one should be very particular to get the kind that will wash without fading, as this piece required many washings. A word about the laundering of this style of work—it is easy, if done in the proper manner. All padded work should be ironed on the wrong side and the dampened linen laid on a soft pad.

This ironing pad is simply a folded piece of soft material, a worn blanket, table pad or turkish towel, folded several times and over which is spread a piece of clean, white wash material. Padded work must be ironed until all the moisture is out of the padding. If not, the surrounding linen will dry in thy wrinkles. The iron should at no time be very hot, as this alone will fade the most reliable dyes.

PREVENTIVE MENDING.

In nothing does the old adage that the stitch in time saves nine apply more directly than in the matter of mending. One might almost say that in the matter of mending the stitch in time saves fifty or a hundred. If we ever did have any prejudice about wearing mended clothes it has gone with our prejudice against any sort of butter substitute even in cooking. It is not an entirely unfortunate consequence of war conditions that we have got rid of a lot of our old notions.

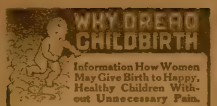
There is but one way of avoiding mending worn clothes now and that is to mend them before they have worn. It minimizes the amount of work enormously and greatly increases the length of life of the garment so treated. [illegible] ding clothes before [illegible] them to the wash, thus preventing them from the possibility of being torn or worn more in the washing. This never was very pleasant, as it is hardly a pleasure to mend soiled clothes. Better still, clothes should be mended when they are fresh before they have started to break. To make this possible it is a good plan to go over clothes every week when they come up from the laundry. With a critical eye note any weak spots. Note loose buttons. A loose button of this week is sure to be the missing button of next week, and now that buttons are scarce and expensive there is no use letting them slip down the drain pipes of the laundry tubs—whither any house plumber will tell you quantities of buttons do go all t e time.

In stockings p xcntive mending consists in watching ea fully for the minutest holes. If you catch the small holes, bigger holes seldom come. In corset covers and similar garments the hole usually comes under the arm. Watch that part as the garments come from the wash and when it looks weak place a patch under the weak portion stitching the old fabric down to the n piece so that it is reinforced [illegible]

THE HOLE IN THE STOCKING.

When the holes in heels of stocking are too big to darn cut out the worn part entirely, then, with a crochet needle and darning cotton, go round with double crochet stitch, gradually diminishing the stitches until the hole has been com[illegible]

When the hole gets small enough, slip in your darning ball as far as to get the right shape to the heel [illegible] quicker and stron[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [



WHY DREAD CHILDBIRTH

Information How Women May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Without Unnecessary Pain.

Dr. J. H. Dye, life-long obstetric specialist, discovered a means of shortening hours of labor and without unnecessary pain. Used during pregnancy as a tonic of wonderful benefit to mother and child, it would handle fully 90% of women for absolute results as promised sent FREE in plain wrapper. Write for it now. Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 97 Lincoln Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

GOITRE

Removed at Home Without Operation or Danger

This simple, safe home treatment removes Goitre without operation or danger. Hundreds of testimonials received and on file. Reduces the Goitre and at the same time relieves all nervousness, heart trouble, shortness of breath, dizziness, headaches, etc. Nothing to wear. Nothing to inject. Nothing to take internally. Does not interfere with your business. Costs only $2.50 for complete treatment. Don't suffer another day. Don't worry yourself without pay or obligation. Send Coupon today for Free Test Treatment.

$2.50 FREE COUPON

This coupon is good for $2.50 Test Treatment mailed free, a full package of the compound for $2.50 (CASH OR MONEY ORDER) to cover postage and packing. ADDRESS D. K. W. THOMPSON, Battle Creek, Mich.

Age? ..... How tall is Goitre? ..... ins.

Do you have Nervousness, Heart Trouble, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Headaches, Etc.? ..... Is your heart beat too rapid? ..... or too slow? .....

Name .....

Address .....

9-3

FREE TO MOTHERS!

Do you suffer backache, headache, at night or clothes during the day time? Do older members of your family lack control and

It is not a habit but a disease. Nervousness, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Nervous Headache, Nervous Indigestion, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Insomnia, Nervous Backache, Nervous Neuralgia, Nervous Dizziness, Nervous Hysteria, Nervous Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance), Nervous Epilepsy, Nervous Convulsions, Nervous Fits, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Weakness, Nervous Impotency, Nervous Sleeplessness, Nervous Melancholia, Nervous Despondency, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Fear, Nervous Worry, Nervous Grief, Nervous Anxiety, Nervous Trembling, Nervous Twitching, Nervous Spasms, Nervous Cramps, Nervous Pains, Nervous Numbness, Nervous Paralysis, Nervous Deafness, Nervous Blindness, Nervous Stammering, Nervous Stuttering, Nervous Blushing, Nervous Self-Consciousness, Nervous Timidity, Nervous Bashfulness, Nervous Shyness, Nervous Stage Fright, Nervous Mind Wandering, Nervous Forgetfulness, Nervous Lack of Energy, Nervous Lack of Ambition, Nervous Lack of Will Power, Nervous Lack of Self-Confidence, Nervous Lack of Self-Control, Nervous Lack of Self-Reliance, Nervous Lack of Self-Assertion, Nervous Lack of Self-Esteem, Nervous Lack of Self-Respect, Nervous Lack of Self-Love, Nervous Lack of Self-Appreciation, Nervous Lack of Self-Admiration, Nervous Lack of Self-Worship, Nervous Lack of Self-Idolatry, Nervous Lack of Self-Adoration, Nervous Lack of Self-Glorification, Nervous Lack of Self-Exaltation, Nervous Lack of Self-Magnification, Nervous Lack of Self-Aggrandizement, Nervous Lack of Self-Deification, Nervous Lack of Self-Apotheosis, Nervous Lack of Self-Canonization, Nervous Lack of Self-Beatification, Nervous Lack of Self-Sainthood, Nervous Lack of Self-Holiness, Nervous Lack of Self-Purity, Nervous Lack of Self-Chastity, Nervous Lack of Self-Virginity, Nervous Lack of Self-Innocence, Nervous Lack of Self-Guilelessness, Nervous Lack of Self-Artlessness, Nervous Lack of Self-Naivete, Nervous Lack of Self-Simplicity, Nervous Lack of Self-Ingenuousness, Nervous Lack of Self-Candor, Nervous Lack of Self-Frankness, Nervous Lack of Self-Openness, Nervous Lack of Self-Sincerity, Nervous Lack of Self-Truthfulness, Nervous Lack of Self-Veracity, Nervous Lack of Self-Honesty, Nervous Lack of Self-Integrity, Nervous Lack of Self-Uprightness, Nervous Lack of Self-Righteousness, Nervous Lack of Self-Virtue, Nervous Lack of Self-Goodness, Nervous Lack of Self-Kindness, Nervous Lack of Self-Benevolence, Nervous Lack of Self-Charity, Nervous Lack of Self-Love, Nervous Lack of Self-Affection, Nervous Lack of Self-Tenderness, Nervous Lack of Self-Sympathy, Nervous Lack of Self-Compassion, Nervous Lack of Self-Pity, Nervous Lack of Self-Mercy, Nervous Lack of Self-Forgiveness, Nervous Lack of Self-Pardon, Nervous Lack of Self-Absolution, Nervous Lack of Self-Redemption, Nervous Lack of Self-Salvation, Nervous Lack of Self-Regeneration, Nervous Lack of Self-Sanctification, Nervous Lack of Self-Glorification, Nervous Lack of Self-Exaltation, Nervous Lack of Self-Magnification, Nervous Lack of Self-Aggrandizement, Nervous Lack of Self-Deification, Nervous Lack of Self-Apotheosis, Nervous Lack of Self-Canonization, Nervous Lack of Self-Beatification, Nervous Lack of Self-Sainthood, Nervous Lack of Self-Holiness, Nervous Lack of Self-Purity, Nervous Lack of Self-Chastity, Nervous Lack of Self-Virginity, Nervous Lack of Self-Innocence, Nervous Lack of Self-Guilelessness, Nervous Lack of Self-Artlessness, Nervous Lack of Self-Naivete, Nervous Lack of Self-Simplicity, Nervous Lack of Self-Ingenuousness, Nervous Lack of Self-Candor, Nervous Lack of Self-Frankness, Nervous Lack of Self-Openness, Nervous Lack of Self-Sincerity, Nervous Lack of Self-Truthfulness, Nervous Lack of Self-Veracity, Nervous Lack of Self-Honesty, Nervous Lack of Self-Integrity, Nervous Lack of Self-Uprightness, Nervous Lack of Self-Righteousness, Nervous Lack of Self-Virtue, Nervous Lack of Self-Goodness, Nervous Lack of Self-Kindness, Nervous Lack of Self-Benevolence, Nervous Lack of Self-Charity, Nervous Lack of Self-Love, Nervous Lack of Self-Affection, Nervous Lack of Self-Tenderness, Nervous Lack of Self-Sympathy, Nervous Lack of Self-Compassion, Nervous Lack of Self-Pity, Nervous Lack of Self-Mercy, Nervous Lack of Self-Forgiveness, Nervous Lack of Self-Pardon, Nervous Lack of Self-Absolution, Nervous Lack of Self-Redemption, Nervous Lack of Self-Salvation, Nervous Lack of Self-Regeneration, Nervous Lack of Self-Sanctification.

GLOBE DRUG COMPANY
Dept. 21 Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FREE

Big Lace CURTAINS FREE

Just send your name and address and we will send you our Lace Curtain Catalog showing over one hundred designs in Nottingham, Brussels, Renaissance, Novelty, Irish Point, Marie, Arabian, Battenberg, Cluny, Filet Net, Duchesse Lace, Bungalow Net, Scrim, Muslin, Madras, Window Shades, Portieres, Couch Covers, Rugs, Linoleum, Oilcloth, Etc. Write today.

U. S. Supply Company
Dept. 127 Evansville, Ind.

Pain Paint Send 50c. in stamps and we will send you a Pain Paint Waterproof Leather Pain Paint Powders, with full directions to make sixty 5-cent bottles. Pain Paint relieves pain; Head ache, Toothache, Neuralgia, cools the parts where applied. Imperfect burns will not blister if it is used.

E. L. WILLIAMS & CO., Manufacturers, Glen Cove, New York

LEPAGE'S GLUE
WILL MEND IT

FIBRE LEGS ARMS
4-LB. FIBRE LEGS—ON EASY TERMS
Orthopedic braces for all deformities. Send for booklet
Ray Trautman, 624 Donn Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

DELICATESSEN Don't Suffer
Rectal Ulceration Begin
Write
DR. B. E. RICE, Pres. J. E. RICE, M.D. Wm. Rogers, M. Asst. Sec. H. Pres. M.D.

WOMEN WHY WORRY
Legsoll Monthly Regulator safely relieves some of the frequent and most abnormal cases in 24 to 48 hours. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid $1.00.
BERNTONE REMEDY CO., 868-850 E. Fourteen St., CHICAGO, ILL.

GIVEN AWAY

Genuine Diamond Ring and Bracelet, guaranteed
SMITH DRUG CO. Box 156, Woodsboro, Md.

New Feather Beds Only $6.50
New Feather Pillows $1.75 per pair. Put size and full particulars in first letter. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send for free catalog.
SCHMIDT FEATHER & PILLOW CO. Dept. 102 Greensboro, N. C.

PILES PAY IF CURED We pay cost and PREPAY Red Cross Pile and Fistula cure. RED CR. Bld. 75, Shamokin, Minn.

How You Can Save Money

DO YOU know that nearly every magazine has announced that it will do so before July 1 next, when higher postage rates go into effect? That means that readers of those papers will have to pay more than they ever have done.

The Ledger, almost twice as large as it was last year, offers you a years subscription for $1.50, lower than you can get a similar amount of reading matter anywhere else. We furnish reading for every member of the family and please all tastes in the fiction line by publishing stories of all classes. We have added departments for the women folks and for the children. Thirty-two pages of reading, many of them illustrated in colors, will come to your home once a week for fifty-two weeks for $1.50 a year.

When Patriotism Boiled Up

IN THE warm June twilight the old couple lingered later than usual on their porch that faced the west.

They had been talking of the war—that all-important subject.

"Have you heard from Fay yet?" asked the old man suddenly.

"Why, no, father," Cynthia struggled to keep her voice steady. "How can he leave Fay just now?—besides," she argued weakly, "it's the younger men the nation wants."

Hiram Carey shifted impatiently in his chair. Gardner was bitterly disappointing Hiram—for he was his only son. The hot anger that had been smoldering in his heart for weeks burst suddenly into flame.

He rose from his chair in stiff haste, and only Cynthia knew the pain the effort cost.

"Cynthy," he said sharply, "we may as well face things as they are. You and me," he towered over her in trembling wrath, "we're just a pair of old slacker—a slacker, do you hear, Cynthy?"

"Oh, hush, Hiram!" cried his wife in distress. "Oh, hush, you're not well."

"Well, what else is a man who'll desert his country in her hour of need?" demanded Hiram fiercely.

"But, father, Fay isn't well—enough to make allowances just now."

Cynthia Carey's voice faltered at the look on her husband's face.

"You can make all the allowances you're a mind to, Cynthy," said the old man bitterly. [illegible] and I ain't going to begin now. But [illegible] voice almost broke with emotion, "he'll shirk his duty for a woman's whims ain't no son of mine. I'm done with him!" and so concluded Hiram.

Father Carey brought his cane to the floor with a deafening clatter.

Tearfully Cynthia Carey watched her husband disappear within the house. Tho he leaned heavily upon his cane, she noted that he carried himself with the proud, erect manner of the Careys. She sighed, and folding her toil-worn hands in her lap scared out into the summer [illegible]

[illegible] fe with Hira[illegible] the unconscious of re[illegible]pleted work upon the [illegible] made up, one knew now that only Gardner's loyalty to the colors could excuse the boy in the eyes of Hiram, and she sighed again hopelessly.

"Be you warm enough, mother?" called Hiram, appearing at the door with Cynthia's shawl.

Silently she let him wrap it about her, letting with quickening heartbeats his [illegible] ng a sudden impulse.

"Oh, Hiram, if only you wouldn't be so hard!" she sobbed.

"There, there, mother," the shoulder gently, soothed the old man anxious tired tonight. Co[illegible]

Yielding to his persuasion, Cynthia followed him obedient

But not to sleep. Through the long hours of the night while Hiram lay peacefully slumbering beside her she thought of her boy with mother love and yearning.

She understood the difficulties that hedged his way. His child-wife had not been her choice, but she had tried to make the best of things for Gardner's sake. And Fay was only a doting mother about things and was less peevish and unreasonable. If only she could be made to realize that Gardner had duties and obligations to meet outside her own small self—

Then Cynthia fell into troubled sleep.

The next day the papers announced in glaring headlines that the American passenger boat Southland had been torpedoed off the coast of Ireland. Three of the men were killed in an explosion in the [illegible] been landed.

Father Carey read the news aloud to Cynthia, and she smiled to see how in the dire of his patriotism his 30 years fell from him as a cloak. Ah! if he were only 36, she knew in her heart that she could not hold him back from the [illegible] ng a sudden impulse.

"Oh, Hiram, if only you wouldn't be so hard!" she sobbed.

"There, there, mother," the shoulder gently, soothed the old man anxious tired tonight. Co[illegible]

Yielding to his persuasion, Cynthia followed him obedient

But not to sleep. Through the long hours of the night while Hiram lay peacefully slumbering beside her she thought of her boy with mother love and yearning.

She understood the difficulties that hedged his way. His child-wife had not been her choice, but she had tried to make the best of things for Gardner's sake. And Fay was only a doting mother about things and was less peevish and unreasonable. If only she could be made to realize that Gardner had duties and obligations to meet outside her own small self—

Then Cynthia fell into troubled sleep.

The next day the papers announced in glaring headlines that the American passenger boat Southland had been torpedoed off the coast of Ireland. Three of the men were killed in an explosion in the

Father Carey read the news aloud to Cynthia, and she smiled to see how in the fire of his patriotism his 30 years

read, then you can lay aside your copy of the Ledger until you are not so rushed and then read it with as much pleasure as if you had done so the moment it came into your hands. Thus you are enabled to keep track of the serial in which you are interested without losing out on a part of it, a part that may be the most interesting of the whole story.

During the coming months we are going to publish some of the most interesting stories that ever have appeared in the Ledger, and we don't want you to miss out on them. The best way to avoid losing any of the good things is to subscribe. You want to save time and money, don't you? Then sit down and send your $1.50 now before you forget it

An Optimist.

When the stock market was in the midst of the recent break which proved so disastrous to brokers who were [illegible] bit in the pinch men had combined

As they talked a big, happy-looking man passed, calling out cheerily to some friends.

"Who is he?" asked the first broker.

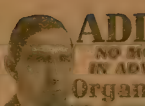
The other took a good look at the big fellow, whom he recognized as a plunger who had made a fortune within a few days.

"Huh!" he said, "he's an optimist."

"What is an optimist in these awful times?" gloomily asked the other.

"The kind of [illegible] an, son, who when things are coming tells other people not to worry."

ADLER
NO MONEY IN ADVANCE
Organ Offer
Saves You 48.75
Your Own Time to Pay
30-Day Free Trial—No Money Down
Greatest Offer Ever Made



FREE 30 Day Trial
Send Coupon Today!
Send No Money
Adler Mfg. Co.
Dept. W Cincinnati, Ohio
Name
Address

FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT

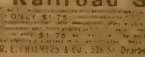
suits. We deliver free, let you try your suit and compare with others before you buy. Our prices lowest and no money in advance. Send for style book, quality necessities. Wear a Paragon suit and before you have the cloth

$5 to $10 a Day
We pay you big money for showing

Paragon Tailoring Co. Dept. Chicago

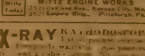
$1.75
8 YEAR GUARANTEED
Railroad Style
ONLY $1.75
R. E. CHILMES & CO., 325 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

WITTE
Kero-Oil Engines

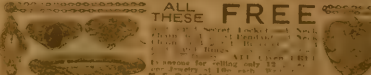


Save $15 to $200
WITTE ENGINE WORKS

X-RAY



for [illegible]
KATHOS CO., 624 Park Row Bldg., N.Y. City



ALL THESE FREE

Fifty Thousand Dollars Reward

By Capt. Jack Judson

The Story's Story.

H[illegible] ticket agent, while selling passage to a man with the index finger from which the first joint is cut, believes he has spotted the chief of a noted band of robbers. Harley has seen the offer of a reward of $50,000 for the apprehension of the [illegible]

the huge reward, follows the sus[illegible]

hundering town up near the Canadian border. Here he meets Luke Grayson, a trapper, with whom he had earlier formed a friendship. The two come to an understanding about "Short-Fingered" Merriman and his gang and attempt to follow them to Dead Man's Hollow, near which place Grayson has a line of traps. Harley goes to board at a sort of hotel, kept by a man named Marshall. The place is really the headquarters of the robber gang. Marshall has a niece, a young girl who waits on table and keeps house for him. She has come to believe her uncle a criminal. Harley makes friends with her. Suddenly danger thickens. The robbers suspect the boy of being on their track. Left alone in Grayson's cabin Harley is attacked by Jim Tronkaway, a half-breed employed by the gang, but recovers his gun and shoots at the scoundrel, who has a narrow escape. Alice Marshall, fearing greatly for the boy's safety, urges him to leave, but he refuses. Alice has gone to shoot a wolf while he and Grayson are out on the trap line in a snowstorm. Harley is called by a bullet of an unseen foe. Grayson finds Harley, who is not badly hurt, and carries him to the cabin, where Tronkaway visits them and is killed by Grayson. Harley believes the gang is meeting at Marshall's place, and he urges him to go away before he loses his life. Harley sees the short-fingered man at Marshall's. On his way back to [illegible] who is taken to an old cabin in the woods and tied to a stake. The robbers depart, leaving the cabin door open in the hope wolves will devour the boy. Harley escapes and hides in the attic of the cabin, where he is attacked by a wild-cat.

"Don't Lift a Hand!"

[illegible] leave you, Tom."

"Well, for one thing we're going back to Pemaquid."

"And from there?"

"We'll hunt a warmer climate."

"There will be a train out about that [illegible] It is an extra and the last train for the winter."

[illegible] edge of the table, and it was plainly to be seen that a joint of the index finger was missing. "We'll take that train," he went on.

"Then you will want the stuff?"

"Of course, we don't care to go without it."

Marshall got upon his feet and, crossing the room, unlocked a rude [illegible] door deftly set in the heavy wall. [illegible] the opening thus disclosed he took a box which he carried to the table, the [illegible] opened it.

"I guess they're all here," said he, and all four bent over the box.

If Harley Dane could have been present [illegible] him. In the box lay a heap of [illegible] jewels and diamonds, to say nothing of [illegible]

"It was a haul, sure enough!" cried Marshall, and his eyes seemed to enlarge.

"I should say so. We have thrown the sleuths of the cities off the track, and as [illegible] Man's Hollow?"

[illegible] man. "We came by it honestly——"

"Are you sure of that?" interrupted Alice, her fair face suddenly coloring.

Merriman's countenance grew dark. "You don't think we stole it, do you?" he snapped, the ferocity of his real nature getting the better of him. "We are gentlemen, I'd have you know, girl."

"But I don't want the ring, I say," reiterated Alice, with a swift glance at her uncle. "And, what is more, I'm not going to take it."

"Very well. It will shine on a finger just as white as yours."

"I don't care," and the girl vanished before the astonished Merriman could reply.

When the door had closed behind her Merriman turned to Tom Marshall and [illegible] think she suspects?"

"She knows better than to suspect anything," was the answer. "I have her under my thumb."

[illegible] shadows of another night were begin[illegible] say more, Merriman said. "We'll stay here till we set out for Pemaquid. We've got to catch that train."

Merriman and Alice stood at the little window of her room and looked out upon the moonlit landscape. There [illegible] of ice-floes. One saw the lonely street clad in white, with here and there a light in a cabin.

She knew where the trap lines were, [illegible] had been out on them, and more [illegible] once her rifle, at the handling of which she was an expert, had brought down game in the forest. Her heart beat fast and her eyes glistened.

"Harley must know of this," went with lightning rapidity thru her mind. "These men must not escape him. I wonder what Grant Merriman or Harley meant when he said that wolves like [illegible] with the boy? I won't believe it!"

She stepped to one side of the room and took down a rifle, which she examined with great care.

"I know the trail which leads to old [illegible] boy came to this region for the men who stole the treasure, and if I can help [illegible] herself from the cold, and presently she [illegible] sight, watching every shadow and with [illegible] The great woods seemed to swallow her up. Her snowshoes enabled her to glide softly and noiselessly over the snow, the exertion she made [illegible] She did not [illegible] the winter [illegible] upon her [illegible] rocked her rifle.

and as she looked back over the trail she perceived moving objects not far off. Alert as she was in woodcraft, she knew that she could not outdistance the night prowlers of the forest, and for the first time her face grew pale.

The objects that had met her [illegible] and pressed the trigger. The [illegible] foremost leader of the gray pack leaped into the air and fell back dead.

The shot was the signal for the wolfish charge. On the brutes came and the brave girl dropped another.

"I am lost!" flashed thru her brain; but at that moment two rifles cracked, and in another second Luke Grayson and Harley Dane came bounding toward her.

CHAPTER XI.

CAUGHT.

IT DID not take Alice long to tell her unexpected deliverers all she knew about the plans of Grant Merriman and his associates.

"I've gone luck!" [illegible] at old Grayson. [illegible] I steal a march on them, Luke," said. "There's no use trying to circumvent them in Dead Man's Hollow. So we'll flank the place."

"How?" asked the girl.

"We'll meet 'em in Pemaquid [illegible] some pretty fair people there."

Alice, after being thanked for her news and admired for her courage, was escorted within a safe distance of her [illegible]

[illegible] fronted by her uncle.

"Where have you been?" he [illegible] fixing his glowering eyes upon his young niece.

Alice felt her blood run like a lava current for every pulse. "What if I have?" she answered, with rising indignation.

Marshall took a mad stride acr[illegible] "Go to bed!" he thundered, and, beating a hasty retreat as best he could, he suddenly vanished.

Alice was glad to get off so easily, and in a few moments she was safe in bed. Not for an hour did the figures sit silently into Pemaquid. Mrs. Dolby received Harley with greetings of pleasure and Luke [illegible] engaged a room for "a day or so," as Luke put it.

They discovered that an ex[illegible] had told them, the robbers would take passage on it.

Night was falling when four men entered Pemaquid and made their way to a clean getaway," said one of the quar[illegible] will be as rich as kings."

"Yes, and I will live [illegible] said one of the others. "The trip was worth the stakes, eh, Hardy?" Merriman nodded.

[illegible] been in vain. He had escaped the wild beasts of the North and the machinations of the rascals whom he wanted, and nothing remained now but the final victory.

Grant Merriman was snoring on his pallet when a hand fell upon his shoulder, and he looked into the face of his closest partner.

"What's up, Griffin?" he exclaimed.

"Quite enough, I think," was the answer. "The boy's in Pemaquid!"

"No? The wolves got him?"

Griffin laughed. "The wolves let it in Pemaquid.

"Where is he?"

"At Mrs. Dolby's."

Merriman was sitting bolt upright with an incredible stare in his small black [illegible] there fell his utmost conceit, but he soon mastered himself.

If I Send You this Suit

made ... in the latest ... wear it, show it to ... friends and let them see ... beautiful samples and dashing new styles.

Could you use $5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal card at once and say "Send me your special offer," I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my surprising liberal offer.

Address: L. E. ASHER, President
BANNER TAILORING CO.
Dept. ... CHICAGO

ECZEMA

Also Called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Water Poison, Weeping Skin, etc.

I believe eczema can be cured to stay. I mean just what I say C-U-R-E-D and NOT merely patched up to return again. Remember, I make this statement after handling ... FREE TRIAL ... treatment that will surely convince you as ... If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By ... me to-day I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you really thought this world held for you. Just try it, and I feel sure you will agree with me.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.
References, Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.
Send this notice to some eczema sufferer

Tobacco Habit Easily Overcome

A New Yorker, of wide experience, has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and quickly banished with delightful benefit. The author, Edward J. Woods, WB 178, Station F, New York City, will mail his book free on request.

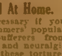
The health improves wonderfully after tobacco craving is conquered. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of that nervous, irritable feeling; no more need ... cigar, cigarette, snuff or chewing tobacco to pacify morbid desire.

Elegant Thin Model Guaranteed Watch
$3.95 C. O. D. Parcel Post

... for white dial, fitted with ... guaranteed reliable ... Boy's or Lady's double hunting case, beautifully engraved, stem ... 39 West Adams St., ... CHICAGO, ILL.

SAVE MONEY ON ENGINES

GASOLINE OR KEROSENE



WM. GALLOWAY CO., Box ..., Waterloo, Iowa

Rheumatism Can Be Treated At Home.

No change of climate is necessary if you treat Rheumatism with Mrs. Summers' popular home remedy, Chronicure. Sufferers from rheumatism, lumbago, backache and neuralgic pains report speedy relief from these tortures after using Chronicure, which banishes excess of uric acid, purifies the blood and tones up the system. Ask your druggist, or send for FREE TRIAL with useful information, by addressing THE SUMMERS MEDICAL CO, Box R, South Bend, Ind.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

... FREE
London Vet Correspondence School
Dept. ... Can.

STOMACH TROUBLE! INDIGESTION!

Gases on the stomach or sour stomach, loss of appetite, indicate that your stomach is not doing its duty; the body is not properly nourished because the food ferments, and you derive no ... CLEARO TONIC will right the trouble. One bottle will prove it. Contains no narcotics. Purely Vegetable. Not sold in drug stores. $1.00 per bottle.
E. CLEARO REMEDY CO., 2948 ... Milwaukee Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE
U. S. COMPANY Dept. 90, GREENVILLE, PA.

forth a revolver which he gripped with the eagerness of the fiend he was.

"What are you going to do?" asked Griffin.

"Get that boy."

"Not openly!" admonished Griffin. "... train pulls out tomorrow night. We will board it secretly and——"

"Lose what we've got?" ejaculated Merriman. "I tell you that boy is dangerous."

"To be sure he is, or he wouldn't have come into these parts after us."

"Who's with him?"

"Luke Grayson."

"That old reprobate?"

"Yes."

"Well, we can hold up the train at Three Pine Station, can't we?"

"We might."

"We will," and Merriman struck the bed with his fist.

The following day finally waned and once more night took possession of the world. The four men slipped quietly from Pemaquid in the gathering gloom and, pushing forward, reached a lonely hollow where a little shack, called a station, rose above the snow line. The hut was empty and the fugitives went in and waited.

"I would rather have settled with the boy in Pemaquid," growled Merriman, still unsatisfied. "I have a presentiment——"

"Throw it to the winds!" broke in Griffin. "Think of the loot we've got."

"I think of it all the time," was the reply.

"No one saw us get away. The train will slow up here and in a jiffy we'll be on board, and then for a life of ease!"

Moments seemed hours to the occupants of the little "station."

More snow began to fall and the winds rose.

"It's never coming," suddenly exclaimed Grant Merriman. "We will freeze here."

Several hours passed. At last the shriek of a locomotive cut the rasping air. The last train to civilization was creeping along. It was wheezing like a fainting giant. Every note came plainly to the ears of the anxious four.

"We've eluded our hunters!" laughed one of the band. "The boy and his partner are snoring in old Pemaquid."

Presently the headlight of the engine glowed like a torch thru the falling snow.

Merriman and his friends opened the door of the hut and made ready for the last adventure. Their hopes were soaring once more.

With wheezy puffs the train approached the station. It grew into great proportions as it came lumbering on.

Suddenly Griffin sprang into the light of the engine and waved a handkerchief. The train began to slow up and the four jumped forward.

"Here we are!" cried the ... Merriman, as they burst into the one coach, which was dimly lighted. "This is what I call supreme luck."

"I told you we'd make the riffle," said Griffin.

In another minute the quartet had fallen back into their seats and prepared to dream of future riches and pleasure far from the great white woods.

All at once Merriman started and shivered. A figure had risen at the other end of the car and was moving toward him. His black eyes dilated with amazement. Instinctively the rascal's hand went toward his weapon, but at the same moment one just like it flashed in his face.

"Don't lift a hand!" said a voice. "If you do there will be four dead men on this train!"

It was Harley Dane, and ten men stood behind him!

CHAPTER XII.

PLUCK WINS.

GRANT MERRIMAN and his associates, with their hands resting on their weapons, could only stare at the apparitions by which they were confronted.

The train had moved on again thru the falling snow, and the night was blackening more and more. There was a glitter of triumph in the boy station agent's eyes, and old Luke was enjoying the scene.

"We'll take what you've got, Mr. Merriman," continued Harley, after a pause. "You have the big loot hidden somewhere and you may turn it over to my friends."

As was to be expected Grant Merriman balked. "What do you think I've [illegible]"

"What but the jewels and cash stolen from Randolph & Co.? You had the spoil back in Pemaquid and ..."

"Don't shell out," said a whisper behind the chief villain.

"Have a care," admonished Harley, who had caught the words. "We stand no trifling. You don't pretend to deny your identity, Mr. Merriman? I see you have a crippled finger. One joint is missing. It is the mark that identifies you. Please [illegible]"

Slowly the man came to a conclusion. There was danger in the eyes that regarded him. Luke and Harley had selected the best men in Pemaquid for the adventure, and Alice had tipped them off as to the villains' flight.

"What if we disgorge?" suddenly asked Griffin over Merriman's shoulder. "Will you let us leave the train?"

"Not for a minute!" responded Harley. "You are going on with us."

The band exchanged looks. The stalwart fellows who were backing Harley up now came forward and surrounded the discomfited four.

"It's robbery," said one of the gang.

"Of course it is," smiled Grayson. "It wasn't robbery when Mr. Merriman looted Randolph & Co.? Oh, no! We give you three minutes to shell out."

[illegible] under his feet and it landed in the [illegible] "Take it and be hanged to you!" [illegible] rasped.

Luke picked up the leather affair and opened it.

"Is everything here?" he asked, throwing a look at Merriman.

"Look and see."

"Well, we'll take it for granted. Now give up your guns."

This was the sorest trial for the rascals, but they complied and in a little while all were unarmed.

"Did the girl give us away?" inquired Merriman, addressing the boy.

"Do you think so?"

"I know it now. Wait till Tom Marshall deals with her. She won't want to betray any one else."

"Tom Marshall will never get to touch his niece," Harley replied, as he smiled.

"Why not?"

"Because she's in the forward car."

At this Merriman's face went white and he settled back in his seat with a vicious glare at Harley.

"If I had known what sort of a kid you were," said he, half under his breath, "you'd never have reached the woods."

"I don't doubt that, Mr. Merriman," was the answer. "It is a good thing that one cannot see things in advance."

While the four were kept under cover of the revolvers, Harley and Luke examined the contents of the valise, comparing them with a description of the stolen things as given in a newspaper account, which the young sleuth had brought with him from Colton.

"It's all here, Luke," said Harley, joyfully.

On, on thru the night went the train. It would not leave the pine lands for hours, and the darkness was cut by the flaring light of the engine.

It appeared that the four rascals were taking things philosophically, at last. They had fallen asleep, but this did not lessen the watch of Harley and his companions.

[illegible] Luke at the boy's ear. "We are comin' into Wolf's Cut, the most dangerous place on the run."

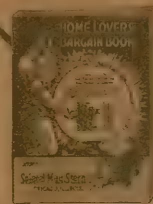
Three minutes ... the engine entered the place mentioned by Grayson, and Harley felt the jerk as the wheels bumped over the rough track.

Suddenly, as if fired out of as many [illegible] from their seats and lunged forward.

In spite of the leveled weapons they leaped at Harley, and the great hands of Merriman grasped his throat.

The watchers were taken unawares. In a flash everything was confusion on the train.

The two lights in the little car were knocked out by the villains, one of



Mail Coupon for Free Dollar Book

Our latest Bargain Book of furniture is now ready. It pictures an enormous collection of lovely things for the home at half usual prices. Its page is nearly twice as big as any other catalog. It shows a great many things in actual colors. All are sold on credit. It is free to you—*now*

—8000 Things Like These—
Furniture, carpets, rugs, refrigerators, sewing machines, graphophones, stoves, ranges, blankets, comforters, silverware, chinaware.

Don't Buy Furniture Till You See It

We open your account when we send you our book. You don't even need to ask for credit here. There is no embarrassment; no bother, red tape or delay. Just tell us what you want and we will loan it to you for a whole month on free trial.

Take Your Time to Pay

We give you home things immediately and let you pay for them as you use and enjoy them. We gladly wait for our money. You send us only a small part of the bill as you get your money.

Prices Like Memories

Our present stocks were bought many months ago. But the quantity is limited. When they are gone we will have to raise our prices. ... printing only enough catalogs to sell out these stocks. Get your copy now.

SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO.
913 W. 35th Street Chicago

CUT AND MAIL THIS

Write name and address above. Paste this coupon on a postal card and then it will mail for only 2 cents. You will get a ...

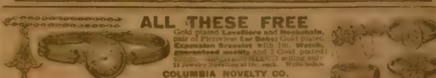
WETO GRAPH ... SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information, safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or ... Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the ... graph by mail, with full instructions. Address ... PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

JELLO 7c PINS

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

HAFT-GREEN & CO., Dept. ..., 213-223 N. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Lavalliere and Neckchain, pair of Pierceless Ear Bobs; Gold plated Expansion Bracelet with Im. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold plated ... All given FREE for selling only 15 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.
DEPT. 147 EAST BOSTON, MASS.

WIN "MOVIE" STARS' PHOTOS

A beautiful set of the most popular Movie Stars' Photographs on Postcards—all the favorites—will be sent you FREE

FOR SOLVING THE PUZZLE

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It ... picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around, they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

Try it. It will pay you to try. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us, and inclose 4 cents in stamps, for packing, postage, mailing, etc.; we will then send you the beautiful set of "movie" stars' photographs on postcards, which we know you will appreciate.

AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY

We will also make you a present of a ... free Auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid automobile touring car, which we are going to give away free.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS

You can also win an automobile in addition to splendid prizes such as watches, cameras, and other things you like. ... Write your name and ...

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. C, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

MADE-TO-ORDER
Really FREE
NOT ONE CENT
WONDERFUL NEW PLAN
MOVING PICTURE TIE-UP
RELIABLE TAILORING COMPANY
318S. Poore St. Chicago, Ill.

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer
Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, is will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

GET this Car, FREE
BY SENDING Us Names
Coey Co. Gen'l Mdse.
Wabash Ave., Chicago
Cadillac Free.

FREE WRIST WATCH AND RING
10 YEAR GUARANTEE
Stem Wind, Pendant Set, Leather Strap. Order 25 of our easy selling Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. When sold send us the money and select your prize according to our list.
FREE
OATH MFG. CO. Dept. 317 CHICAGO, ILL.

LAME PEOPLE
Electron Extension Shoe
Sent on trial.

RAISE BELGIAN HARES
MILWAUKEE WISC

LADIES $1000 REWARD!
This Doctor Writes Us Regularly
DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No
PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

SORE LEGS HEALED
Open Legs, Ulcers, Enlarged Veins, Eczema healed while you work. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Legs at Home." Describe your case.
A. C. LIEPE, 612 Green Bay Avenue, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

ECZEMA IS ONLY SKIN DEEP
CRANCLENE
Mills Chemical Co., 204 Mills Bldg., Girard, Kan.

Print Your Own Cards, Circulars, Envelopes
Type $3. Rotary $5. Press $18. Larger $30. Saves money. Print others for profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, etc.
THE PRESS CO. D-24 Meriden, Conn.

CORNS AND FALSE TEETH
Weigh up to 450 lbs per
Send for Catalog
SPECIAL SCALE CO. 1121 Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

RHEUMATISM RECIPE
I will gladly send free to any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe that has cured me after years of Rheumatism.
W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, California

FREE
BOYS AIR RIFLE
A NOVELTY CO., Dept. 154 East Boston, Mass.

HERB DOCTOR RECIPE BOOK 10c

ASTHMA

whom tacked the bell rope," and the poor game that can't accommodate more than one."

Outside the moon was shining brightly on the snow.

All at once Harley was flung from Merriman's grip, and the quartet bolted for the door. Out upon the swaying platform they dashed in their mad flight for liberty, but there was a Nemesis at their heels. Harley had time to get on to his weapon in spite of the choking Merriman had administered, and, plunging ahead of his companions, he reached the door as the men jumped.

He saw four figures racing down one side of the cut. Swinging himself down upon the lower step, he aimed at the hindmost man and pressed the trigger. There was a cry and a stumble, and a human being measured himself in a drift.

when he reached Harley, who was bending [illegible]

"The very one we want, Luke. It's [illegible]

Luke was helped onto the train and the [illegible]

the white forests were far in the rear, and the sun was shining on the outskirts of civilization.

Alice came into the car and looked down into the pale face of Grant Merwhile I rush up town and raise the coin.

for your work," he growled.

"If I do, Mr. Merriman, or 'Hardy,' I won't have to work it in Dead Man's Hollow," and with a little smile Alice turned away.

Some time later on Harley Dane walked into the sumptuous office of Randolph & Co. and placed a leather valise upon the head manager's desk.

"What's this?" exclaimed the amazed banker. "Who are you, boy?"

"I am Harley Dane of Culton, and the contents of the grip will answer your other question."

And it did.

Very little more need be said. Grant Merriman was already languishing in prison with a very sore back, all the stolen jewels and cash had been restored, and the reward that was placed

took his breath.

It is unnecessary to say that Harley

Merriman was promptly convicted, that

agent, and that everybody was satisfied but—the man with the crippled finger.

The End.

Have You Got the Baseball Fever?

SPRING is in the not too distant future and we boys are beginning to feel the lure of ball and bat and the diamond. Baseball plays a big part in the serial which will start in next week's Ledger under the title, "The Feud of the Schools." It has to do with the bad blood between two schools, a feud of long standing, and how it affected the fortunes of the principal characters in the story. It is a stirring tale and it will put you on edge for your own stunts on the baseball field this year.

Story With a Moral

"COME here" cried the mother of the family severely. "Is that a pin I see in the front of your blouse? How many times must I tell you, Caroline, to sew on buttons and hooks and never, never pin yourself together? Sometimes I wish there wasn't such a thing as a pin in the world."

"Huh!" sniffed Caroline. "Just one little pin—and you can hardly see it!"

[illegible] of the family, bursting into the conversation, "you don't, but there's a great and hairy truth underlying your mother's frantic efforts to save you. The truth is that men don't like girls who use pins instead of needles and thread. Men like neat and quiet and solid, dependable surroundings and it upsets them frightfully to be made nervous and hurried.

"A girl who pins herself together certainly is not dependable.

"For instance," continued the father of the family, "I was terribly in love with a girl when I was an exceedingly young man. I think I was about 19 and I was merely filling in the time until your mother came along when I was 25 and had attained horse sense.

"The minute I laid eyes on Isabel, surrounded six deep by my friends, I knew I had met my fate. She was one of these elusive fussy creatures who you expected would flit away on a moonbeam or something like that. There always were bows and bits and wisps and ribbons waving about Isabel, and she was a regular dainty little creature-do to look at. I was all prepared to get over their fondness for her very quickly. They would say, oh, yes, Isabel was a nice enough girl—awfully pretty—but we had you seen the new girl who had just moved in down on Hopkins street in the house with the cupola? Invariably I'd swing in love with Isabel they seemed to turn instinctively to strictly tailor-made young women. It was because Isabel's clothes absolutely cannot use pins. That was the trouble with Isabel. That girl literally pinned herself together and had a special brand of pins without any heads on them, judging from the way they showered out. She was the most graceful dance looking like a fluffy angel, with a white tulle scarf draped around her shoulders, and at the end of the first waltz my partner would have to do a football dive under the ironshod feet of his friends in order to rescue the dragged remnant of white tulle.

"I never knew another girl who hated buttons so thoroly as did Isabel. At first you would think that she had carefully stuck a pin in at each spot where a forlorn buttonhole waited patiently for its absent button, but things eventually brought it to your attention. That was the era when dresses buttoned down the back. There was a young man calling on Isabel one lovely summer evening and as they sat on the broad porch sent his arm accidentally fell off the railing and its impetus was sufficient to cause it to wind about her waist.

"When the people down on Main street got the echo of that yell it caused intense excitement. Zed Simmons, who was in the middle of a funny story, nearly bit off the end of his tongue he stopped so quickly, and Judge Belmont let the front legs of his chair come down so suddenly that the barbers down had no chance at all and to its last day were [illegible] Isabel's belt and waist generally to sink a battleship and that unfortunate young man got every last one of them and had his arm clean up to the hilt. Isabel's mother and her father and her little brother and the hired girl and the hired girl's girl friend and one or two neighbors all came running and it took all of them to pry the young man loose.

"You do not need to have me tell you that this was a most horribly embarrassing situation, and as his arm in fighting where it did had been activated purely by accident, and his efforts to explain to Isabel's father were very pathetic and so to speak, he never went to see Isabel again and she eventually married a traveling man who, after he married her, managed to travel 365 days every year, leaving her lonesome and pining, all because he couldn't sew buttons on as many pins [illegible] rating forth. So you see

"Maybe she didn't like him much, anyhow," suggested Caroline, hopefully. "Still, I guess I might as well go upstairs and sew on a few buttons—just to kill time. Because I expect you're making every bit of it up."

An Unpleasant 'Category.'

SEVERAL years ago two distinguished members of the dramatic profession, E. H. Sothern, the elder, and Lewis Morrison, were smoking the smoke of a dull afternoon playing billiards in a strange hall on Lower Broadway, New York. The game had "play off" game was finished about 6 o'clock. Grover lost and it devolved on him to liquidate the entire bill for the afternoon's diversion, which, for billiards and "refreshers," trailed along close to $7.85.

Now, at this period Grover had not been as he was down for his part on "Our Boarding House," which, later, brought him fame and fortune, and at that critical moment, in the language of the Rialto he was "on his uppers." An appeal to Sothern did not relieve the situation. The latter, apparently, was "on the same," financially. He, too, had left his purse [illegible] in other

Neither had ever been in this establishment previously, and they did not know a soul within forty blocks.

"There's only one way out of it," said Sothern, when the true condition of [illegible] you will have to remain here in pawn while I rush up town and raise the coin.

greatly relieved. "But hurry along with that messenger. I don't admire the way that bull-necked waiter glares at us."

On the way out Sothern, unobserved by Grover, handed the amount of the check to the cashier.

Four solid hours Grover waited, anxiously, expectantly, almost tearfully. Nary a "sail in sight." He squirmed and fidgeted in the same chair all those long, dreary, harrowing 240 minutes. He was too timid and apprehensive of the keeper to even shift to another chair. That bull-necked waiter glanced at him suspiciously every time he passed, and Grover dare not get up to stretch [illegible]

Ten o'clock came. The last pair of patrons had departed. The attendants were sweeping the tables for the night. One of them, the bull-necked one, ad-

latter could feel the "scenic [illegible]

and he saw a vision, a fearful vision, [illegible]

waiter politely. "Is there something

to close up for the night."

"It's not what you can do for me but what you may do to me that interests [illegible]

present writing," Grover [illegible] to stammer. "You see, I owe quite a score and my friend promised to send the money"

"Oh, pshaw" the man interrupted. "Your friend paid that check as he went out."

Could Not Understand.

A CLERGYMAN while passing thru one of the by-streets of Edinburgh came upon a rough-looking and gigantic coal man, who was persistently trying to move along more expeditiously. The horse had taken a stubborn fit and the coal man was very excited and couching his sentiments in language which was simply appalling.

The clergyman was a little man, but rash, for he rebuked the coal man in a manner that left absolutely nothing to be desired.

"I cannot understand," he said, in winding up his expostulation, "what you mean by using such harrowing expressions."

This rebuke was lost upon the coal [illegible]

Needless to say, there was no rejoinder, and the clergyman passed on.

Illinois Women, Prepare!

Thousands of women in Illinois have overcome their sufferings, and have been cured of woman's ills by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This temperance medicine, though started nearly half a century ago, sells most widely to-day. It can now be had in tablet form as well as liquid, and every woman who suffers from backache, headache, nervousness, should take this "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce's. It is prepared from nature's roots and herbs and does not contain a particle of alcohol or any narcotic. It's not a secret prescription for its ingredients are printed on wrapper. Send 10c. for trial package to Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—"I was sick with chills and nervousness and the medicines used did not help me. Then I [illegible] Pellets. I [illegible] this remedy. Both together have given me new life and strength, and I came out of the [illegible] good shape. The 'Favorite Prescription' became a 'stand-by' for me. I have since used it when in a delicate way and it has done me a world of good. It is a true Woman's Medicine."—Mrs. JOHN MORKLAND, 1311 No. 15th Street.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are unequaled as a Liver Pill. *One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose.* Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and derange-

ERE I MET YOU

M[illegible] heart was free from [illegible]
[illegible]re I met [illegible]
N[illegible] eye had tempted me [illegible]
M[illegible] heart was free from [illegible]
I was content with [illegible]
Yet [illegible]
M[illegible] heart was free from love's [illegible]
Ere I met you!

Their Much Better Ideas

"W[illegible] perfe[illegible] lovely" [illegible] of [illegible] selected [illegible] especially fat chocolate cream from the box.

"W[illegible]" agreed the one in the [illegible]

[illegible] continued the [illegible] wicker chair. "Ever since my [illegible] last year I've thought [illegible] it would seem to [illegible] own [illegible] things."

[illegible] lovely," said [illegible] growing [illegible] girl of [illegible] enough to [illegible] way, [illegible] I ever thought [illegible] with a [illegible] crazy to have one of m[illegible]

[illegible] loved [illegible] dresses that [illegible] and [illegible] come [illegible] at [illegible] day's work [illegible] rest [illegible] to look at me. [illegible] I read a story [illegible] where [illegible] husband [illegible] kissed his wife [illegible] and when [illegible] her and the soft light [illegible] very heart. It was [illegible] lovely.

"[illegible] Celia," breathed the girl [illegible] the wicker chair. "Wouldn't that be sweet? I can [illegible] see [illegible] I am going to have [illegible]

"I [illegible] have ice cream every night for dessert when I get [illegible]" said the girl with the ch[illegible] "I think puddings and pies are [illegible]

[illegible] mother [illegible] laughed [illegible] I s[illegible] so. I think the way [illegible] what [illegible] I'm going to have [illegible] that can be done [illegible] time [illegible] I won't [illegible] my [illegible]

[illegible]

OLD GLORY FREE

[illegible]

National War-and-World Maps THAT SELL ON SIGHT

half the regular retail price [illegible]

Everybody Wants a Good War Map.

[illegible] one dollar, [illegible] for only fifty cents [illegible] Single maps will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of price, $1.

NATIONAL MAP CO.
40 East Georgia Street,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

$1 Brings You Any Article Shown Here On 30 Days' Trial

Our Guarantee Protects You

EVERY ARTICLE you buy is fully protected by our iron-clad guarantee. If the goods are not satisfactory you can return them, your first payment will be refunded and we will pay freight both ways. We guarantee that every article is exactly as pictured and described. You take no chances. We assume all risk. Every article here and in our big "Home Maker" book of bargains is the biggest value for your money you can buy. Send for this great book. It is Free!

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD HERE

You Can Order Direct From This Offer

Biggest Dollar Buy in America

Only One Dollar is all you [illegible] wonderful goods shown on this page delivered to your home. You'll go far before you can equal [illegible] dollars as shown by these [illegible] other thousands of splendid values we offer at prices that are almost unbelievably low.

Only One Dollar is all you have to pay down. The balance [illegible] convenient, a little each month with a year or longer to complete your payments.

Buy Now—Prices Are Going Up.

Prices of household goods have [illegible] from 30 to 50 per cent. We bought [illegible] still offer complete lines of furniture [illegible] lower prices than you could get elsewhere. Buy Now and Save Money.

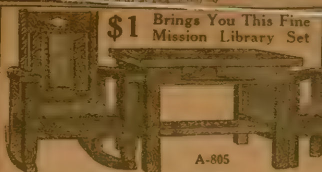
Everything [illegible] 30 Days Free Trial Plan [illegible]

If you need Anything for the Home, [illegible] is our sincere advice to Order Now, prices are going up every day.

$1 Puts this Kitchen Cabinet in Your Home.

[illegible]

A-802—$1 down. $1.50 a month. Price $[illegible]



$1 Brings You This Fine Mission Library Set

A-805

A Roomful of Furniture for the Price of a Chair

[illegible]

A-805—$1 down. $1.25 a month. Price $[illegible]

A Great Bargain Beautiful Upholstered Rocker

[illegible]

$1 Brings You This Rocker

A-803
A 804

A 803—Imitation black royal leather—$1 down. $1 month. Price $8.95.
A 804—Imitation Spanish Red leather—$1 down. $1 month. Price $[illegible]

HOME-MAKER BARGAIN BOOK SENT FREE

[illegible]

Write for It.

L. FISH FURNITURE CO. CHICAGO

This Coupon Will Open a Charge Account for You.

L. FISH FURNITURE CO.
DEPT. [illegible] CHICAGO, ILL.
[illegible] without [illegible] obligation on my part, a copy of your free 2[illegible] page "Home Maker" Bargain Book.

Name ....

Address ....

[illegible]

Order From This Page

Order Here	Number	Description	Price

Stories for the Kiddies

OUR HERO.

There were wonderful heroes in days long ago—
Old Hector, Ulysses and Perseus, you know;
The great Alexander and Caesar and Bruce,
Napoleon and Wellington—oh, it's no use
To try to name over those very brave men,
I read of them over and over again,
But there is one hero, you know whom I mean,
So handsome of face and so stately of mien,
That people flocked round him
With him for a leader his men were content
To danger and death with their hero they'd go.
His soldiers were ragged, his cannons were few,

He rallied out the best in the patriots true,
No turncoats were they, they'd a country to save.
The country was saved. 'Twas a miracle, too!
So few!
And millions of people do homage today
turned the redcoats away.
The greater his country, the brighter his fame.
And centuries hence shall re-echo his name.

ALWAYS A CONQUEROR

[illegible] was a conqueror from his youth. From a mere schoolboy he could ride or break colts and horses, regardless of training, gait or temper. He knew where to find and how to take the roving game of Virginia forests. Nothing seemed to daunt the strong spirit within him. After leaving school, which was when George was 16, he joined his [illegible] in sport, business and adventure, where spirit, courage and manliness counted, told for comradeship. George was thrown into companionship with Lord Fairfax, who saw in the athletic boy a fearless self-reliance, and steady determined beauty shining in his gray eyes. Lord Fairfax gave the youth a commission to survey the land of his grant. In one month George started out with his little band of assistants, riding many miles thru the wildest country. He returned with notes and figures which showed Lord Fairfax very clearly where his lands lay upon the Shenandoah and Potomac.

Remember, the young man was just out of school and it was wild and perilous work. Rivers were swollen and dangerous and no lodgings were to be had in the miserable cabins of the scattered settlers. The woodsmen passed many nights around their campfire in [illegible] to a comrade at the time reads:

"I have not slept in a bed for three or four nights, but after walking about all day lay down before the fire with the others, like a parcel of dogs and cats—and happy is he who gets the [illegible]."

This success in surveying brought him frequent employment in this profession, which he followed for three years. His brother Lawrence dying, everything changed for George. Now he must stand as his brother's representative. Before his brother's death he had been appointed to Major and Adjutant General. [illegible] find this brave-hearted, manly youth at the age of 20 looking after the military discipline of eleven counties, administering his brother's estate and assuming on all sides the responsibility of a man [illegible]

THE MIDNIGHT ALARM

[illegible] suddenly the sound of flying hoofs was heard in the distance. Everybody was aroused and the people of the village ran into the street, full of curiosity. Presently a horse and wagon with two children in it came in sight, hurrying their old horse along as if something important were at hand. As they came to a stop the older child, a girl, jumped to the ground and in an excited voice she said:

[illegible] sent by Dr. Franklin with a letter to his excellency, General Washington. When coming back with the answer he stopped to water his horse, and he heard two British officers talking behind a clump of bushes; so he hid and listened. The men were telling of a plan to come here tonight and attack and burn the village. My father hurried away, but as he reached home he fainted with we[illegible] [illegible] use, I took another and have b[illegible] back to warn him.

The girl took the letter from her dress, and a man was soon on his way with it, while the other men of the town too[illegible]

Soon after they heard the clatter of horses' feet and the British appeared. [illegible] taken by surprise, were overcome, so that the messenger, when he returned after delivering the letter to Dr. Franklin, found his neighbors rejoicing over their victory, but at the same time giv[illegible] had made it possible [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ories in America Thomas F. Gordon tells of a visit made by Balboa and his men to a province adjoining one that they had [illegible] the "cacique" of the territory as a piece of diplomacy, and this prince, or chief, [illegible] the guests arrived," says Mr. Gordon, "they were treated with much hospitality and they found a display of civilization [illegible] the new world."

While there the eldest son of the cacique presented Balboa with a quantity of gold. "A fifth of the metal was set apart for the King; but in the division of the remainder a strife arose." This the historian says, "surprised and pro[illegible] fond of gold as for its sake to desert [illegible] of others. I will lead you to a province where your utmost desires may be gratified—where gold is more abundant than iron in Spain and is used in the fabric of ordinary domestic utensils."

"When you shall have passed these mountains," continued he, pointing to a range in the southward, "you will behold [illegible] hither, equipped with sails and oars, but navigated by a people like ourselves." It is supposed that the young chief meant the people of Peru.

"Balboa received with rapturous delight the news that there was another ocean, and he was now anxious for the ending of the explorer's difficult progress toward the discovery that was to make his name famous in history. However: "A journey estimated by the Indians to be of six days only had already [illegible] twenty-five days, and the weary adventurers [illegible] the summit of a mountain from which was informed the great ocean might be seen. He commanded the army to halt and advanced alone to the spot, whence he beheld the great South Sea opened before him in boundless extent, stretching [illegible] and covered [illegible] before his grateful thanks to Heaven for [illegible] conducting him to this glorious object of his hopes. The army, beholding his transports [illegible] Then, with formal ceremony, he took possession of land and sea, making a record thereof, carefully attested, [illegible] of the bystanders, and carving the King's name on trees."

A BIRD'S PLAYHOUSE

There is a little bird whose home is in [illegible] house entirely separate from its nest and home. This home is made with a flow[illegible] of twigs, and walls formed of twigs stuck upright in the ground or the edge of the floor and fastened together at the top to form the roof. It is from two and a half to three feet in length and furnished inside with bright toys, colored shells, feathers, insects, and when they are near the homes of men, pieces of [illegible] sally to Timbuctoo, was thoroly worn out. "And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by the Kaiser. Tommy Jones,

Please [illegible] yawned Tommy Jones, "a

A WELL-DRESSED DOLL.

Washington, as is well known, treated his wife's two children as if they were his own. Very soon after his marriage he ordered from London "10 shillings' worth of toys, six little books for children just beginning to read and one fashionably dressed baby to cost 10 shillings."

ITS NAME.

In a kindergarten class facts were shown, and in answer to a question a little girl gave the response that was expected of her. "This is the flag of my country."

"And what is the name of your country?" was the next question.

"Tis of thee," was the prompt reply.

THIS THIERYOLA PHONOGRAPH
and twelve beautiful selections of music

50 Cents!

After 10 Days Trial, as First Payment

Yes, for a limited time, this THIERYOLA — [illegible] size 10 inch double disc 65c records (value $3.90) included FREE, is yours in your home on ten days free trial. The complete phonograph! The machine that perfectly plays all makes and sizes of disc records. The instrument that brings to your home the whole world of phonograph music! Yours on trial without advance [illegible]

Why? Why buy a phonograph that plays only one or two makes of [illegible] can play on it? Why buy a machine that necessitates extra and bothersome attachments in order to play different records? Why not have a THIERYOLA—the complete phonograph—the machine that plays all disc records perfectly?

And Enjoy the Whole World of Phonograph Music!

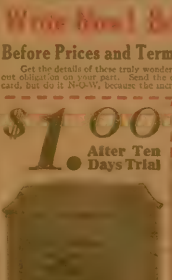
The owner of a THIERYOLA Phonograph can enjoy the whole world of phonograph music, because the THIERYOLA plays all disc records perfectly. All the world-famous Bands and Orchestras, the world's leading Singers and Artists—in fact all music now recorded on disc records is within your easy reach if you have a THIERYOLA. You can get all the disc records you wish direct from one of several factories, or you can secure your records wherever it is convenient for you. You will receive monthly information regarding records.

Write Now! Before this Offer Expires!

Before Prices and Terms Must Increase! CATALOG FREE!

Get the details of these truly wonderful offers NOW! Postpaid without obligation on your part. Send the coupon below or merely a postal card, but do it NOW, because the increased cost of material and labor may force the withdrawal of these terms and prices before [illegible]

$1.00 After Ten Days Trial



This Large Size Thieryola at $1.00 as First Payment and $1.00 monthly. Disc Records Included Free.

Or Just Send a Post Card

THIERY PIANOS
THIERY ORGANS

On the market fifteen years. Sold direct to homes—no dealers—no middlemen. More than 50,000 homes are enjoying Thiery Pianos and Organs which they purchased direct from me. Thirty days' trial, ten or three years to complete payment. Check on the coupon below the catalog you wish.

J. S. THIERY
Dept. 12.
Milwaukee,
Wis.

MAIL THE COUPON

Check with (X) the catalog you want.

Good Praxel's Quest

A Story for Children

BACK in the time when the world was just emerging from the twilight stage and fairies lived in every wood and high adventures befell every man who ventured upon the highroads, there lived a king.

Now, this king had a daughter who, after the approved manner of princesses, loved a man whom her father disliked, and one day she ran away to marry him. Of course, the king was furious, for he had had other plans for the princess, and he determined to do away with his hated son-in-law by fair means or foul.

From this you will know just how wicked an old wretch the king was. In those days it was quite the fashion to make a man work hard for the hand of his bride, and the old king did nothing unusual in setting the young man one difficult task after another until his invention was exhausted. To his great disappointment, Praxel failed in nothing that was set him to do, for he had, unknown to his father-in-law, two powerful fairy godmothers.

Finally in desperation the king consulted a wicked, crabbed old counselor, as cunning as himself, who suggested sending the young man on a long quest which would have for its object two golden hairs from the beard of the sun himself. The king laughed a cackling, cracked old laugh when he heard the plan of the crabbed old counselor and gave him a big reward, and, rubbing his brown hands in glee, sent for Praxel.

When Praxel Heard of This Latest Task He Was Considerably Cast Down.

Now it is not to be denied that when Praxel heard the task set him he had been set for him he was considerably cast down. But he was young enough to have a taste for adventure, and so it did not need a great deal of persuasion to make him undertake this latest quest.

One sunny morning he set out from the castle gate and walked out upon the white highroad that wound shining toward the river. For days and days he traveled and finally struck a river.

"How am I ever to cross this stream?" said Praxel to himself, "for I know not how to swim."

He shaded his eyes with his hand and presently a little way down the stream he espied a ferryboat moored to the shore. He lost no time in hailing the ferryman and asking to be taken across. Landed safely on the other side, he paid the man and then asked him what kind the ferryman desired to know his business in those parts and whither he was bound. When Praxel had told him that he was in search of the sun, he bade the young man ask the sun how long he would have to spend his days ferrying his craft across the river. This Praxel promised to do, and the man waved him a friendly farewell and bade him godspeed.

Praxel had not gone very far upon the road before he met a man who, upon closer inspection, proved to be a crowned king, who walked along dejectedly, trailing his royal robes in the dust and weeping bitterly. He also stopped Praxel, and upon learning his destination bade him ask the sun how long the perpetual youth had stopped bearing its life-giving fruit. This, also, the kind-hearted youth promised to do.

After months and months of travel Praxel came one day to a great shining golden palace which he recognized at once as the ever-dwelling-place of the sun. So grand was it, and so imposing, that it was long before he could summon enough courage to cross the threshold. He might not have been so shy had he known, what he soon found out, that the sole occupant of the place was an old, bent, wrinkled woman busily engaged in spinning.

A few moments of conversation with her revealed to Praxel's wonder and great delight, that she was one of his two fairy godmothers and was, of course, prepared to help him out by every means in her power.

After they had talked for a time they heard the sun coming. Concealed, Praxel watched him ke-ep as he came in and ate his enormous meal. Presently the sun grew weary and lay down to rest. The fairy godmother proceeded at once to cast a spell over him, and when he was fully enchanted she pulled a hair from his beautiful golden beard and, at Praxel's request, asked him how long the ferryman would have to row his craft over the stream. Without waking up, the sun answered: "So long as he holds the oars. Let him give them to some one else."

The sun stirred restlessly after he had answered this question and the fairy godmother had to enchant him anew before she could pluck the second hair from his golden beard and ask him the second question.

"The tree of youth is being ruined by a serpent living and thriving on its roots," said the sun, and Praxel overwhelmed his godmother with all the gratitude he could express. Then, handing the wrinkled cheek of the kindly enchantress, he started for home. When he met the still mournful king he gladdened his heart with the news that the tree of youth could be saved by digging up and transplanting it. You may be sure that the rich king rewarded Praxel well, and we know for certain that the lucky youth had to engage two slaves to carry home all the gold that was given him in reward for the information. He gladdened the heart of the ferryman with the answer to his question and went singing on upon the road which led home. When he at last he reached the great castle, followed by the slaves laden down with gold, he went straight to the king and told him of all that had befallen him on the adventure. Now, Praxel's father-in-law was an old man, and when he heard of the wonderful tree that, when eaten, gave youth to the aged he was eager to set forth upon the journey. He was so greedy and wicked that no one offered to go with him, and he set out alone. It is said that he died upon the way, but as to that no one knows, for he has never been heard of from that day to this. Somebody had to be king, of course, so Praxel took the throne and reigned long and happily with his sweet bride.

The Snow Man Cure.

"OH, MOTHER, must we take Freddie with us to the park? We won't have any fun with him along." It was big brother Bert who spoke, but the other children's eyes all said the same thing.

"I know just how you feel," said mother, "but Freddie is our guest for a week, until his mother gets back from grandma's, and I'm sure the children can help a lonely, selfish little boy a great deal in seven days. At home he has only himself to think of, and he doesn't know anything about the pleasure of helping other folks. He doesn't know how to work or to play with one else. You can to show him what fun you four have together by not each always having your own way. Do that much for mother, won't you?"

"Well, we'll try to do it, mother, don't worry," said Bert, and off they went.

Freddie was sitting outside on the walk. Tina was the baby and she always rode on the sled at these times, and each one wanted to pull her, so they took turns. "Do you want the first turn?" asked Bert, offering the rope to Freddie. Freddie drew back like a turtle and said, "No, I'm company. I think I ought to ride part of the time."

That wasn't a very good start, but the children did not say any of the unkind words that they felt like saying, and after that they took turns with Tina as they had then, even in spite of Freddie. They slid on the pond and they coasted down the hills and at last they made a big snow man. In all the hard work of rolling the heavy balls and pitting them up Freddie stood looking on and did not offer to help, and then at last the man was done and the children were happily admiring their work. Freddie said: "We made a snow man once with a nicer face than that one."

It was Ruth who did the kind thing then. "We'll take the head off," she said, "and you can show us how to make a better head."

"All right," cried Bert, giving the big snow head a push that sent it tumbling off.

Freddie helped to roll the ball for the next head. The cross little puckers went out of his face, and soon he was laughing with the rest. When the head was done, every one praised it, but Freddie said honestly: "I guess it really isn't so good as the first head." But the next head had helped Freddie to learn to work and play with his cousins.

"The snow man cure was a great success," said mother as she said good night.

When Girls Were Some Good.

The bell rang and the children trooped out of the schoolhouse and down the snow-covered path, and shouting and laughing were free and able to enjoy the snow. They hurried to their sleds and the afternoon's fun.

"Will you take me to the coasting hill, Lawrence?" asked his Cousin Isabel. "Mother won't let me go alone, but she'll let me go with you."

Lawrence frowned. "It's no fun coasting with girls," he muttered. "Girls are no good, anyway; they can't throw a ball straight and they can't play marbles and they can't run fast—"

"They can beat you at lessons," Isabel's black eyes flashed. Lawrence was hurt. "Never mind, you mean boy! You needn't take me coasting, for I wouldn't go with you."

She joined some girls ahead and left Lawrence, with some of the other boys, on a slide in front of the schoolhouse.

Just then a sharp gust of wind whistled around the schoolhouse. It ripped off Lawrence's cap and, without any warning, whirled it down the hill. He was after it as hard as he could run, but just as he almost caught it, the wind swept it on again faster than before.

Down the hill it went straight toward the steep embankment which led down to the river below—the river which was frozen hard and covered deep with snow over even when the ground was covered with snow. If the cap blew over the embankment and into the river, it would be gone forever, Lawrence knew that. It was a new cap, too, and so good and warm. He had been very proud of it. He would not lose it for anything. If only he could catch it!

Past the group of girls it flew, Lawrence racing after it.

"Look out," he cried to them, just as the cap reached the edge of the embankment. His heart sank. It would go over and into the river before he could stop it.

Quickly Isabel jumped forward. Her plump little figure squared itself, and on the cap, holding it fast at the edge of the bank.

"Girls are good for something, you see," she laughed at Lawrence as she turned and handed the rescued cap to him.

"Yes, they are," he admitted, somewhat ashamed. "Thank you very much, Isabel, for saving my cap. It was kind of you, after the way I had treated you. I'm sorry I was mean about taking you coasting. I'll take you and be glad to, too, if you still want to, won't you?"

Isabel relented and answered pleasantly, "Yes, I'll be glad to go," and never again was Lawrence heard to say that girls are not good for anything.

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

OUR MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

LIFE SIZE DOLL FREE

2½ FEET HIGH

Girls, here is a Great Big Doll! Its real name is Your gorgeous baby dresses, which you can put on and off, button and unbutton, to your heart's delight. Its head, arms and body are made of soft, baby rosy cheeks, brown eyes, real curly hair, long golden, real wig stand alone. It is an exact reproduction of the world famous French Doll, beautifully dressed in the latest fashion, to be stuffed, and will live to be your best friend for years. Until you see this beautiful doll you cannot realize the value for selling only four boxes of Bluine Cleaning Tablets at 10c a box. Let us explain. No Money—Just Send Name.

Guarantee with each box. When sold we will send Tablets up mail postpaid. Write us today. Don't delay a minute, and we will send you this Life Size Doll with 2½ feet high and can wear baby's clothes, or your children's clothes.

EXTRA PREMIUM

If you send at once we will also send one week after receiving the Tablets, a Big Box of Paint, with six Gold plated Ribbon Pins, as an extra premium for your fine work. We take back all goods you cannot sell. Write quick while this offer lasts.

NATIONAL MFG. CO., Dept. A61, West Robertson, N. J.

MOST POPULAR DOLL MADE

We WRIST WATCHES Silver Cameras, Moving Pictures Machines, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Phonographs and many other beautiful premiums for selling our Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Extracts, Salves, Etc. Let us tell you how easily you can get any premium you want. Write today. We will send you the $5.00 outfit postpaid. When sold send us the $5.00 and we will send you your premium. Everything fully explained. Don't delay. Address

HERMAN & CO. 3329 Lincoln Ave., DEPT. 672 CHICAGO

AGENTS WANTED

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

OIL GUARANTEED—NO RISK

Would you deposit in your Bank $100 to remain until 3 of the 10 oil wells we are contracting for are completed with option to take shares after you know the results? Write for facts and free oil map.

DUNLEVY & COMPANY,
Investment Bankers,
550 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo.

FREE FORD AUTO TO AGENTS

Here's an opportunity to earn big money—$6 to $12 a day, with easy work. All your time or spare time and obtain a Ford Automobile free besides. A straightout from the shoulder business proposition. No "skin game" or contest. We want wide-awake men and women to introduce into every home our famous Perfumes and Toilet Waters. Our goods are

Food Flavors in Perfumes and Toilet Waters. You other lightweight household necessities. MAKE $50 A WEEK EASY. No experience necessary. No capital required. We put you to work and show you how to make a success. Absolutely no limit to your earning power. We can start you on a certain number of General Agents and get to work at once. We furnish our representatives with everything. Just send postal for particulars and we will send you at once. AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO. 7927 Hull St. Cleveland, O.

AGENTS—KEROSENE (COAL OIL) BURNER

Makes Any Stove a Gas Stove

Free Sample to Workers

Makes it burn coal from Kerosene (coal oil). Gives every burner a gas stove. Absolutely safe. Cheapest light known. Wonderful Labor Saver. Big money. Without wild shoot. You need no experience. No danger from explosion. Every home a prospect. Low price makes quick sales. Every one buys. Write today for free sample offer. Don't wait. Write today. Thomas Burner Co., 2117 Ray St., Dayton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If you would you probably know that manufacturers, business men, wholesalers and jobbers in the large cities use the names and addresses of thousands of persons for the purpose of sending samples, circulars, catalogues, papers and miscellaneous matter. Names and addresses are sold in lists and are quite expensive.

AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST contains the names and addresses of 10,000 agents carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We also have a list of 10,000 persons who answer advertisements of agents. We will send you a copy of either list for 10c postpaid. If you want both lists send 15c. We will send you the two lists and also a copy of the Agent's Directory List for twenty years, and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in stamps and we will send you the Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Classified Want Ad Information If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 50c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Publisher

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. EXperienced or inexperienced. Send for our valuable free book, "A Knight of the Grip," list of openings and full particulars. Fit yourself to earn $2,000 to $5,000 a year, $5,000 to $10,000 a year. Prepare in spare time to make a success in business or salesmanship. We have done it, and our course combines careful training with practical experience. Immediate and unlimited employment service rendered members. Address nearest office: Dept. 102, Nat'l Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago—San Francisco—New York.

SALESMEN—SELL OILS, BELTING, HOSE, packing, waste, lubricants, specialties, graphite, auto batteries, steam, threshers, outside large accounts, commission basis. Paid weekly. C. L. Doty, Cleveland, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT AS my agents and take orders for "Kantleak" raincoats. I paid $33 to $52.50 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $114 last month. Wonderful sellers. A handy coat for $3.85. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and no automobile free at the end of 12 months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and outfit free. Write quick for orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B 116, Dayton, Ohio.

SAVES 500 PER CENT. A MOST ESSENtial household necessity. Used and sold everywhere by all. A sound business proposition with big profits for steady work. Only a limited number local representatives. All or spare time. Investigate today. Write Address Mgr. John B. Hecox Prcs., Consumers Supply Company, 379 Kent St., Portland, Michigan.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR A BEAUTIful suit, made to your measure, absolutely free, and make $35 to $50 every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a lot of extra money if you write at once for our beautiful free samples and style folder. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 275, Chicago.

WE WANT YOU TO DISTRIBUTE FREE samples and advertising matter among your friends. No canvassing. Spare time. Profit $10 per day. Permanent and repeater known. Quick money-maker. All or part time. No experience necessary. Write for free Globe Association, 339 A. Como Block, Chicago.

MAKE MARVELLO WIZARD WASHING machine. Sells $35. Costs $15 to make. Material costs five cents pound, brings sixty. Egg-O-Lene gasoline stove. Sells on sight. Exclusive money-makers. Formula, $1.00; valuable information, home manufacture. Stamp. Mulkey Chemist, Tampa, Florida.

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL NEW CLEANING device. Broom. Mop sells to 12 a day. $11 daily sworn to. Write for free offer which saying you are OK, or $1.25 deposit brings sample. Send no money. Yes we refer any bank. M. D. B. Co., 103 Twenty-Second St., Milwaukee, Wis.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MANufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory connection. Big profits. Honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Outfit free. Universal, 1 Prospect Main Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS. I WANT TWENTY MEN AND women at once to take orders for and deliver orders for fast selling Goodyear raincoats. No capital or selling experience needed. Write quick for wonderful offer. Goodyear Rubber Clothing Company, Department 225, Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS, TO MEET GOVT REQUIREMENTS of Pure Food Law every farmer should have my Farmer's Manual and Complete Account Book. Hustlers clearing $1 Outfit free. Prof. Wilson Publishing Co., Nageswille, Ill.

AGENTS—PECK'S PERFECT EGG SAVER is in the lead. Sample and terms given. Interest hosiery premiums and make nearly $50 a month. Write today. Don't delay. Agent order Peck Specialty Co. 14 Judd Street, Newark, New Jersey.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods Silks, Hosiery, Underwear, Shoes, Clothing, Notions, Coats, etc. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 52, Chicago, Wholesale.

$50 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; stand acid test; guaranteed 25 years; make repeat orders. Write quick for sample stone and terms. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., P. J. Las Cruces, New Mexico.

233% PROFIT SELLING JUBILEE Spark Intensifiers to automobile owners. Largest money making plan ever known. Sells like wild-fire. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co. Dept. 969, Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS WANTED—NEW EGG SUBSTItute sells quicker than eggs. Costs half off to agents post paid, hustlers make $10.00 a day. Address Big-Egg Products Co., 37 Main St., Arcade, N. Y.

$50.00 WEEKLY. HAVE NEW TAILORING system. Tremendous success. Samples free. Can sell on sight. Commission in advance. Outfits. Write for this big offer. London Tailors, Dept. 1, 1 Bond St., New York.

AGENTS—WATER-PROOF KITCHEN APron. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical, self-priced, greatest seller. Sample free. Thomas Co., 2111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A fashionable suit free for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 844, Chicago. Big, beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL PURE FOOD products and popular household necessities. Easy selling articles—big profits—quick repeater. C. H. Stuart, 6 Broadway, Newark, N. J.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentative to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 107-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

$1.95 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER pants—worth $5.00. Sample free. Money-making line for agents. Outfit free. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. C28, 815 W. Franklin St., Chicago.

SERVICE BUTTONS—JUST LIKE SERVICE flags; agents grab this, sell to stores; Pinback Button Co., 1 Main, Lancaster, Pa.; 3 Hutting, 937 Goff Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

BIG MONEY MADE LEAVING "EASY-work" to us. Distributing Agencies everywhere. Michael Rienzi, Supt., Cutler St., Newark, N. J.

SELL BEAUTIFUL FRAGRANT CALIFORnia rosebeads. Absolutely new. Big profits. Catalog free. Mission, 2819 B. West Lake, Los Angeles, Calif.

SOMETHING NEW IN PORTRAITS AND frames. Agents wanted; write for catalogue, special terms. Southern Portrait & Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy, stuff; 100% profit. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lancaster Co., 1 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

MEN—BECOME U. S. RAILWAY MAIL clerks. $75 to $150 month. Every second week off with pay. Education unnecessary. Sample examination questions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M30, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to buy, sell, exchange goods or services, to buy, sell or exchange goods or services. Read them carefully.

$30 A WEEK AND UP MADE PAINTING signs. We guarantee satisfaction after thirty days' trial. Send for free literature. Easy Sign System, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

MALE HELP WANTED

DETECTIVES WANTED—ALSO INEXPERIenced interested persons. Desirable appointments; good salaries. Write Captain Wagner, care 288, marble Creek, Michigan.

BECOME DETECTIVES—BIG PAY; EASY work; travel; experience unnecessary. Captain Wagner, 166 East 79th, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity; good salaries. Write Ludwig Seabury, 820 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FOREMEN, SHOPMEN AND OFFICEMEN wanted by manufacturers to appoint local representative of large well-known mail-order house, selling to our employees at their homes on credit. Liberal commissions and exclusive sales rights granted. No investment or deposit required. Spare time considered. Write at once for details. Address S. D. Miller, Dept. 42, Agency Division, Correspondence Colleges, Washington, D. C.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Railroads need thousands. Promotions, reports. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Service, Dept. 1, Denver, Colo.

THOUSANDS GOVERNMENT WAR POSItions open, $100 month. Examinations everywhere. Booklet free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 30, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Railroads necessary. 688 B.C. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel; $25 a week and expenses, $75 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO ADdress envelopes and mail advertising matter at home; big pay; no canvassing; spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $25 weekly. No capital required. Send stamp for full explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Publishing House, Tilton, N. H.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT FREE. Paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing; we furnish everything; no prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

KNIT OR CROCHET BY HAND FOR US. Nothing to sell. Can make $1.50 daily. Particulars and postpaid sample. Alta B. Williams, Box 289, Minneapolis, Minn.

WANTED WOMEN—BECOME DRESS DEsigners. $15 to $40 weekly. Learn while earning. Simple lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 356, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—LADIES MAKE APRONS; $4.50 to $11 dozen; send 2c for patterns returned if desired. Richards, 6240 South Park, Chicago.

PRINTING

100 CARDS OR ENVELOPES PRINTED 15c. Samples, Catalogue, Circulars. Pettit Printery, 612 Williams Street, Elgin, Ill.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WANTED—STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwriting no objection. Send Mss. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 150, Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS

CASH FOR INVENTIONS AND PATENTS. Write Picture Sec. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES

FORDS START EASY IN COLD WEATHER if you use our 1915 carburetor. 34 miles per gallon guaranteed. One-third more power. Cheapest gasoline or one-half kerosene. Quickly attached. Any one can run it. Also moves right off with full power. No spitting or popping. Guaranteed for high altitudes. Attach it yourself. 30 off list where no agent. Big profits selling and profits. We fit all motors. Write for 30 day trial offer and money back guarantee. Air Friction Vaporizer Carburetor Company, 248 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio.

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL CALIFORNIA FARM MAKES more money with less work. Live longer, better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Low prices, terms. Write today. Chapman & neighbors. Good roads, schools, churches. Free our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1241 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

MICHIGAN FARM LAND FOR SALE

RICH LAND—40,000 ACRES OF RICH LAND in best part of Michigan. Big yields of corn, potatoes, hay, oats, wheat, rye, beans, poultry, 100 to 200 bushels potatoes per acre. Clover grows on poorest land. Good roads. Healthful mild climate. Land practically level; no stumps or stones. Only $10 to $20 acres. $15 to $30 per acre. Small down payment, balance easy terms. Only 5% cash commission. You buy from owners. Wage earners better their condition here and become independent. Write today for free booklet giving full information on this land of opportunity. Swigart Land Co., 1240 First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

SOUTHERN FARMS ARE PROFITABLE. Get our illustrated lists of good farms in Virginia, N. Carolina, W. Va., Md., & Ohio at $15 per acre and up. Excellent little farms in colony, at Little Planters, Shenandoah Valley at $15 per acre, on easy terms. Fine stock, good markets, special farmers' Profit Sharing Plan. Write for booklets. Southern Railway Co., Room 1, Agrl. Act., S. A. W. Va. 348 N. Jefferson Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

SADLOLOGY, A MAGAZINE GIVING THE facts on farm lands in Wisconsin. Three months' subscription free. If for a limited time or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, simply write me a letter and say, "Mail me Sadlology and all about it." Address Sadlology, Publishers, Skidmore Land Co., 26 Skidmore Bldg., Marinette, Wis.

MISSOURI FARM LANDS

SMALL MISSOURI FARM. $2.50 CASH AND $2.50 monthly, no interest or taxes. Also an interest in our great development project which means big profits. Immediately you pay you one hundred dollars for every dollar you invest. Write today. Land close to three big markets; photographs and full information free. Ozark Land Co., 38 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MISSOURI LAND

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5 MONTHLY buys 40 acres productive land, sunny south Missouri. Write at once. Other bargains. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

TEXAS LAND

FIVE CENTS AN ACRE DOWN AND BALance 40 years. Grazing Texas school land, sold by the State. Send 4c stamp for further information. Investor Pub. Co., Dept. 7, Houston, Texas.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

OLD COINS WANTED

SAVE ALL OLD-LOOKING MONEY AND dollar bills, send for large illustrated Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. We pay cash for all rare coins and bills. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 5, Fort Worth, Texas.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Opportunity for men with small capital start you. Complete outfits sold on installments as experience proves. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

ROOTS, BARKS, HERBS

COLLECT ROOTS, BARKS, HERBS. INcrease $1 to $5 th. Learn business. Stamp for list 200 plants. Pioneer Ginger Medical Plant Growers, Plants sold. Box 1,000, Rhinelander, Wis.

BOOKS

REAL LIVE BOOKS FOR REAL LIVE PEOple, 10c. Large free catalog. J. B. Sheridan Co., 417 E. 151st St., New York City.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG, QUICK profits, investigate this. Oil company with holdings in proven oil deposits producing steadily in entire Coastal Oil Belt offers rare opportunity to secure interest on read proved basis. Company now drilling on property adjoining surrounded by monster gusher wells that came in with initial capacity up to 25,000 barrels per day. Property already producing thousands of barrels a month. Wonderful opportunity for large or small investors, but quick action is positively necessary as present offer is limited. Send for prospectus and full particulars. Texas Company, 526 Hoffman Bldg., Houston, Texas.

MAKE MONEY IN OIL, SEVEN THOUSAND barrel gusher brought in fifty feet from our lease. Big gushers on all four sides. Ten dollar shares are now ten dollars for short time only. Full particulars free. Bennett Land Company, Hoffman Bldg., Houston, Texas.

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU READ the Texas Investor; gives facts and valuable information about oil fields and oil fields; tells how to invest for large profits and small risks. A magazine for the man afraid of proven and prospective fields. C. C. Cannon, 911 Union Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$100 ESTABLISHES YOU IN AUTOMOBILE tire agency—distribution the lowest priced tire manufactured in the world. Capital required, summer $25. Permanent business—repeat orders. Exclusive territory. Write for our series direct to your customers free. Liberty Tire Company, 1765 Broadway, New York.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested. Only 2,000 shares to sell. Complete information free. Address Gulf Refining Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

$1 DOES IT. MILLIONS MADE IN SOUTHwestern oil fields, $1 monthly, few months, gets warranted deed. Then only $1 monthly. Cooperative well. Full information, free. Write today. Big Four Oil and Gas Co., 3555 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.

$1 BUYS INTEREST IN OIL COMPANY that should pay $100 for every dollar invested. Easy monthly payments. Complete information free. Address Oil Company, 718 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Reveals investment opportunities. Write Wyoming Midwest Investment Bureau, Boisen Block, Cheyenne, Wyo.

OIL—$10 INVESTED NOW IS IN OUR STOCK may make you $100 in three months. Jackpot Oil Co., Bartlett Building, Houston, Texas.

PERSONAL

[illegible] NEVER FAILS TO [illegible] Cures [illegible] Sold [illegible] Write [illegible] Co., [illegible] Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple anxious to correspond with you. Many rich; many charming; descriptions, photos, introductions, mailed sealed, free. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; REmember, we cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and prostate troubles. Any symptom blank and advice free sealed. Dr. Shoop Medical Co., Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY AT ONCE—BIG LOVE! WRITE me; and I will send you hundreds descriptions; rich, poor, handsome; mailed (sealed) 10c. Big 1000; wishing marriage; (confidential). Mrs. Dr. Frank Lewis, Franklin, Ohio.

I DARE YOU! ENGLISHMAN—FARMER, WORTH $80,000, lonely, will marry, for more particulars, write quick. Hyde, 2555 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET, SURE METHOD to have anything you want. Postpaid for dime. Lida Smedley, 143 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRY—THOUSANDS WEALTHY, ANXious for early marriage, all ages, nationalities, religions; descriptions free. Western Cupid, Box 1, Denver, Colorado.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. Select Club, Dept. 24, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions mailed free; pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian Secrets and many other rare books. Large free list. Box Novelty Co., E. 201, Camden, N. J.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, desiring introduction, write Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

LIFE READING, PHOTO POSTALS, Secret conversation cards and lovely present, only 10c and stamps. D. Union Supply Co., Palatine, Ill.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FROM BALLROOM TO HELL" STARtling revelations. Latest book 10c. Moss Mfg. Co., Terre Haute, Indiana.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, ADdresses, photos, descriptions, sealed 25c. Box 2265 B, Boston, Mass.

WOULD YOU MARRY LONELY WIDOW with $40,000? Write Mrs. W. R. Hill, 14 E. Sixth St., Jacksonville, Fla.

PRETTY "MISS GEORGIA"—TWO LARGE photos, descriptions, postage, real photos). Helen Roderick, Logansport, Ind.

The Funny Side of the Big War

FINANCIALLY ILLITERATE.

Uncle, when you speak of billions
That you need to make men free
You had just as well say "trillions,"
It is all the same to me.

Dollar mark and then some ciphers—
Some interminable amount—
Are like "time" to prison lifers,
What's not mine I cannot count.

Can count three hundred dollars,
That's the most I ever had;
Your high financial scholars,
Let them chase the high geared scad;

But I'll rally to the Nation,
Give it all my meager store;
Only lack of education
Keeps me, unk, from doing more.

Here's my hand upon the table,
All my ways and all my means;
Let's all give what we are able—
Uncle, here's three hundred beans!

All Wrong.

An English official who recently visited a town "somewhere in the midlands" in order to inspect the damage done by Zeppelin raiders, overheard the following conversation: "It's like this," said one man to another employe who asked him what was the matter. "I got to bed nice and early last night after a hard day's work. Then presently the buzzer goes and up jumps the missis, makes the tea and gives me my breakfast."

"Well," interjected his mate, "what about it? That was a bit of all right, wasn't it?"

"Bit of all wrong," responded the other, gloomily. "I've got out of bed four times two miles to the factory, and not until I got there did I find out that the buzzer was for an air raid in the middle of the night!"

The Sergeant's Sarcasm.

They were on parade somewhere in France, having come out of the trenches for one of those brief periods of training which assist so much in keeping the Tommies on active service. In such cases state of physical fitness. The sun was so hot, however, that the least exertion required an effort, and the men were really in the army parlance known as "fed up."

"I know it's too hot for this here kind of business, but orders is orders, and has to be obeyed," said the instructor, somewhat apologetically, and with heavy casualties in his grammar.

After a few minutes the squad became if anything, more inattentive and the exasperated Sergeant, who was noted for his sarcasm, shouted across to them:

"Look here, me little beauties, I know I'm not as good looking as Cooper, but you might just look this way now and again!"

He Found Him.

A man-o'-warsman on a visit to his native city gave an amusing instance of the readiness and resource of naval seamen. He had made an arrangement at New York to meet a chum from his own ship, but he had forgotten the number of the house, and he did not care to knock at every door until he came to the right one.

A rag and bone man with a bugle passed along. Jack seized the bugle.

"I'm looking for a chum," he explained.

Then he blew the grog call of the Navy. As the last note died away a window was flung up and a sailor's head was thrust out.

"Ah," said Jack, as he handed back the bugle, "I knew I'd find him."

Thoughtful Sentry.

The young private had been posted as sentry on B Squadron stables. But when the sergeant of the guard came round on his visit he was nowhere to be seen. The Sergeant was about to depart to make inquiries when there came a rustling noise from a heap of straw, and the sentry stood before him, minus his boots and looking very sleepy.

"Halloo! Why, I'm surprised," where were you when I came round just now?"

"Marching round," was the sentry's reply, given in the most conscious virtue.

"Marching round, were you? Why, you've got your boots off."

"Yes, Sergeant, I took them off so that I wouldn't wake the horses!"

A Grand Thing.

Pat, who was a young recruit, was talking to another on marksmanship. The squad had finished firing and Pat was brought to task for his poor shooting. "Sure, I did do better at the next distance—1,000 yards.

"Now, Pat," said the Sergeant, "fire at target No. 5."

Pat banged away, but hit No. 4 seven times in succession.

"What target did you aim at?" asked the officer in charge.

"No. 5, sir," said Pat.

"And you hit No. 4 every time," said the officer.

"Bedad, sir," replied Pat, "that would be a grand thing in wartime. Maybe I'd aim at a private and strike a general."

Keeping Up.

Private Fatty, on the march with his battalion in France, was tired out.

"How far is it to F——?" he asked a French peasant who was passing.

"Ten kilometers!" was the reply.

They marched for another hour or so, it seemed to Fatty, when he asked again. Again came the reply:

"Ten kilometers!"

He went on and again asked how far it was to F——.

"About ten kilometers!" was the answer.

Fatty sighed and turned to his neighbor.

"Well," he said, "thank Heaven we're at least keepin' up with the bally place!"

Meager Rations.

The colonel of a volunteer regiment in Virginia came across a private on the outskirts of camp, painfully and slowly doing something. His face was awry and his lips seemed to move only with the greatest effort.

"What are you eating?" demanded the Colonel.

"Persimmons, sir."

"Good Heavens! Haven't you got any more sense than to eat persimmons at this time of the year? They'll pucker the very stomach out of you!"

"I know, sir. That's why I'm eatin' them. I'm tryin' to shrink me stomach to fit me rations."

Disgraceful Conduct.

"My dear, you mustn't let anybody read that letter from Cousin George in the front. I'm surprised that he'd write such things."

"What's the matter with his letter? It's mighty interesting."

"Some parts of it are, but his confessions of his disgraceful conduct are dreadful. I wouldn't for the world have any one know of his doings."

"I don't get you at all."

"Didn't you read that part of his letter where he says he was out with a British tank last night, and they rolled all over the place?"

The Seed.

The new cavalrymen were out on their first route march, each man carrying half a feed of corn on his saddle. After they had proceeded some distance the Sergeant-Major noticed that one man had his nosebag in his hand.

"Now, then," he found the irate noncom., "what are you doing with the nosebag?"

"Well, sir," stammered the recruit, "the bag was hanging that loose I was afraid the seed would all fall out."

"Seed!" shouted the Sergeant-Major, as he nearly exploded with wrath. "Why, what do you think you're riding? A blooming canary?"

Able to Appear.

John Phillip Sousa, who is leading a big band for the Navy, was talking to a correspondent about the submarine danger.

"A friend of mine, a cornet virtuoso," he said, "was embarked in the Mediterranean. The English paper that reported the affair worded it thus:

"'The famous cornetist, Mr. Hornblower, the submarined by the Germans in the Mediterranean, was able to appear at Marseilles the following evening in four pieces.'"

Knew It Was Jerry.

An old Lancashire woman, having three sons at the front, and not having had word from any of them for a long time, received a letter the other day, and, not being able to read, she called upon a neighbor to help her.

She accordingly began to read:

"Dearest mother, me Mother; I—I——" Then she made a stop to find out what followed, as the writing was very bad, and the old mother exclaimed:

"Eh, it's poor Jerry; he always stuttered."

Never Again.

"Hi, be careful there!" cried the foreman of the munition works. "Handle that stuff more carefully, you!"

"What's wrong with it?" asked Casesidy, who had hold of it with Casey.

"Don't you know," replied the foreman, "that smokeless powder exploded last month an' blowed up ten men?"

"Shure, that couldn't happen now," replied Cassidy, "fur there's only two av us here!"

Unbeautified.

"Do you think that rhyme beautifies a thought?"

"Not always," replied Mr. Cynicwiggle. "The poet is to be pitied who is more allured by the fact that some of the days to come are to be meatless, wheatless, sweetless and heatless."

His Life Blood.

"Would you give your life blood for your country?"

"Sure!" said the man who's always in a hurry. "I've done so already. I was in such a hurry to get downtown this morning my Liberty bonds that I cut myself shaving."

Up-to-Date Wedding Gifts.

"Well, what sort of wedding presents did you get, girlie—the usual assortment of berry-spoons and pickle-forks?"

"No; our presents were useful. I got a sack of potatoes, four dozen fresh eggs, a peck of onions, and a Liberty bond."

Some Class.

Teacher of Scripture Class—"Yes, children, then Nero ordered his centurion to give the slave twenty stripes——"

Mabel (from the back seat in camp)—"Lord, mum, that must 'a' made 'm a blooming colonel!"

So It Won't Burn.

Bill—"I understand the Kaiser has already ordered his halo for the next world."

Gill—"I hope and trust he has taken the precaution to have it made of asbestos."

Significant Sign.

"Who is actually ahead in this European free-for-all? They say nobody knows."

"Mebbe so. However, I think you can figure out who is yelling loudest for the police."

On the Level.

Bill—"And don't you think the old-time pirate ships were more decent than the submarines of today?"

Jill—"Why, of course. The old-time pirate ships were on the level."

His Limitations.

"Is Biggins doing his bit?"

"Yes. Every now and then he tries on a soldier garment to let his wife see whether she is knitting it right."

No Use for This Term.

Recruiting officer (testing eyesight)—"Take this newspaper and read it."

Recruit—"What for? You don't suppose I'm going to have time in a battle to sit down and read the leading articles, do you?"

Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.

Send No Money—Just Your Address. Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson, of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and has given him absolutely safe, simple home cure within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:

"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

In the spring of 1892 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried many doctors, remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally I found a remedy that cured me completely, and for fifteen years I have given it away to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I don't want any sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing, even. Don't send a penny, but simply cut out the coupon below and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has given itself to be the long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Mark H. Jackson, 440 D, Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

I accept your offer. Send to:

.....

.....

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

PATENTS

YOUR IDEAS WANTED. PATENT YOUR invention. I'll help you get it. Send for 3 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Highest references; patients advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 23 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is a 72-page treatise telling what to invent and how to get it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Sent free. Lacey & Lacey, 615 F Lachlen Building, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY be worth wealth. Our booklet free tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our methods. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. ADVICE AND books free. Highest references. Wilson Thompson, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS

WRITE A SONG—PATRIOTIC OR POPULAR subject, and send words to me today. Keefe, 0, Lincoln, 0189 Woodlawn Ave., D2, Chicago.

SONG WRITERS' "MANUAL AND GUIDE" free. Contains valuable and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Galety Bldg., New York.

SONG WRITERS

WANTED—SONG POEMS ON LOVE, WAR and other subjects. We compose music and guarantee publication. Submit verses to Fairchild Music Co., Suite 11-P, 203 Broadway, New York.

POULTRY

POULTRY PAPER, UP TO DATE, TELLS all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit. Sent four years, 4 months for 10c. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 128, Syracuse, N. Y.

HOME WORK

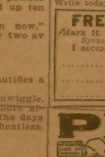
WOULD YOU LIKE $1 OR $2 DAILY AT home, knitting war sox on auto knitters? Experience unnecessary. Send 5c. stamp. Dept. 78 C, Auto Knitter Company, 321 Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEDICAL

FREE TREATMENT FOR THE WORST forms of blood disease. Welch Medicine Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

PILES

CAUSE MANY DISEASES



— Yet you will NEVER be rid of such suffering until YOUR Piles are REALLY cured and tissue restored to NATURAL way.

Regardless of all the is that nothing you have tried has given you any permanent relief, I am positive to tell you

"It CURE every case of Piles treated by my Mild Reason Method, or you need not pay one cent."

WRITE TODAY FOR 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER FREE

Dr. McCleary, 1008 McCleary Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

NEW DOUBLE ACTION EASY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER

Unrifled, Nickel Finish, Safety Hammer Shield, Rubber Grips, Automatic Ejector, Safety Locking Device, Positive Safety Automatic Hammer Block, Rebounding Hammer, Visible Indicator, Nickel plated Barrel, Nickel plated Cylinder, Durable Mechanism.

Price by parcel post $2.95. No Catalog Free.

Bates Gun Company, Dept. 9, Melrose, Mass.

High School Course in Two Years

Learn at Home, in Spare Time

Here is accessible and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. Meets all college requirements. Prepares for teaching, business and civil service examinations. This is your opportunity.

Write today for free booklet and full particulars. No obligation.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. H-76, Chicago, U.S.A.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE

You Can Learn Music Like This Quickly At Your Home. Our Free Booklet Will Tell You how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet or Trombone. Write today. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 17 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

ARE YOU BASHFUL?

If you are timid or lack self confidence, if you think you become confused, stupid, if you are bashful and embarrassed in love, social or business affairs, send 2c stamp for our booklet telling how these faults may be overcome. Don't delay.

THE CONCENTRIC INSTITUTE
Dept. 66 Box 962, Portland, Ore.

CHICAGO LEDGER

Mother, Why Don't You Take Nuxated Iron

And Be Strong and Well and Have Nice Rosy Cheeks Instead of Being Nervous and Irritable All The Time and Looking So Haggard and Old?—The Doctor Gave Some to Susie Smith's Mother and She Was Worse Off Than You Are and Now She Looks Just Fine

NUXATED IRON WILL INCREASE THE STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE OF WEAK, NERVOUS, CAREWORN, HAGGARD LOOKING WOMEN 100 PER CENT IN TWO WEEKS' TIME IN MANY INSTANCES

The Child's Appeal

"There can be no Beautiful, Healthy, Rosy Cheeked women without Iron." F. KING, M. D.

"There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author. In my recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women, I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—nuxated iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of the anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain lags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

"As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants, and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people, who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles, in from ten to fourteen days' time, simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe, aggravated conditions with gratifying results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder.

"Many an athlete and prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, tells physicians that they should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their patients. Says anaemia—iron deficiency—is the greatest curse to the health, strength, vitality and beauty of the modern American woman—sounds warning against use of metallic iron which may injure the teeth, corrode the stomach and do far more harm than good—advises use of only assimilated iron.

You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood—beautiful, healthy, rosy cheeked women full of Life, Vim and Vitality.

Dr. Schuyler C. Jacques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But so many American women suffer from iron deficiency with its attendant ills—physical weakness, nervous irritability, melancholy, indigestion, flabby, sagging muscles, etc., and in consequence of their weakened, run-down condition, they are so liable to contract serious and even fatal diseases that I deem it my duty to advise such to take Nuxated Iron. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find a more serviceable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases is not a patent medicine or secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere, its constituents having been for years prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older forms of organic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, sour the stomach or cause constipation. On the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in many forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

SPECIAL TO PHYSICIANS: Doctor, when you wish to prescribe a true tonic and blood builder, to give health and strength, try Nuxated Iron. If you have been using the old forms of metallic iron, without success; if you have had patients complain of discolored teeth, upset stomachs, hardened, tied-up secretions, etc., from the use of metallic iron, again we suggest, try Nuxated Iron. Nuxated Iron will be furnished by any druggist on an absolute guarantee of success or money refunded. It is highly endorsed by such physicians as Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital; Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner; Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago; Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, and others. In most cases physicians direct the use of two five-grain tablets three times per day after meals.